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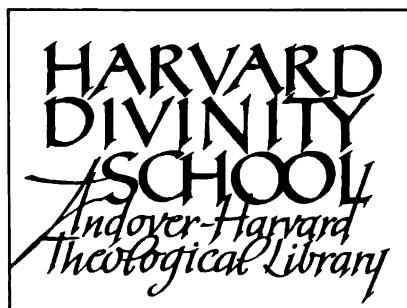
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THE
CHURCH HYMNARY

A Collection of Hymns and Tunes

FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP

COMPILED BY
EDWIN A. BEDELL

NEW YORK
MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.

1895

~~Mus 491.110.1895~~

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1895

PREFACE

THE CHURCH HYMNARY is the outgrowth of a smaller collection prepared some years ago for the use of the Church and Sabbath School of which the compiler is a member. The value and availability of much of the new music have thus been proven by practical use. From the treasures of the whole Church, "things new and old" have been brought together; very little of importance, it is believed, has been omitted, while much valuable matter not hitherto used in our Church Hymnals is now made available. It has been sought to make the CHURCH HYMNARY so varied, full, and rich, both in hymns and tunes, that it would commend itself to all Evangelical Churches.

Special thanks are due to William H. Clark, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Bay City, Mich., Edward A. Collier, D.D., of Kinderhook, N. Y., and Rev. Frederic M. Bird, of South Bethlehem, Pa., for constant assistance in preparing the work and for many valuable suggestions. To their critical taste and judgment, as well as to their painstaking labor, the compiler is under many obligations.

The CHURCH HYMNARY is published both with and without the CHURCH PSALTER, a topical arrangement of the best Psalms for Responsive Reading, prepared by the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City, or with the Psalter following the Revised Version prepared by Rev. T. Ralston Smith, D.D., pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, N. Y. It is believed that the increasing number of Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, in which Responsive Reading forms a regular part of Public Worship, will welcome this new Psalter designed especially to meet their needs, and arranged so as to make its use easy and helpful.

Permission to use hymns and tunes has been freely granted, and the compiler desires to express his appreciation of their courtesy to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the use of the hymns of John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes; to Charles Scribner's Sons, for the use of No. 928 (from "Saxe Holm Stories," Vol. I.); to Denis Wortman, D.D., for the use of Nos. 702, 713, and 971 (the last from "Reliques of the Christ"); to U. C. Burnap, Richard Storrs Willis, George E. Oliver, Frederick W. Mills and many others—Authors, Composers, and Publishers, whose names appear in the body of the book.

If the CHURCH HYMNARY shall be accorded by the Church at large some measure of the favor with which, in a more limited sphere, much of it has already been received, the compiler will feel thankful for the opportunity of making this contribution to the promotion of the Service of Sacred Song.

EDWIN A. BEDELL

ALBANY, September 1, 1890

CONTENTS

	PAGE		HYMNS
THE LAW OF GOD	v	Baptism	717-727
THE APOSTLES' CREED	-vi	The Lord's Supper	728-761
THE LORD'S PRAYER	vi	The Communion of Saints	762-782
	HYMNS	Missions	783-820
DIVINE WORSHIP			
Opening of Service	1-46	TIMES AND SEASONS	
Offerings to the Lord	47-59	Morning	821-836
Close of Service	60-76	Evening	837-876
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES	77-91	The Year	877-883
THE HOLY TRINITY	92-106	The Seasons	884-885
GOD THE FATHER	107-177	Harvest-Home Festivals	886-891
JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD		Thanksgiving	892-896
His Incarnation and Advent	178-215	National	897-902
His Life and Ministry	216-242	FOR THOSE AT SEA	903-908
His Sufferings and Death	243-276	MARRIAGE	909-911
His Resurrection	277-296	FLOWER FESTIVALS	912-915
His Ascension	297-315	CHILDREN'S HYMNS	916-934
His Reign and Mediation	316-335	DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION	935-956
His Second Coming	336-352	THE JUDGMENT	957-961
THE HOLY SPIRIT	353-376	THE LIFE EVERLASTING	962-994
SALVATION	377-410		
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE			
Repentance	411-448		PAGES
Faith and Consecration	449-488	Doxologies	- 496
Love and Gratitude	489-545	CHANTS AND RESPONSES	497-504
Zeal and Courage	546-583	ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES	505
Aspiration	584-603	METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES	508
Trial and Conflict	604-622	INDEX OF CHANTS AND RESPONSES	510
Comfort and Privileges	623-651	INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS	511
Joy and Hope	652-663	INDEX OF SUBJECTS	513
Watchfulness and Prayer	664-691	INDEX OF COMPOSERS	516
THE CHURCH	692-820	INDEX OF AUTHORS	518
Building and Dedication	702-707	INDEX OF FIRST LINES	521
Its Ministry	708-716		

The Law of God

As it is Written in the Twentieth Chapter of the Book of Exodus

GOD SPAKE ALL THESE WORDS, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

The Summary of the Law by our Lord Jesus Christ

St. Matthew, xxii: 37-40

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Apostles' Creed

I Believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven
and earth :

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord ;
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin
Mary ;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ;
He descended into hell ;

The third day He rose again from the dead ;
He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God
the Father Almighty ;

From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost :

The Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints,

The forgiveness of sins :

The resurrection of the body :

And the life everlasting. Amen.



The Lord's Prayer

Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
for ever. Amen.

THE CHURCH HYMNARY

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM 8, 8, 7. D.

G. F. COBB



1
Jesus, Lord, forever living,
From Thy Church what glad thanksgiving
Should to Thee forever flow!
Thine this day our heart's oblation,
All our praise and adoration,
All we are, and have, and know.

2 Here may prayer and sins' confession,
Perfumed by Thine intercession,
As sweet incense heavenward rise:
Here to contrite hearts and broken,
Give, O Lord, the secret token
Of accepted sacrifice.

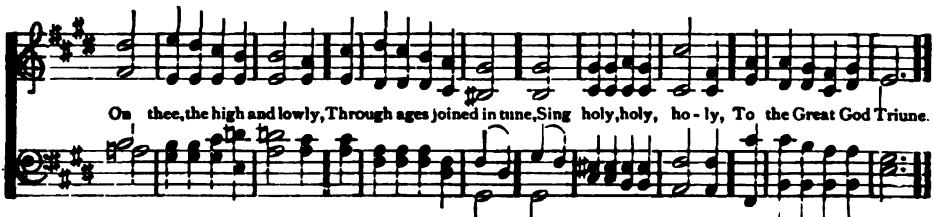
3 On the children of affliction,
Let Thy hands of benediction
Drop Thy comfort from above:
Be Thyself our hidden Manna,
And above us let the banner
Of Thy banquet-house be love.

4 Thus with Thee and Thine in union,
Glad we own the blest communion
Of the saints' unnumbered host,
Who with angels bow before Thee,
And with endless praise adore Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

D. S. R. 1890

CAMBRIDGE 7s, 6s. D.

J. BARNEY



2

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing holy, holy, holy,
To the Great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth 1858

MIRIAM 7s, 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK



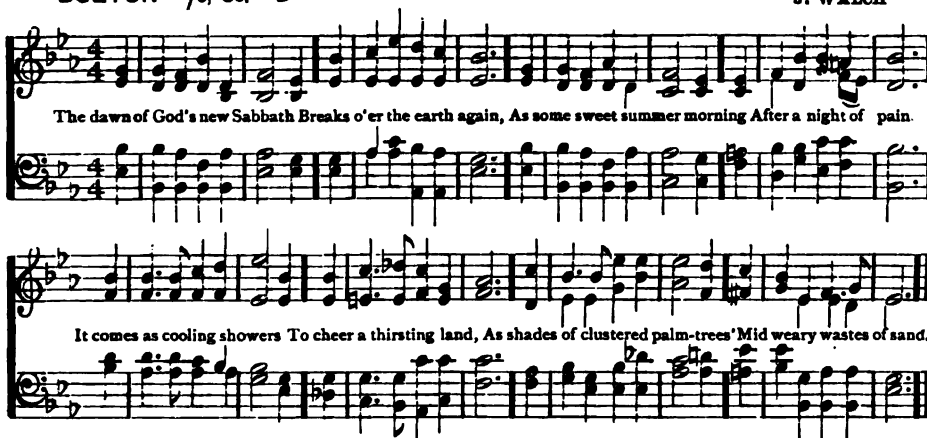
FINE.

D.S.



BOLTON 7s, 6s. D

J. WALCH



The dawn of God's new Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth again, As some sweet summer morning After a night of pain.

It comes as cooling showers To cheer a thirsting land, As shades of clustered palm-trees 'Mid weary wastes of sand.

3

The dawn of God's new Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To cheer a thirsting land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all our work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few true conquests won.

3 Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,
Still grant us in our need
Here in Thy holy presence
The saving name to plead;
And on Thy day of blessings,
Within Thy temple walls,
To foretaste the pure worship
Of Zion's golden halls:

4 Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity!

Ada Cambridge Cross 1866

MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. D.

L. MASON



NEANDER 8s. 7s. 7.

J. NEANDER



4

OPEN now thy gates of beauty,
 Zion, let me enter there,
 Where my soul in joyful duty
 Waits for Him who answers prayer;
 O how blessed is this place,
 Filled with solace, light, and grace.
 2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
 Come Thou also down to me:
 Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
 There a heaven on earth must be.
 To my heart, O enter Thou,
 Let it be Thy temple now.

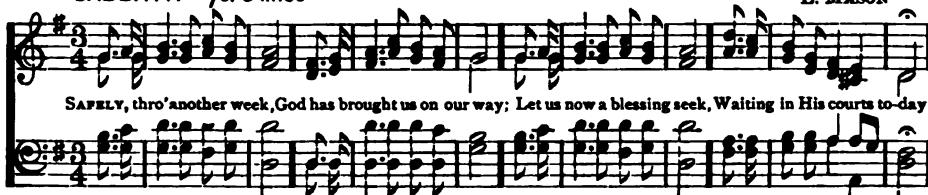
3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
 Here Thy seed is duly sown,
 Let my soul, where it is planted,
 Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
 So that all I hear may be
 Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
 Let Thy will be done indeed;
 May I undisturbed draw near Thee
 While Thou dost Thy people feed;
 Here of Life the Fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

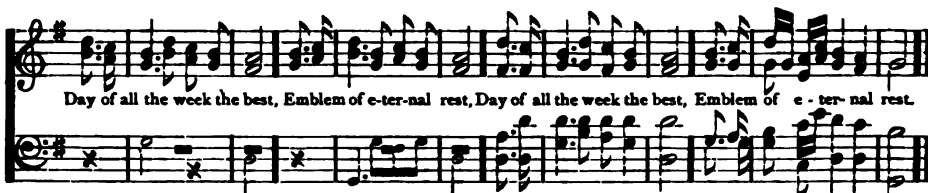
Benjamin Schmolck 1704
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1869

SABBATH 7s. 6 lines

L. MASON



SAFELY, thro' another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to-day:



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

5

SAFELY, through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 May we feel Thy presence near:
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
 Couquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton 1779

OPENING OF SERVICE

11

PARKER 7s, 6s, D.

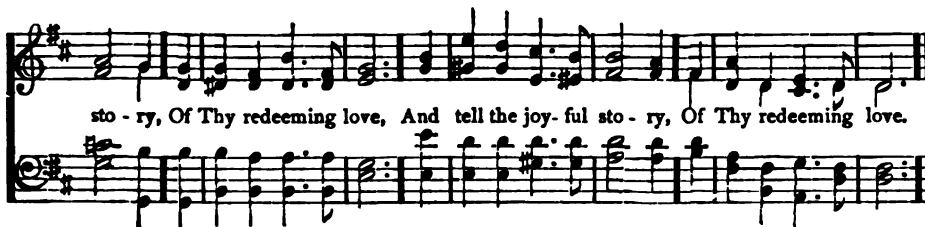
H. PARKER



To Thee, my God and Saviour, My heart ex-ult-ing sings, Re - joic-ing in Thy fa - vor, Al -



mighty King of kings: I'll cel-e-brate Thy glo-ry, With all Thy saints above, And tell the joy-ful



sto - ry, Of Thy redeeming love, And tell the joy-ful sto - ry, Of Thy redeeming love.

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal, by per.

6

To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings:
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story,
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleased, Thou shalt hear:
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road.
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;

There cast my crown before Thee;
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee:
What can an angel more?

Thomas Haweis 1702

7

THINE holy day's returning
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, our God, to Thea,
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw:
We search for sacred treasure,
We learn Thy holy law.

2 We join to sing Thy praises,
God of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.
Thy richest mercies sharing,
O fill us with Thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

Rav Palmer 1874

Fath - er, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet;

A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.

8

FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore 1828

J. LANGRAN

LANGRAN 105.

A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when He made the world, Je - ho - vah blessed;

When, like His own, He bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

9

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah
blessed;
When, like His own, He bade our labors
cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;

So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes
confide,

Whose power defends us, and whose pre -
cepts guide,

In life our Guardian, and in death our
Friend,

Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

William Mason 1796

LISCHER H. M.

F. J. C. SCHNEIDER

{ Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest: }
 { I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest; } From the low train of mor - tal toys,

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

I soar to reach

10

WELCOME, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest:
 I hail thy kind return;
 Lord, make these moments blest;
 From the low train of mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill His throne of grace:
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face;
 Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers,
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours;
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, In John Dobell's Collection, 1806

11

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To Thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires, to see my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear;
 O happy men, that pray

Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still; and happy they,
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat, when God, our King,
 Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Isaac Watts 1719

12

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
 And hail this sacred day:
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay:
 Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquished all our foes;
 And now He pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings:
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

Elizabeth Scott 1756 Thomas Cotterill 1811

BENEDICTUS S. M.

J. B. CALKIN



13

How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad.

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett 1778

14

HAIL to the Sabbath day :
The day divinely given;
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch 1832

LISBON S. M.

D. READ



15

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts 1709

SYDENHAM S. M.

E. A. SYDENHAM



16

This is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day:
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill:
Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton 1868

17

Sing to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

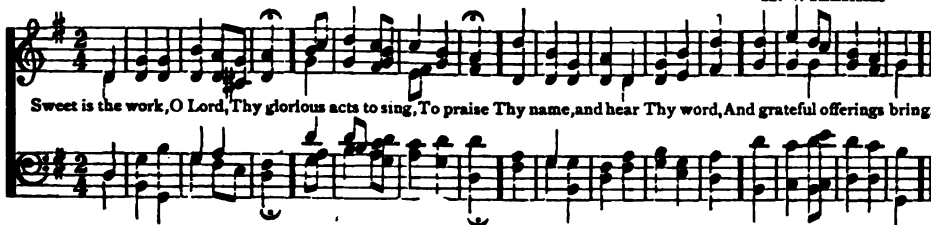
4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS



18

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber 1829

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. DYKES



19

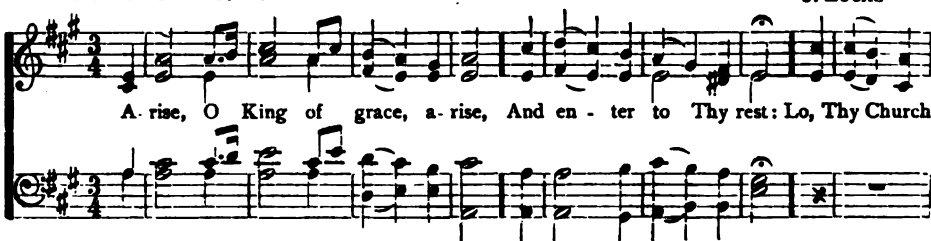
BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of mirth and praise.

2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise:
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

3 The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they that do a Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

4 This day must I fore God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine:
O let me spend it in Thy fear,
Then shall the day be mine.

SWANWICK C. M.

John Mason 1802.
J. LUCAS

waits with long-ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest, Thus to be owned and blest.

20

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo, Thy Church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

Isaac Watts 1719

21

With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called His own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber 1829

FILIUS DEI C. M. D.

A. R. GAUL

O very God of very God, And very Light of Light, Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod, That so it might be bright;
Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, Thick darkness blinds our eyes; Cold is the night, and O we long That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise!

22

O VERY God of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and O we long
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise!

3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect Day,
That never shall be past.

4 O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase
With healing on Thy wings.

6 To God the Father, power and might
Both now and ever be;
To Him That is the Light of Light,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee!

John Mason Neale 1842

MEAR C. M.

Come, Thou Desire of all Thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.
How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
Come, Lord! Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
Dear Saviour! let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.
Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

23

COME, Thou Desire of all Thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;

Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

4 Dear Saviour! let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

Anne Steele 1760

LANESBORO C. M.

W. DIXON

Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ; To Thee will I di -

rect my pray'r, To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye :

24

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye :

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there ;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts 1719

25

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

4 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts 1719

26

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine :
My God repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

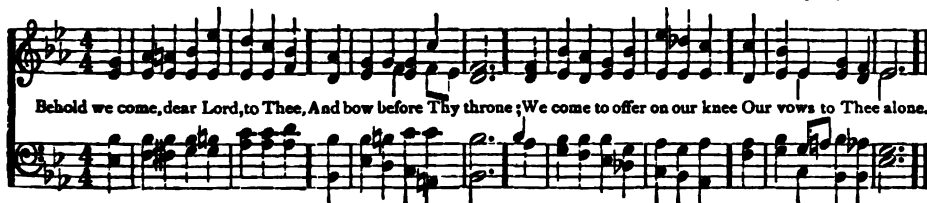
4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move ;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts 1719

MAPLETON C. M.

W. H. TUTT



27

BEHOLD we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before Thy throne;
We come to offer on our knee
Our vows to Thee alone.

2 What'e'r we have, what'e'r we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

3 Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou hast no more;
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

4 But, above all, prepare thine heart
On this, His own blest day,
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray.

John Austin 1668

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

3 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

4 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

5 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.

28

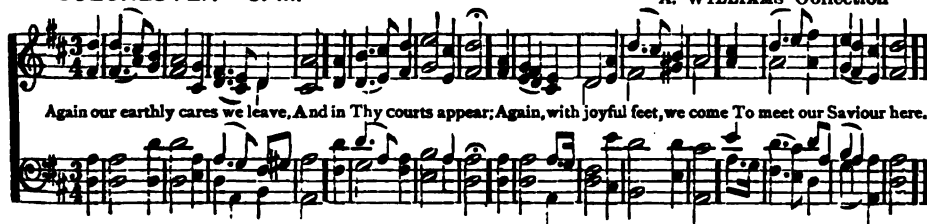
My Lord, my Love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

6 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

John Mason 1683

COLCHESTER C. M.

A. WILLIAMS' Collection



29

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And in Thy courts appear;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

4 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

John Newton 1779 v. 1. Thomas Cotterill 1820

ST. CATHERINE L. M. 6 lines

J. G. WALTON



Forth from the dark and storm-y sky, Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shel-ter here: Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a-way.

30

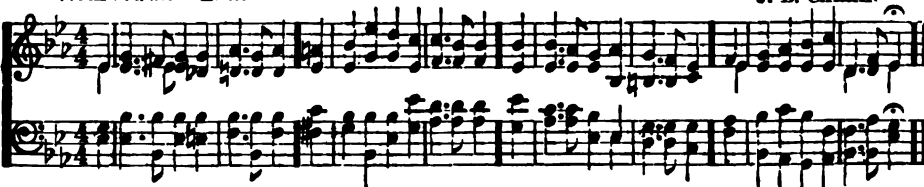
FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away

Reginald Heber 1820

WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. CALKIN



31

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;

And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts 1719

32

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe 1561

How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwell-ings are:
With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem-bles of Thy saints.

33

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are;
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts 1779

34

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Joseph Stennett 1712

35

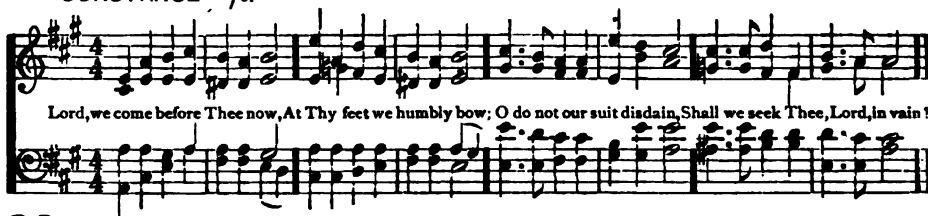
COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ, His Son.

Isaac Watts 1709

CONSTANCE 7s.



36

Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

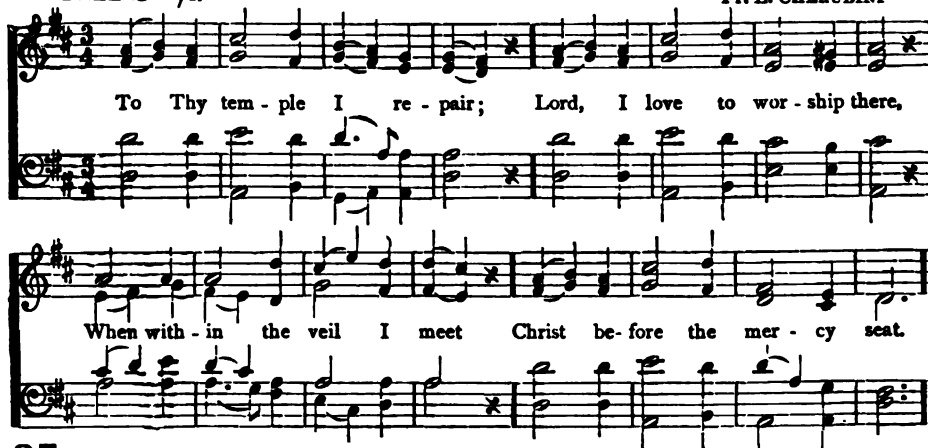
5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond 1745

Fr. L. CHERUBINI

DALLAS 7s.



37

To Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery 1812

THEODORA 7s.

G. F. HANDEL



38

On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the eternal Son
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

3 O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light!

4 Father! who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy Jesus! may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

Tr. by Henry Williams Baker 1861

39

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

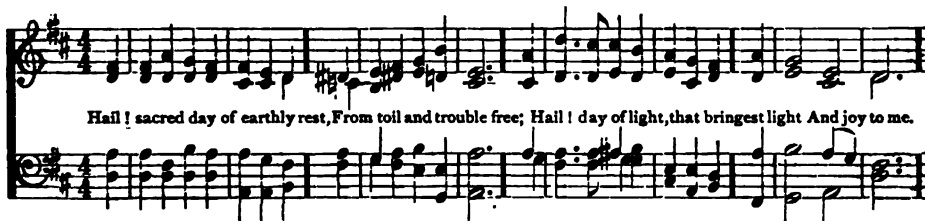
4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton 1779

WREFORD P. M.

E. S. CARTER



40

HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given;
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

Godfrey Thring 1898

DALSTON S. P. M

A. WILLIAMS

How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ors pay.

41

How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there.

He bids the saints be glad;
He makes the sinner sad;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts 1719

BLAYDON S. M.

H. W. LITTLE

With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms above, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells eternal Love.

12

With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

3 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis 1795

E. C. WINCHESTER



43

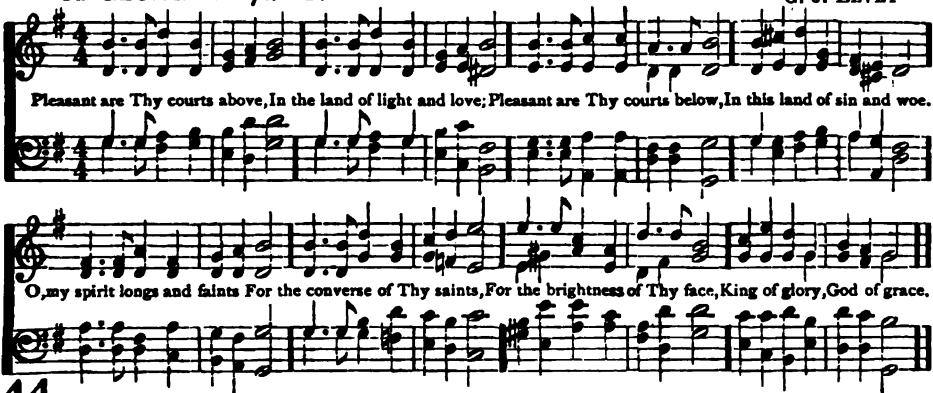
WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care:
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day, when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus He vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips His glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear Thy holy word;
When we sing Thy praise, and pray
Earth can no such joys afford:
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys, and endless praise.

William Brown 1822

St. GEORGE'S 7s. D.

G. J. ELVEY



44

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and fain'ts
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.
2 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
3 Lord be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

ST. RAPHAEL 8s, 7s, 4.

E. J. HOPKINS

In Thy name, O Lord, as-sembling, We, Thy peo-ple, now draw near: Teach us to rejoice with trembling;

Speak, and let Thy ser-vants hear, Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god-ly fear.

45

In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,

May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly 1815

W. F. SHERWIN

BREAD OF LIFE 6s, 4s. D.

Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;

Bey-ond the sa-cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!

Copyright 1877 by J. E. Vincent. By per.

46

Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

Mary A. Lathbury 1830

HOLY OFFERINGS P. M.

R. REDHEAD

Ho - ly off - rings, rich and rare, Offerings of praise and pray - er, Pur - er life and pur - pose high,
Claspéd hands, up - lift - ed eye, Low - ly acts of a - dor - a - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion—
On His al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, pre - sent them! God, re - ceive them!

47

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspéd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

4 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

5 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

6 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

STREATHAM L. M.

J. B. DYKES



48

ALMIGHTY Father, heaven and earth
 With lavish wealth before Thee bow;
 Those treasures owe to Thee their birth,
 Creator, Ruler, Giver, Thou.

2 The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,
 The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,
 The waving corn, the bending tree,
 Are Thine: to us Thou lendest them.

3 To Thee, as early morning's dew,
 Our praises, alms, and prayer shall rise;

As rose, when joyous earth was new,
 Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.

4 We, Lord, would lay at Thy behest
 The costliest offerings on Thy shrine;
 But when we give, and give our best,
 We only give Thee that is Thine.

5 O Father, whence all blessings come,
 O Son, dispenser of God's store,
 O Spirit, bear our offerings home.

Lord, make them Thine forevermore!

Edward Arthur Dayman 1868

VIGIL S. M.

G. PAISIELLO



49

O PRAISE OUR God to-day,
 His constant mercy bless,
 Whose love hath helped us on our way,
 And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
 Our daily toil to bear;
 His grace alone inspires our hearts,
 Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
 Earnest of joy above,
 To sweeten many a cup of woe,
 By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
 This blessed rule to keep,
 "Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
 And weep with them that weep."

Henry Williams Baker 1864

50

We give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be:
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

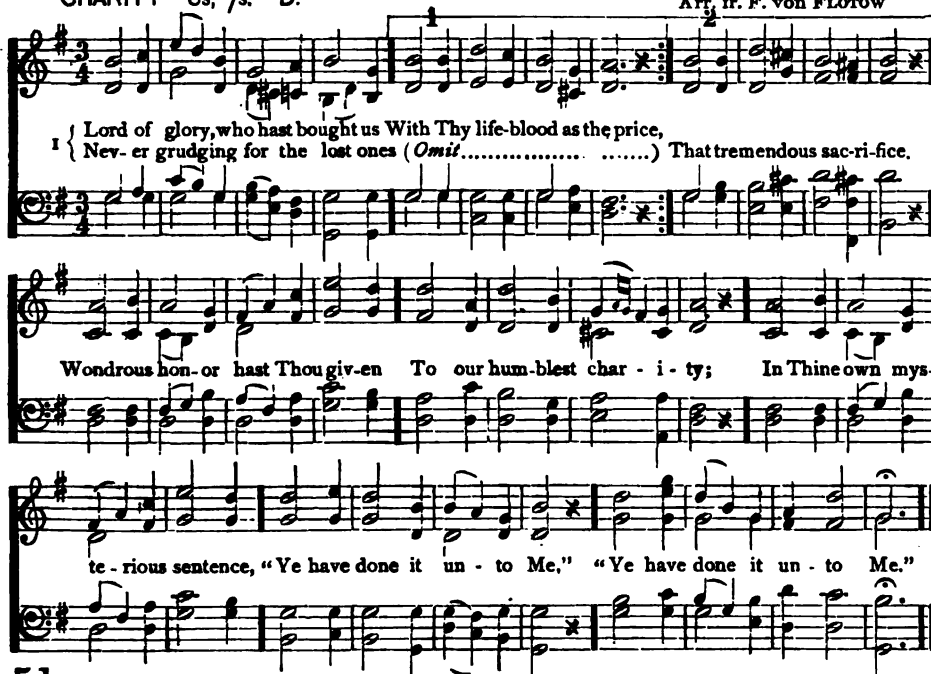
3 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christ-like thing

4 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How 1854

CHARITY 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. fr. F. von FLOTOW



1 { Lord of glory, who hast bought us With Thy life-blood as the price,
Nev-er grudging for the lost ones (*Omit*.....) That tremendous sac-ri-fice.

Wondrous hon-or hast Thou giv-en To our hum-blest char-i-ty; In Thine own mys-
te-rious sentence, "Ye have done it un-to Me," "Ye have done it un-to Me."

51

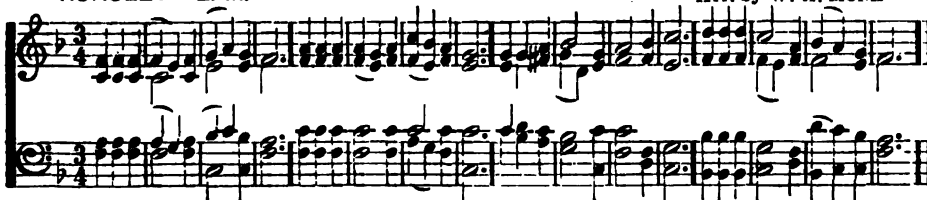
LORD of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice.
Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity;
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

2 Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings,
Due by solemn right to Thee.
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope to stay our souls on Thee;
But, O best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

Eliza Sibbald Alderson 1868

HURSLEY L. M.

Arr. by W. H. MONK



52

When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were His works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

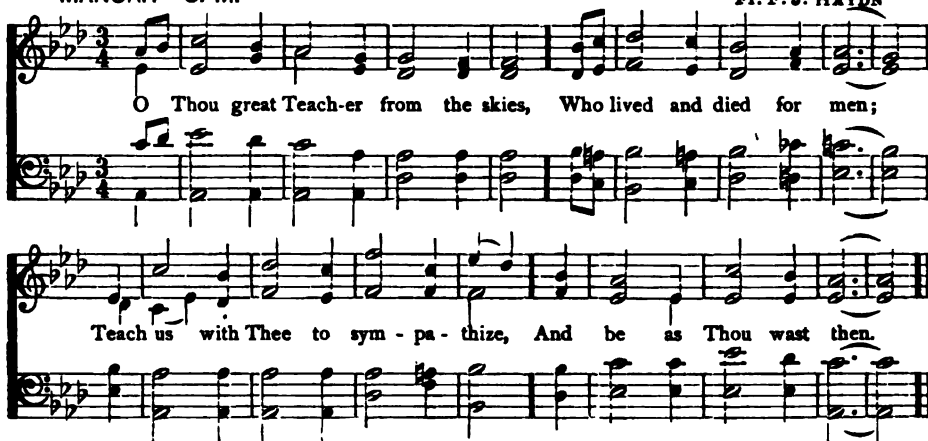
3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons 1784

MANOAH C. M.

Fr. F. J. HAYDN



O Thou great Teach-er from the skies, Who lived and died for men;
Teach us with Thee to sym - pa - thize, And be as Thou wast then.

53

O Thou great Teacher from the skies,
Who lived and died for men;
Teach us with Thee to sympathize,
And be as Thou wast then.

2 It was the glory of Thy heart,
Whate'er Thou hadst to give;
For others' sufferings to impart,
For others' good to live.

3 Be Thou in us a living soul;
Be Thou our spirit's power;
Its secret thought, its life's control,
To guide it every hour.

4 We need like Thee a spirit true,
A just and generous mind,
Which seeks, in all it has to do,
The good of all mankind.

Thomas Cogswell Upham 1872
BROWNING C. M.

54

JESUS, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

Philip Doddridge 1740
U. C. BURNAP



55

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.

2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crosswell 1831

ALMSGIVING 8s, 4

J. B. DYKES

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and
glo - ry be: How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?

56

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be:
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare:
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth 1862

E. D. DEWETT

ELMHURST 8s, 6.

O God of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

57

O God of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:
Then teach us, whatso'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

Godfrey Thring 1879

SPRINGFIELD 7s.

E. MINSHALL



58

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows Thy goodness unconfined.

2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow?
Grateful loving hearts, the spring
Whence the kind affections flow:

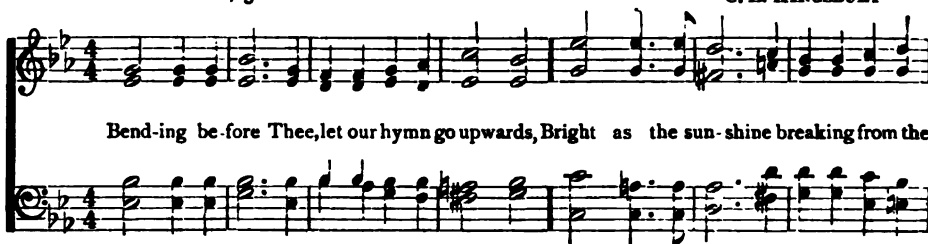
3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

4 Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

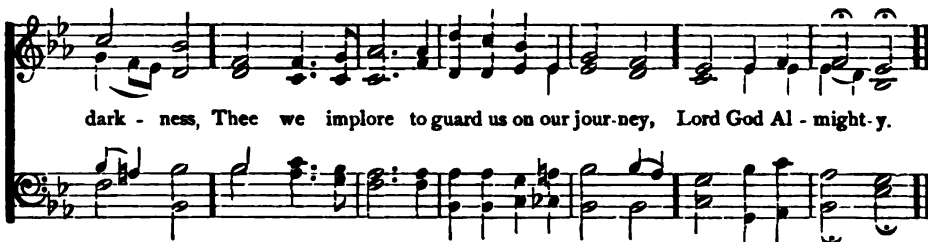
John Taylor 1799

WORTMAN 11s. 5.

C. E. KINGSBURY



Bend-ing be-fore Thee, let our hymn go upwards, Bright as the sun-shine breaking from the



dark-ness, Thee we implore to guard us on our jour-ney, Lord God Al-might-y.

59

BENDING before Thee, let our hymn go up-
wards, [darkness,
Bright as the sunshine breaking from the
Thee we implore to guard us on our journey,
Lord God Almighty.

3 If the dread foe assail us with temptation,
Hear us, O Lord, and save us from his
danger,
O keep us pure, O lead us to Thy presence,
Lord God Almighty.

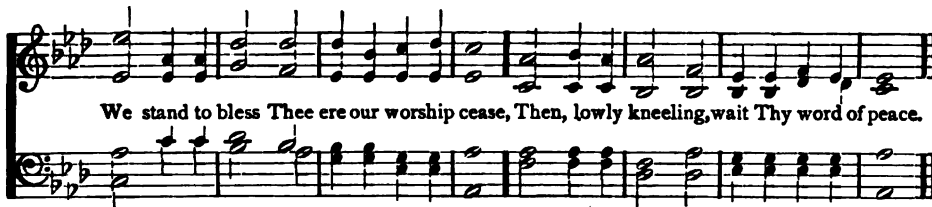
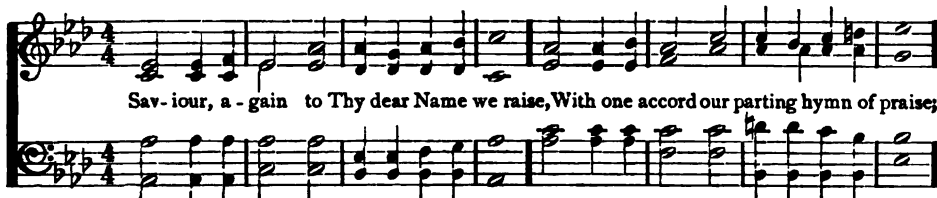
2 Guard us intoil when fainting in the noonday,
Guard us reposing under evening shadows,
Guard us when midnight walks abroad in
Lord God Almighty. [heaven,

4 Glory to Thee, O Father Everlasting!
Glory to Thee, O Son and Holy Spirit!
One in Three Persons, Infinite, Unchanging!
Lord God Almighty.

John Coleridge

ELLERS 10s.

E. J. HOPKINS



60

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy
name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton 1866

GOTTSCHALK 7s

Arr. by E. P. PARKER



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61

Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;

Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood;
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton 1779

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

H. HILLS

The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the dark'ning sky, Upon the fragrance of the flowers The dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven! We kneel at close of day; Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.

62

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows of our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

Adelaide Anne Procter 1858

BELMONT C. M.

S. WEBER

63

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

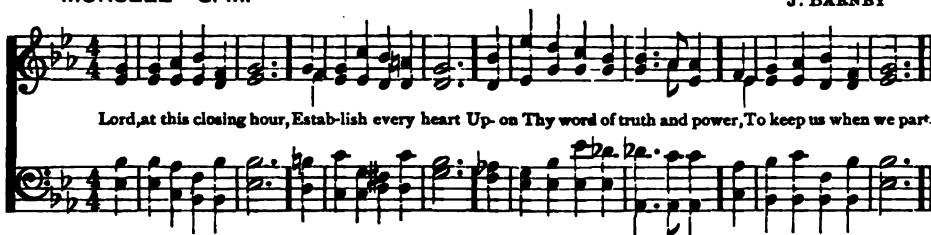
3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,
His nightly watch to keep;
Crown with His peace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

John Ellerton 1874

MONSELL S. M.

J. BARNEY



64

Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes bright or drear,
We would Thy will pursue;
And toil to spread Thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the Church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Eleazer Thompson Fitch 1845

2 Around the throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name

65

Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.
John Ellerton 1867

STANIFORTH C. M.

A. G. MORTIMER



66

O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed; [heaven,
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast,

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,

The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly sown,
Do Thou Thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows strown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

Reginald Heber 1867

LEICESTER 8s, 7s, 7

C. E. KITTLE

Saviour, now the day is ending, And the shades of evening fall; Let Thy Holy Ghost, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all. Set Thy seal on every heart, Je - sus! bless us ere we part.

67

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall;
Let Thy Holy Ghost, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.
2 Bless the Gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.
4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

Sarah Doudney 1881

PEACE 8s, 7s.

From "Narrative Hymns."

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above!

68

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton 1779

2 Fill our hearts with consolation;
Unto Thee our voices raise;
When we reach that blissful station,
We will give Thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker 1776

70

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light!
2 While Thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant Thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing!

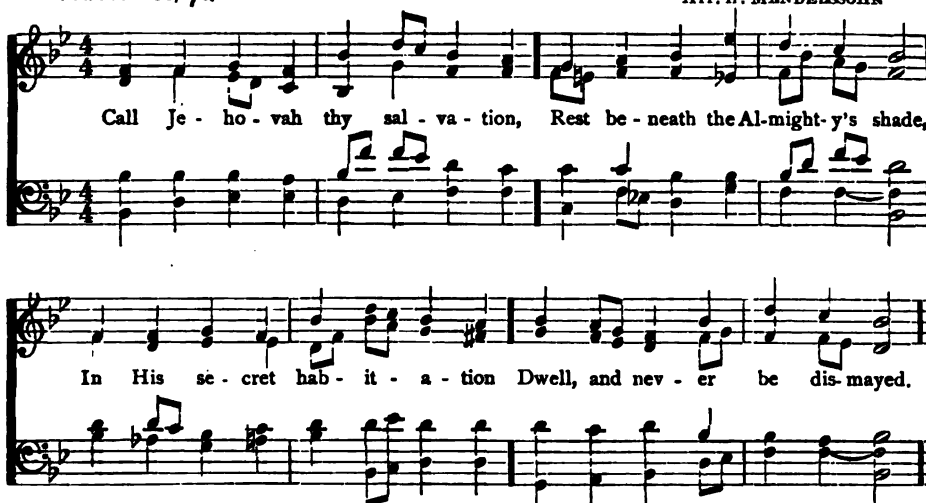
Chandler Robbins 1843

69

LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.

FAITH 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN



Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath the Al-might-y's shade,
In His se - cret hab - it - a - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis-mayed.

71

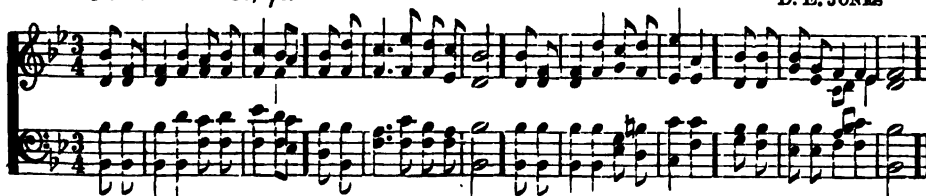
CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In His secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed.
2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
3 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

4 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.
6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery 1822

STOCKWELL 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES



GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

72

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings 1830

THEYDON 8s, 7s, 4-

C. A. BARRY



73

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:

O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

John Fawcett 1774

74

KEEP US, Lord, O keep us ever;
Vain our hope, if left by Thee;
We are Thine, O leave us never
Till Thy glorious face we see:
Then to praise Thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is Thy word of promise,
Precious to Thy people here;
Never take Thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:

Living, dying,
May Thy name our spirits cheer.

Thomas Kelly 1809

75

God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see Thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure Thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

Thomas Kelly 1809

GREENVILLE 8s, 7s, 4-

J. J. ROUSSEAU

D.C.



St. MATTHIAS L. M. 6 lines

W. H. MONK

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word into our minds instill, And make our luke-warm hearts to glow

With lowly love and fervent will. Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

76

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instill;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light,
 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee.

5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
 Ah! never let our works be soiled
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 O, let Thy mercy make us glad:
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Frederic William Faber 1849

YOAKLEY L. M. 6 lines

W. YOAKLEY

NASHVILLE L. P. M.

Arr. by L. MASON

I love the vol-ume of Thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford To souls benight-ed and distressed:

Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

77

I love the volume of Thy word;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distressed:
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of Thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw:
 These are my study and delight;
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis Thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain;
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read Thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

Isaac Watts 1779

PETROX 6s

W. BOYD

Lord, Thy word a-bid-eth, And our foot-steps guideth: Who its truth be-liev-eth Light and joy re-ceive-eth.

78

Lord, Thy word abideth,
 And our footsteps guideth:
 Who its truth believeth
 Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
 Then Thy word doth cheer us,
 Word of consolation,
 Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
 And dark clouds before us,

Then its light directeth,
 And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving
 Succor to the living;
 Word of life, supplying
 Comfort to the dying!

5 O, that we discerning
 Its most holy learning,
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,
 Evermore be near Thee.

Henry Williams Baker 1861

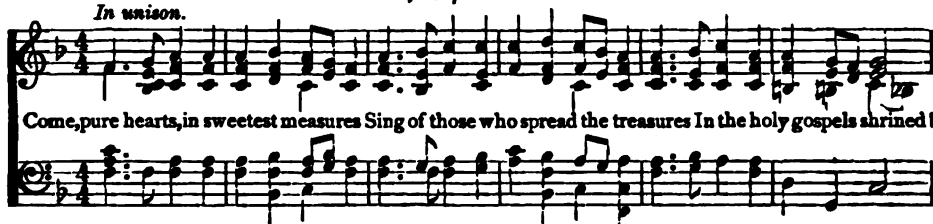
St. CYPRIAN 6s.

R. R. CHOPIN

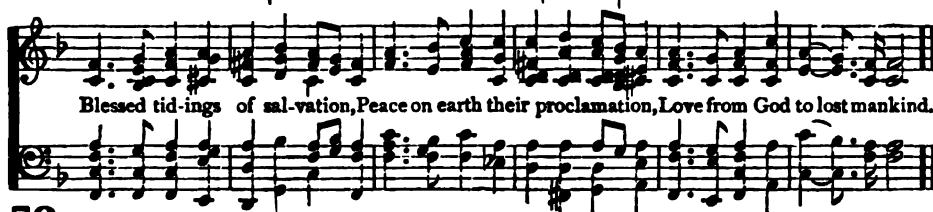
Lord, Thy word a-bid-eth, And our footsteps guid-eth: Who its truth be-liev-eth Light and joy re-ceive-eth.

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM 8, 8, 7. D.

G. F. COBB

In unison.

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures Sing of those who spread the treasures In the holy gospels shrined!



Blessed tid-ings of sal-vation, Peace on earth their proclamation, Love from God to lost mankind.

79

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy gospels shrined!
Blesséd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

Tr. by Robert Campbell 1839

UXBRIDGE L. M.

L. MASON



80

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Isaac Watts 1719

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

81

God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

3 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome 1787
Thomas Cotterill 19

BURLINGTON C. M.

J. F. BURROWES

A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun;
It gives a light to ev - 'ry age, It gives, but bor - rows none.

82

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper 1772

NOX PRECESSIT C. M.

J. B. CALKIN

Father of mercies, in Thy word What endless glory shines! Forever be Thy name adored For these celestial lines.

83

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele 1760

84

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

Bernard Barton 1827

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

J. BARNEY



85

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given .
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod ;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett 1782

86

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

BELVIDERE C. M.



3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble 1827

87

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise :
I hate the sinner's road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts 1719

AURELIA 7s, 6s. D

S. S. WESLEY

O Word of God incarnate, O Wisdom from on high, O Truth unchang'd, unchanging, O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the radiance That from the hallowed page, A lantern to our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.

88

O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the radiance,
That from the hallowed page
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifeth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Thee, the living Word.

ST OLAF S. M.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour.
A lamp of burnished gold.
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How 1867

F. J. HAYDN

Behold, the morning sun Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

89

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

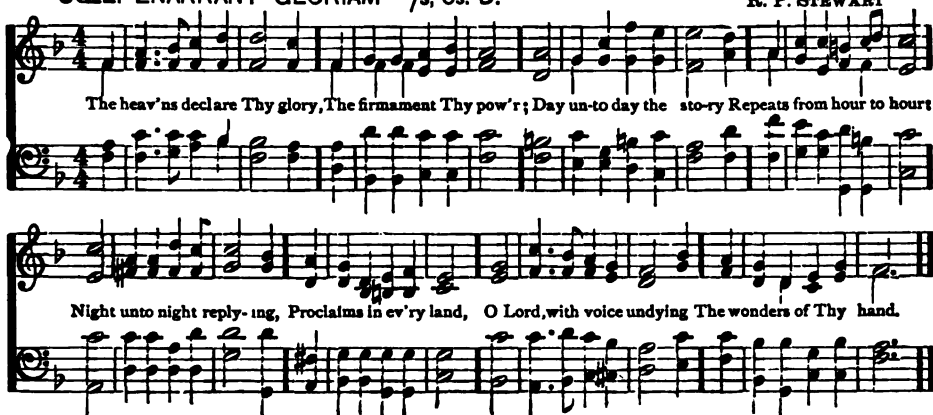
3 How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given:
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

Isaac Watts 1720

CCELI ENARRANT GLORIAM 7s, 6s. D.

R. P. STEWART



The heav'ns declare Thy glory, The firmament Thy pow'r; Day un-to day the sto-ry Repeats from hour to hour:
Night unto night reply-ing, Proclaims in ev'ry land, O Lord, with voice undying The wonders of Thy hand.

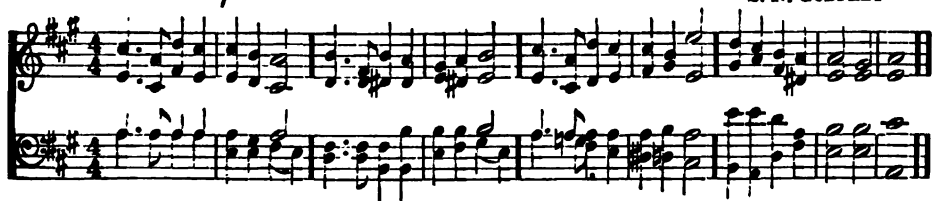
90

The heavens declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thy power;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour:
Night unto night replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying
The wonders of Thy hand.
2 How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given;
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven:
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day!

3 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness
Rejoice the humble heart;
And guilty fear and sadness
From contrite souls depart.
Thy word hath richer treasure
Than dwells within the mine,
And sweetness beyond measure
Attends Thy voice divine.
4 All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound Thy praises still:
So let my whole behavior,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to Thee.

Thomas Rawson Birks
S. N. GODFREY

ELLINGHAM 7s.



91

SPREAD, O spread, Thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.
2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

3 Word of life, most pure and strong.
Lo, for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
4 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee.
Let the nations, far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

Jonathan Frederic Bahnmaier 1823
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1856

ITALIAN HYMN 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDIN

Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:

Father all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days.

92

COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father, all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall:
 Let Thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made;
 Our souls on Thee be stayed;
 Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy Word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be
 Hence evermore.

His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

Charles Wesley 1757

93

Thou, Lord, art God alone,
 Veiling Thy burning throne
 From mortal sight:
 Yet Thou our Father art,
 From whose all-pitying heart,
 Nor life, nor death can part,
 Nor depth, nor height.

2 We praise Thee, Holy One,
 The Father's only Son,—
 His image bright.

Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Who dost redemption bring,
 Thy matchless grace we sing,
 Thy saving might.

3 We praise Thee, Heavenly Guest,
 Thou great and last bequest
 Of Love to man.

O blessed Paraclete,
 Guide Thou our pilgrim feet,
 Till glory shall complete
 What grace began.

4 We praise Thee, Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,—
 God of all grace!
 Angels and Cherubim,
 With flaming Seraphim,
 Thy Name, thrice holy, hymn
 With veiled face

Edward A. Collier 1890

THE HOLY TRINITY

47

ANCIENT OF DAYS 188, 108.

J. A. JEFFREY

O Ho-ly Fa-ther, who hast led Thy chil-dren In all the a - ges,

ACCOMP.

with the fire and cloud, Thro' seas dry-shod; thro' weary wastes bewildering; To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed,

Copyright, 1888. By permission of Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, S.T.D.

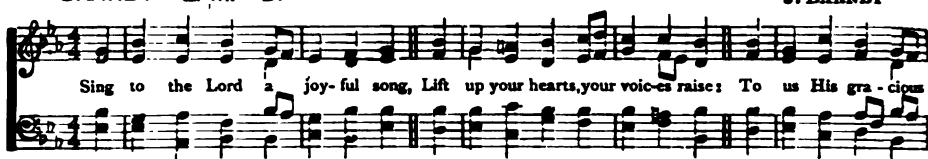
94

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes
bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are
bowed. | 3 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-
Giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives
increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant
river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace. |
| 2 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee, we owe the peace that still pre-
vails,
Still the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy
gales. | 4 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that has crowned
our day;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still im-
ploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us alway. |

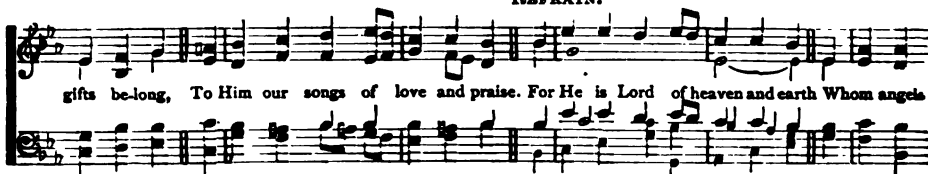
William Croswell Doane 1886

BARNBY L. M. D.

J. BARNBY



REFRAIN.



95

Sing to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise:
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.—REF.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord; for He is good:
And praise His name, for it is fair.—REF.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God; for He is great:
Trust in His name, for it is true.—REF.

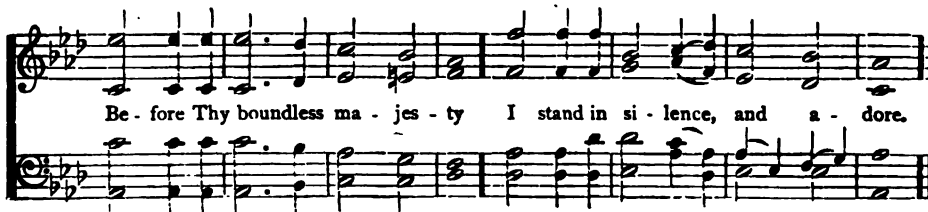
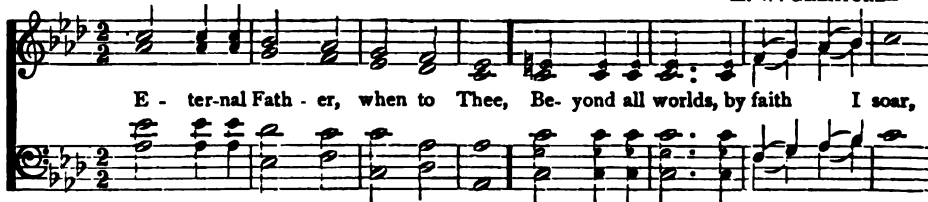
4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God; for He is love:
Exalt His name, for it is joy.—REF.

5 For life below, with all its bliss
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
To whom be praise for evermore.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1866

GROSTETE L. M.

H. W. GREATORREX



We give im-mor-tal praise For God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And better hopes above:

He sent His own e-ter-nal Son To die for sins that we had done.

96

We give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts 1709

97

L. M.

ETERNAL Father, when to Thee,
Beyond all worlds, by faith I soar,
Before Thy boundless majesty
I stand in silence, and adore.

2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side:
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see,
Thou art my friend, my daily guide;
God over all, yet God with me.

3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day:
The Holy Ghost of God Thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens Thou hast Thy throne,
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

Harvey Doddridge Ganse 1878

98

L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Edward Cooper 1808

WARREN 8s, 7s, 4.

S. P. WARREN

Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son, Glory be to God the Spirit, Great Jehovah, Three in One

Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run!

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal, by per.

99

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Great Jehovah, Three in One:
 Glory, glory,
 While eternal ages run!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
 Glory to the Church's King,
 Glory to the King of nations,
 Heaven and earth, your praises bring:
 Glory, glory,
 To the King of glory bring!

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
 Washed us from each spot and stain;
 Glory be to Him who bought us,
 Made us kings with Him to reign:
 Glory, glory,
 To the Lamb that once was slain!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
 Thus the choir of angels sings;
 Honor, riches, power, dominion!
 Thus its praise creation brings:
 Glory, glory,
 Glory to the King of kings!

Horatius Bonar 1866

ELI 7s.

Arr. Fr. M. COSTA

Father, at Thy footstool see Those who now are one in Thee: Draw us by Thy grace alone; Give, O give us to Thy Son.

100

FATHER, at Thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in Thee:
 Draw us by Thy grace alone;
 Give, O give us to Thy Son.

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
 Let us in Thy name be joined;
 Each to each unite and bless;
 Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
 Shed Thine overshadowing love,
 Love, the sealing grace, impart,
 Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost:
 Let us in Thine image rise;
 Give us back our paradise.

Charles Wesley 1749

THE HOLY TRINITY

51

NICÆA P. M.

J. B. DYKES

Holy, holy, ho - ly. Lord God Almighty! Early in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, ho - ly! Merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!

101

- HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber 1827

WOODWARD 78.

W. WOODWARD

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints together meet; When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of Him.

102

- SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of Him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love:
How He left the realms above,

- Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love:
With our wretched hearts He strove,
Took the things of Christ, and showed
How to reach His blest abode.
- 5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see, and sing of Him.

George Burder 1779

GOD OF HOSTS 7s, 6 lines

E. J. HOPKINS

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of hosts, E-ter-nal King, By the heav'n's and earth adored.

Angels and Archan-gels sing, Chanting ev-er-last-ing-ly, To the Blessed Trin-i-ty.

103 From Tucker's Church Hymnal, by par.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 God of Hosts, eternal King,
 By the heavens and earth adored;
 Angels and Archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly,
 To the Blesséd Trinity.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
 And in Thee do all things live,
 Be to Thee all honor paid;
 Praise to Thee let all things give,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blesséd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
 Spirits blest, before the throne,
 Speeding thence at Thy command,
 And, when Thy commands are done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blesséd Trinity

4 Cherubim and Seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings;
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the Blesséd Trinity.

5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
 Thee the noble martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee,
 Thee, the Church in every land,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blesséd Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Godhead One, and Persons Three;
 Join with us the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blesséd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth 1862

C. STEGGALL

STEGGALL 7s. 5.

Three in One, and One in Three, Ruler of the earth and sea, Hear us, while we lift to Thee, Holy chant and psalm.

104

THREE in One, and One in Three,
 Ruler of the earth and sea,
 Hear us, while we lift to Thee
 Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights, with morning, shine:
 Lift on us Thy light divine;
 And let charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
 Let it close on sin forgiven;
 Fold us in the peace of heaven,
 Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Dimly here we worship Thee:
 With the saints hereafter we
 Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison 1890

TULFORD 7s. D.

E. J. HOPKINS

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts! When heaven and earth Out of darkness, at Thy word, Issued into glorious birth,

All Thy works before Thee stood, And Thine eye beheld them good, While they sang with sweet accord, Holy, holy, holy Lord!

105

Holy, holy, holy Lord
 God of hosts! When heaven and earth
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;

Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 8 Holy, holy, holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery 1836,

Arr. from L. F. HEROLD

MESSIAH 7s. D.

From the vast and veiled throng, Round the Father's heavenly throne, Swells the everlasting song: Glory be to God alone!

Round Immanuel's cross of pain Mortal men, in tribes unknown, Sing to Him who once was slain: Glory be to God alone!

106

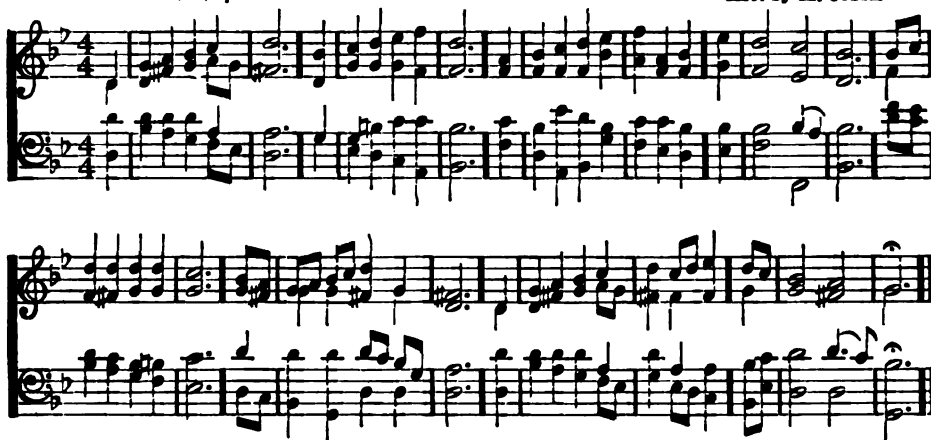
From the vast and veiled throng,
 Round the Father's heavenly throne.
 Swells the everlasting song:
 Glory be to God alone!
 Round Immanuel's cross of pain
 Mortal men, in tribes unknown,
 Sing to Him who once was slain:
 Glory be to God alone!

2 Blend, ye raptured songs, in one,
 Men redeemed, your Father own;
 Angels, worship ye the Son:
 Glory be to God alone!
 Spirit, 'tis within Thy light,
 Streaming far from cross and throne,
 Earth and heaven their songs unite:
 Glory be to God alone!

Hervey Doddridge Ganse 1872

LEONI 6s, 8, 4. D.

Arr. by M. COSTA



107

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:

Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heaven confessed:
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall on eagle's wings upborne
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

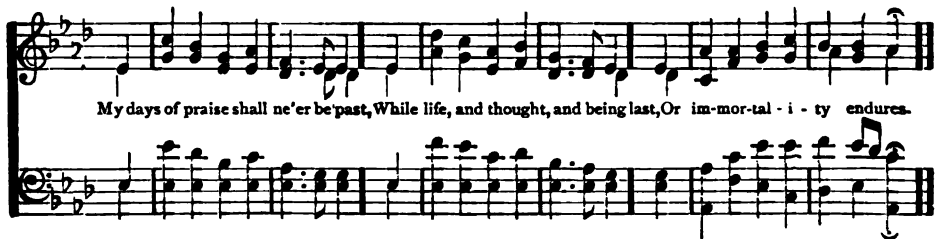
Thomas Olivers 1770

LAUS DEO L. P. M.

U. C. BURNAP



I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers;



My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty endures.

HADDAM H. M.

Att. by L. MASON



108

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord!

Isaac Watts 1709

And mountains feel the shock,
Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
He is the same for evermore.

2 The Lord Jehovah lives,
The dying sinner's Friend;
How freely He forgives
The follies that offend!
He wipes the penitential tear,
Bids faith and hope the spirit cheer.

3 The Lord Jehovah lives
To hear and answer prayer;
Whoe'er in Him believes
And trusts His guardian care,
A Father's tender love shall know,
Whence living streams of comfort flow.

4 The Lord Jehovah lives
Salvation to secure;
The title that He gives
Will be forever sure;
'Tis drawn in characters of blood,
'Tis issued from the throne of God.

Thomas Hastings 1847

109

THE Lord Jehovah lives,
And blessed be my Rock!
Though earth her bosom heaves

110

L. P. M.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts 1719

ANGEL VOICES P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN

An - gel voi - ces, ev - er singing Round Thy throne of light—Angel harps, for ev - er ringing,

Rest not day nor night; Thousands on-ly live to bless Thee. And confess Thee, Lord of might!

111

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee
And confess Thee, Lord of might!
2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan
Can it be that Thou regardest

Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
3 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

Francis Pott 1871

J. CRUGER

WITTEMBERG. P. M.

{ Now thank we all our God With heart, and hands, and voi - ces, }
{ Who wondrous things hath done, In whom this world rejoic - es; } Who from our mother's

arms Hath bless'd us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

112

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom this world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God,
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

Martin Rinkart 1644 Tr. by Catherine Winkwo 1858

DAY OF PRAISE 8s, 7s, 4.

M. B. FOSTER

God the Lord a King remaineth, Rob'd in His own glorious light! God hath robbed Him,
and He reigneth! He hath girded Him with might! Hal-le-lujah! God is King in depth and height!

113

Gon the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light!
God hath robbed Him, and He reigneth!
He hath girded Him with might!
Hallelujah!
God is King in depth and height!
2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised to swerve no more!
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar,
Hallelujah!
Lord, Thou art for evermore!
3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar!
Now they pause where they have drifted,

Now they burst upon the shore.
Hallelujah!
For the ocean's sounding store!
4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep!
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God who reigns on Heaven's high steep!
Hallelujah!
Songs of ocean never sleep.
5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling,
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be!
Hallelujah!
Pure is all that lives with Thee!

John Keble 1836

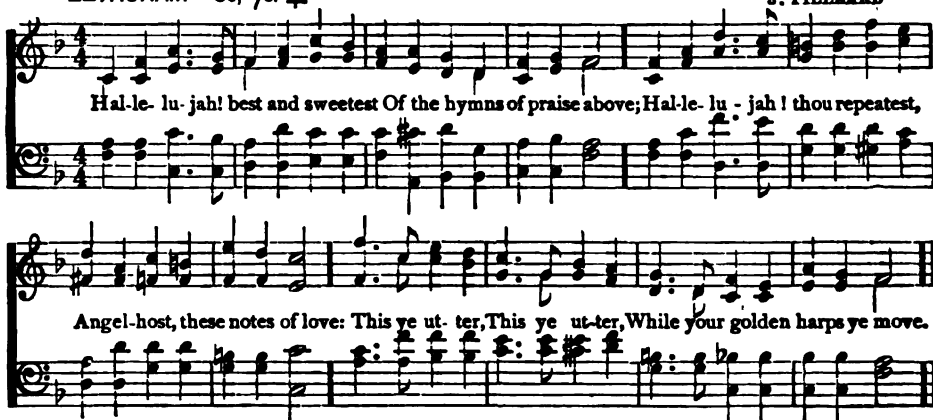
REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s, 4.

H. SMART

God the Lord a King remaineth, Robed in His own glorious light! God hath robbed Him, and He reigneth!
He hath girded Him with might! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! God is King in depth and height!

LEWISHAM 8s, 7s. 4.

J. TILLARD



Hal-le-lu-jah! best and sweetest Of the hymns of praise above; Hal-le-lu-jah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love: This ye ut-ter, This ye ut-ter, While your golden harps ye move.

114

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love:
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high:
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see.
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

Tr. by John Chandler 1837

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKER



The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

115

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,

And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Henry Williams Baker 1868

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring: Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
E- vermore His praises sing; Hal- le- lu- jah! Hal- le- lu- jah! Praise the e- ver- lasting King.

116

PRaise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

T. H. BAYLY D.C.

BAYLY 8s, 7s, 4.

FINE

117

God is love; that anthem olden
Sing the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Telling to us day and night
Their great story,
God is love, and God is might!
2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices,
Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love!

3 Through these anthems of creation,
Struggling up with gentle strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
God is love, and God is life!
4 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Our glad story
God is life, and God is love!

John Samuel Bewley Monseff 1866



118

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts 1719

AMERTON S. M.

119

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord,
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod:
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts 1719

W. HAYNES



120

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice:
Stand up and bless the Lord, your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery 1825

GOD THE FATHER

61

SPOHR C. M. 6 lines

L. SPOHR

Be-yond, be-yond that boundless sea, A-bove that dome of sky, Far-ther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwell-ing is on high; Yet dear the aw-ful thought to me That Thou, my God, art nigh.

121

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That Thou, my God, art nigh.
2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main.
3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honor of Thy name,

The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.
4 We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there;
Where shall I find Him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?
5 O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight
There does His Spirit rest;
O come, Thou Presence infinite!
And make Thy creature blest.

Josiah Conder 1836

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS

My soul, repeat His praise Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

122

My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
4 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts 1719

BRATTLE STREET C. M. D.

L. PLAYEL

{ While Thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wishes stilled;
{ And may this con-se-crated hour [Omit. With better hopes be filled. Thy love the pow'rt

tho't bestowed; To Thee my tho'ts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; That mercy I a-dore.

123

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power!

Be my vain wishes stilled;

And may this consecrated hour

With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;

To Thee my thoughts would soar:

Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;

That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear

Thy ruling hand I see!

Each blessing to my soul more dear

Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,

In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,

Or seek relief in prayer.

8 When gladness wings my favored hour,

Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,

My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,

The gathering storm shall see;

My steadfast heart shall know no fear;

That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams 1786

GENEVIEVE C. M.

J. BARNEY

When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

WENTWORTH P. M.

F. C. MAKER



124

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,

That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide Anne Procter 1858

125 C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face:
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

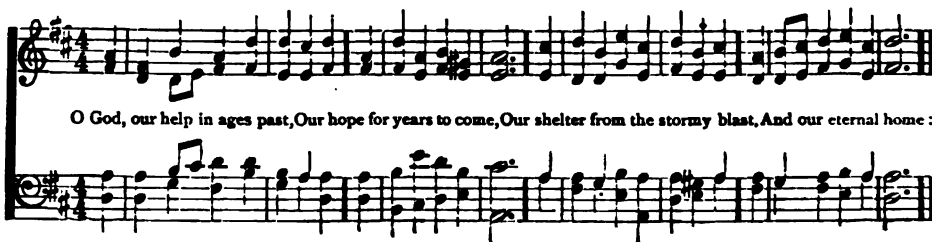
5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison 1718

ST. ANN'S C. M.

W. CROFT



126

- O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last.
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts 1719

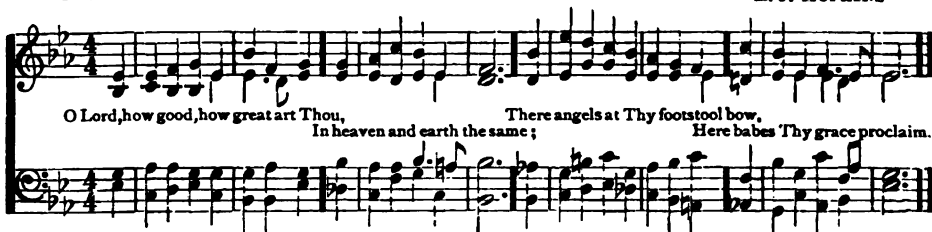
127

- My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.
- 2 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 4 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 5 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Frederick William Faber 1849

ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. HOPKINS



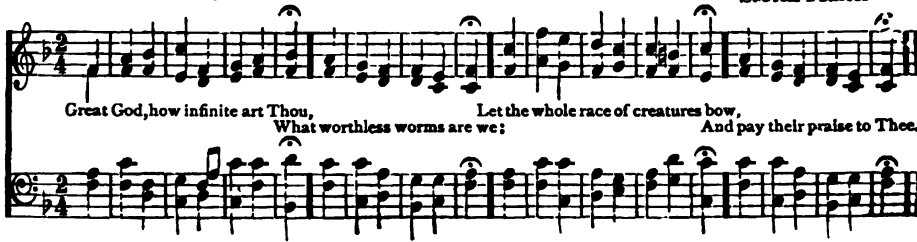
128

- O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same;
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.
- 2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
O, what is man, I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee.
- 3 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favored path is trod;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.
- 4 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same:
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter



129

GREAT God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we:
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
3 Our lives through various scenes are
And vexed with trifling cares; [drawn,
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
4 Great God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Isaac Watts 1709

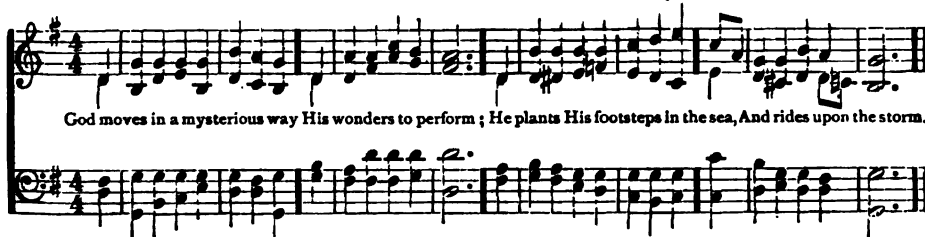
130

In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.
2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
4 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

Isaac Watts 1719

EMMANUEL C. M.

Arr. fr. L. van BEETHOVEN



131

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper 1772

WARDLAW C. M.

W. HAYNES



132

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthem raise
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son, our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw 1803

133

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of His name, His ways, His word;
How holy, just and true!

2 His mercy and His righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal His wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And, by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

Isaac Watts 1729

HUMMEL C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER



134

With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends His showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts 1729

TOLLAND C. M. D.

R. SPOFFORTH

I sing th' almighty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flowing
seas a-broad, And built the loft - y skies. I sing the wis - dom that or - dained
The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars o- bey.

135

I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
5 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts 1725

136

O God, we praise Thee, and confess,
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:
3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.
4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.
6 Thy honored, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Spring
Of never ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

Tr. by Nahum Tate 1703

WILLIAMS L. M.

C. L. WILLIAMS



Lord God of hosts, by all a-dored! Thy name we praise with one ac-cord;
The earth and heavens are full of Thee, Thy light, Thy love, Thy maj-es-ty.

137

LORD God of hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy love, Thy majesty.
2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to Thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.
3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets aid to swell the song;

The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.
4 The holy Church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity!
5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

Tr. by John Gambold 1754
Thomas Cotterill 1810

C. BURNBY

TRURO L. M.



High in the heavens, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines;
Thy truth shall break through eve-ry cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs.

138

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Isaac Watts 1719



139

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Tate and Brady 1696

All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail;
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 How blest Thy saints, how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed:
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee.

4 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

140

PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS



141

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again,

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts 1719

John Wesley 1741

142

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts 1719

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

I. PLEYEL



143

Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.
2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;

Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes 1848

HAYDN L. M.

F. J. HAYDN



The spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky,



And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim.

144

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole
5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison 1712

SELBORNE L. M.

R. REDHEAD



145

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

Tate and Brady 1696

146

THE Lord is King: lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

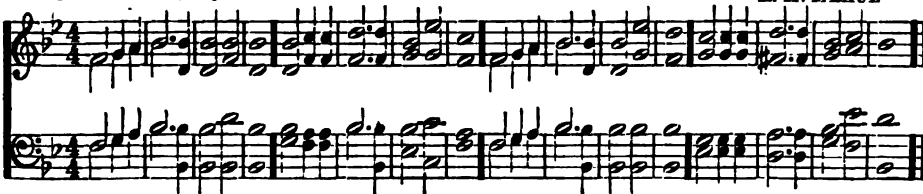
3 The Lord is King: child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise

4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder 1824

GILEAD L. M.

E. H. MEHUL



147

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts 1719

148

Lo, God is here, let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face,

2 Lo, God is here: Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

Gerhard Tersteegen 1731
Tr. by John Wesley 1739

MELCOMBE L. M.

S. WEBB



149

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame
 2 By day, along the astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow:
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
 O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 4 And O, when gathers on our path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

Walter Scott 1820

My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find Thy hand:
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great,
 What large extent, what lofty height:
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts 1719

150

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,

WARD L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON



151

GOD is the refuge of His saints
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold Him present with His aid.
 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God,

Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
 Our grief allays, our fear controls;
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on His truth, and armed with power

Isaac Watts 1719

FABEN 8s, 7s D.

J. H. WILCOX

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love bestows, For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows. Help, O God, my weak endeavor, This dull soul to rapture raise; Thou must light the flame, or never Can my love be warmed to praise.

152

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key 1823

J. STAINER

LYTHE 8s, 7s.

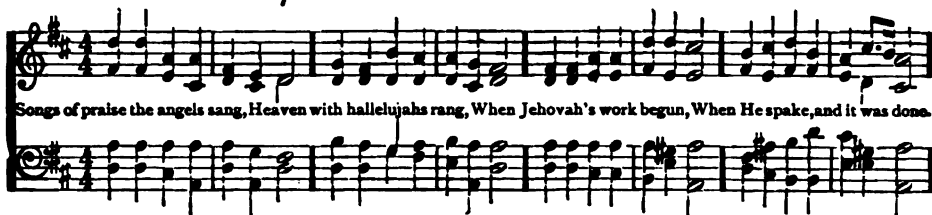
God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wisdom, God is love.

153

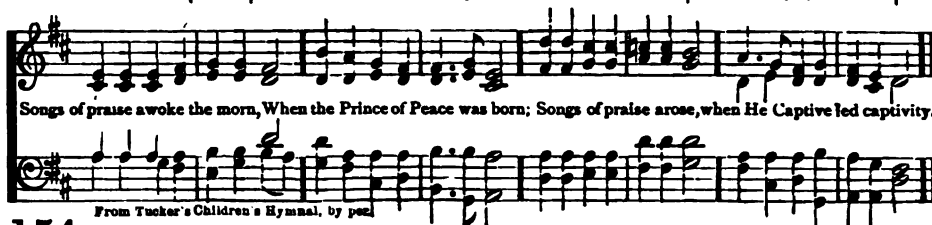
God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the cloud His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring 1825



Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When He spake, and it was done.



Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when He Captive led captivity.

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal, by permission

154

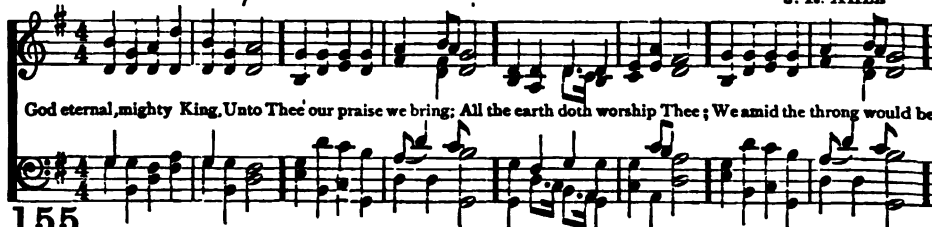
Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery 1819,

J. R. AHLE

NUREMBURG 7s.



God eternal, mighty King, Unto Thee our praise we bring; All the earth doth worship Thee; We amid the throng would be.

155

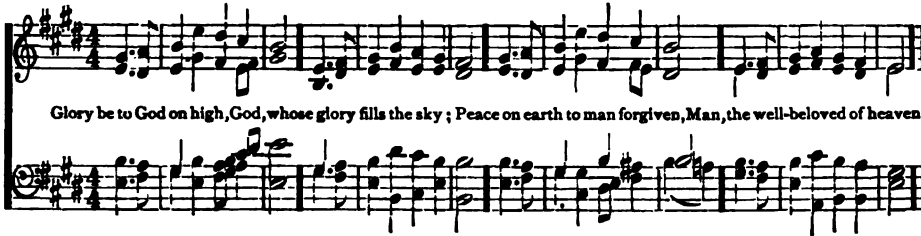
God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee;
We amid the throng would be.
2 Holy, holy, holy! cry
Angels round Thy throne on high:
Lord of all the heavenly Powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
3 Glorified Apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

4 With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear!
6 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

Tr. by James Elwin Millard 1848

INNOCENTS 78.

THIBAUT IV



156

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored,
Hail, the everlasting Lord:
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Hear, the world's atonement Thou:
Jesus, in Thy name we pray.
Take, O take our sins away.

6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with Thy great Father One;
One, the Holy Ghost with Thee;
One supreme, eternal Three.

Charles Wesley 1739

157

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton 1624

158

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored:
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

4 Then with angel-harps again
We will make a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

5 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to Thee may ever sound.

6 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored.

Benjamin Williams 1778

GARFIRTH 78, 6a. D

R. P. STEWART



159

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

Edward Henry Bickersteth 1866

ATT. FR. W. V. WALLACE

SERENITY C. M.



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160

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

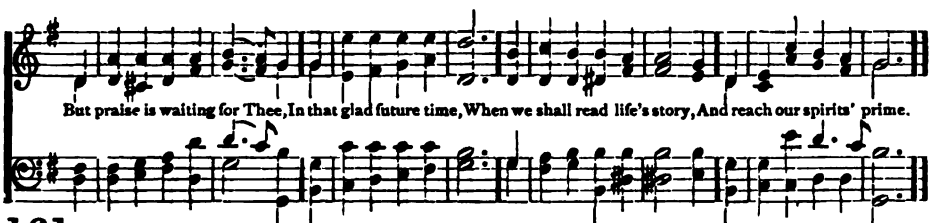
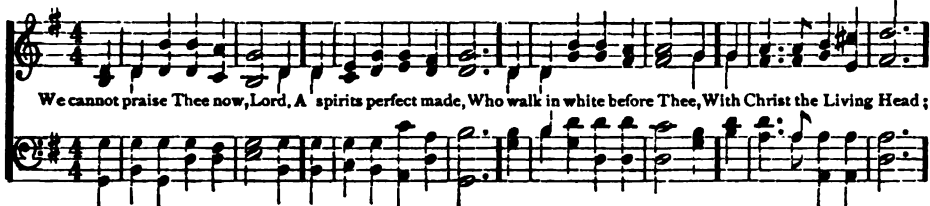
3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;

Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy name.

Isaac Watts 1719

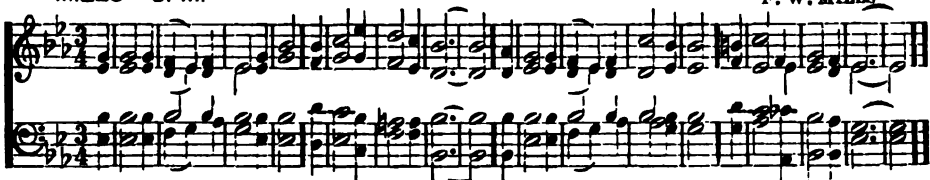


161

We cannot praise Thee now, Lord,
As spirits perfect made,
Who walk in white before Thee,
With Christ the Living Head;
But praise is waiting for Thee,
In that glad future time,
When we shall read life's story,
And reach our spirits' prime.

2 We cannot praise Thee here, Lord,
As those around Thy throne,
Who sing the song of glory,
And know as they are known;
But praise is waiting for Thee
When Zion's hill we gain;
And here we would be singing
A prelude to the strain.

MILLS C. M.

Anon
F. W. MILLS

162

Thou Grace Divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

2 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

4 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free

To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee!

Eliza Scudder 1859

163

JEHOVAH, God, Thy gracious power
On every hand we see;

O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.

2 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

3 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend.

John Thomson 1816

ZION'S DAUGHTER 8s, 7s. D.

J. B. POWELL

Blest be Thou, O God of Is - rael, Thou, our Fa - ther, and our Lord; Blest Thy maj - es -

- ty for - ev - er, Ev - er be Thy name a - dored! Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness;

Glory, victory, are Thine own; All is Thine in earth and heaven; Over all Thy boundless throne.

164

BLEST be Thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord;
Blest Thy majesty forever,
Ever be Thy name adored!

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness;
Glory, victory, are Thine own;
All is Thine in earth and heaven;
Over all Thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of Thee and honor,
Power and might to Thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only Thine to make us strong.

4 Lord, to Thee, Thou God of mercy,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To Thy name, forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

Henry Ustick Onderdonk 1826

165

PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

Founding Chapel Coll 1796

166

PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in Heaven our song we raise:
There, enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett 1767

GOD THE FATHER
LAUDATE DOMINUM 8s, 7s. D.

79

E. A. BEDELL

Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Filled His temple,
and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,
Earth is with its fulness stored; Unto Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

167

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.
2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
3 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."

4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.
5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored:
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
6 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee the Lord of Hosts most high.

Richard Mant 1837

ST. OSWALD 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES

Gon my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim..
2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

168

Gon my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim..
2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.
4 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore.
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Richard Mant 1824



Hon or and glo ry, thanksgiving and praise, Mak-er of all things, to Thee we up - raise;
God, the Al-mighty, the Father, the Lord; God, by the an-gels o-beyed and a - dored.

169

HONOR and glory, thanksgiving and praise,
Maker of all things, to Thee we upraise;
God, the Almighty, the Father, the Lord;
God, by the angels obeyed and adored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,
Started to life and to light at Thy word.

3 Earth with the mountain, the river, the
plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the
rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.

4 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father, of all.

5 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
And, at Thine Advent, Lord, pardon the past.

Edwin Arthur Dayman 1867

170

BLESSING and honor and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore,
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the
throne.

2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the
war;
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar;
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end;
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem, whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the
palm, [slain,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Horatius Bonar

Stars of the morn-ing, so gloriously bright, Filled with celes- ti - al splen-dor and light,
These that, where night never followeth day, Raise the "Thrice holy" song ever and aye:

171

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright, 3 Then, when the earth was first poised in
Filled with celestial splendor and light, mid-space,
These that, where night never followeth Then, when the planets first sped on their
day, race,
Raise the "Thrice holy" song ever and Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
aye: Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

2 These are Thy counsellors, these dost Thou 4 Still let them succor us, still let them
own fight,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne; Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly
send, pour,
Help of the helpless ones, man to befriend. We with the angels may bow and adore.

Joseph of the Studium ab. 850 Tr. by John Mason Neale 1866

AMERICAN HYMN 108.

M. KELLER

Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright, Filled with celestial splendor and light,
These that, where night never followeth day, Raise the "Thrice holy" song ever and aye:

HOUGHTON 10S, 11S.

H. J. GAUNTLETT

O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, O grate-ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love;
Our Shield and Defen- der, the An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ion'd in splendor and girded with praise.

172

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise,

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea,

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can
recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,

And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Robert Grant 1830

St. MICHAEL'S (Hanover) 10S, 11S.

W. CROFT

O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, O grate-ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love;
Our Shield and De-fen-der, the An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ion'd in splendor and girded with praise.

INGRAVE 118, 108

J. KNOX

Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak ;

Praise Him who will with glory crown the low- ly, And with sal- va - tion beau- ti- fy the meek.

From "Hymns and Responses" by permission of A. F. Schmidt & Co.

173

PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak ;
 Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly, And with salvation beautify the meek.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of every blessing, Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim ;
 Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing, All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving kindness, And all the tender mercy He hath shown ;
 Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness, And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who gave us, With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
 Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save us ;
 Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One.

Margaret Cockburn Campbell

LYONS 108, 118.

F. J. HAYDN

FINE. D.S.

174

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful Name ;
 The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol ; His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ; And still He is nigh, His presence we have ;
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God who sits on the throne." Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son ;
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right, All glory and power, and wisdom and might ;
 All honor and blessing, with angels above, And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley 1744

BROWNELL L. M. 6 lines

ART. fr. F. J. HAYDN

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply,

And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks He shall at-tend, And all my mid - night hours de-fend.

175

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison 1712

NETTLETON 8s, 7s. D.

J. WYETH D. C.

FINE

176

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:

Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson 1758

"VENI, VENI, IMMANUEL" L. M., 6 lines.

In unison.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel, And ransom captive Israel, That mourns in lonely exile here, Un -
til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Imman - u - el shall come to thee. O Is - ra - el!

177

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's abyss Thy people save,

And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

SAXTON P. M.

S. B. SAXTON

Come and hear the grand old story, Story of the ages past; All earth's annals far surpassing, Story that shall ever last.

REFRAIN.

No-blest, tru - est, Old - est, new - est, Fair - est, rar - est, Sad - dest, gladdest, That the world has ev - er known.

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal by per.

178

Come and hear the grand old story,
Story of the ages past;
All earth's annals far surpassing,
Story that shall ever last. REF.
2 Christ, the Father's Son eternal,
Once was born a Son of man;


He who never knew beginning,
Here on earth a life began. REF.

3 Here in David's lowly city,
Tenant of the manger-bed,
Child of everlasting ages,
Mary's Infant lays His head. REF.

Horatius Bonar

ADESTE FIDELES No. 1 IIS.

M. A. PORTOGALLO



O come, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing! Come, see in the manger the angels' dread King! To Bethlehem hasten, with joy-ful accord; O hast-en! O hasten to worship the Lord, O hast-en! O hasten to worship the Lord.

179

O COME, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger the angels' dread
King!

To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from
the skies;
The womb of the Virgin He doth not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

3 O hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest, all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy
birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and
earth;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word!
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

J. BARNBY

ADESTE FIDELES No. 2 P. M.



O, come, all ye faithful, joyful-ly triumphant, To Bethle-hem hasten now with glad accord: Lo! in a manger lies the King of angels; O, come, let us adore Him, O, come, let us adore Him, O, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

180

O COME, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger, lies the King of angels;
O, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 Raise, raise, choirs of angels, songs of loud-
est triumph, [poured:
Through heaven's high arches be your praises

Now to our God be glory in the highest;
O, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee, born for our
salvation,
O Jesus! for ever be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father, late in flesh appearing;
O, come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Tr. by Frederick Oakley 1843

GLAD TIDINGS P. M.

O. AVISON

Shout the glad tidings, exulting-ly sing; Je - ru - salem triumphs, Messiah is King! Zi - on, the

marvel-lous sto - ry be tell-ing, The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth! The brightest arch-

- angel in glory excelling, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth! Shout the glad tidings

exulting-ly sing; Je - ru - salem triumphs, Messiah is King! Mes - si - ah is King! Messiah is King!

181

Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth!
 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
 How free to the faithful He offers salvation,

How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-
 ing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
 Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

William Augustus Muhlenburg 1846

MENDELSSOHN 7s, D.

F. MENDELSSOHN

Hark! the her-ald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sin-ners re-conciled!" { Joyful all ye na-tions rise, } U-ni-ver-sal na-ture say,
"Christ the Lord is born to-day." U-ni-ver-sal nature say, "Christ the Lord is born to-day."

182

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
"Christ the Lord is born to-day."
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored!
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings,
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley 1739

183

7s. 6 lines

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King
4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

William Chatterton Dix 1859

CHRISTMAS MORN 7s.



184

He has come, the Christ of God;
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness!

2 He has come, the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter, with His light,
All the shadows of our night.

3 He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God.

4 He has come, whose Name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God.

5 Unto us a Child is born;
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Out of all the morns of time
Half so glorious in its prime.

6 Unto us a Son is given;
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace, and holy love.

Horatius Bonar 1857

2 Angels bending from the sky,
Chanted at the wondrous birth,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace, good-will to man on earth."

3 Him prophetic strains proclaim
King of kings, the Incarnate Word;
Great and wonderful His name,
Prince of Peace, the Mighty God.

4 Join we then our feeble lays,
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

Harriet Auber 1829

186

Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

2 Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

3 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet:
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

4 Glory be to God on high!
Earth, uplift the joyful cry!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

James Montgomery 1823

185

HAIL, all hail the joyful morn!
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That "to us a Child is born,"
That "to us a Son is given."

DIX 7s. 6 lines

C. KOCHER



JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD

HOLY NIGHT P. M.

A. H. HOWARD

Ho-ly night! Peaceful night! All is dark, save the light Yonder where they sweet vigils keep, O'er the Babe who in silent sleep, Rests in heav'nly, heav'nly peace, Rests in heav'nly, heav'nly peace.

187

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the Copyright.

HOLY night! Peaceful night!
All is dark, save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigils keep,
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus Christ is here!"

3 Silent night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven! O how bright

Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blesséd was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding star, O, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous star! O, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

188

8s, 7s, D.

Come ye lofty, come ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King:
See in Mary's arms reposing
Christ by highest heaven adored:
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

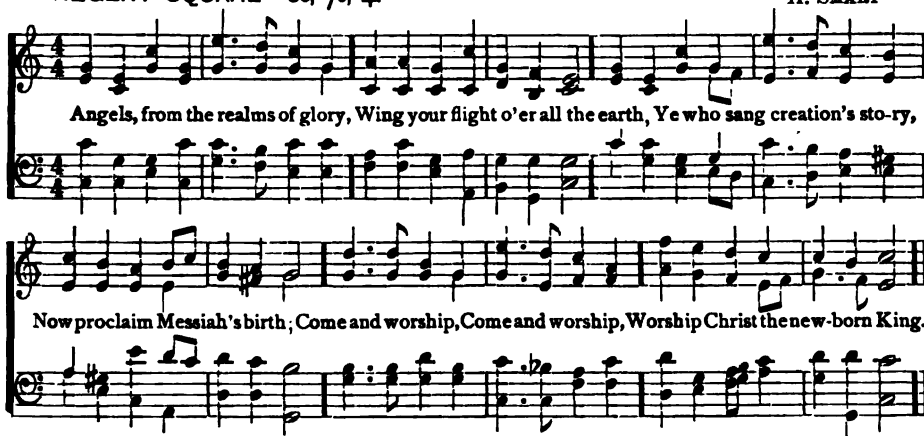
2 Come ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them!
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3 High above a star is shining,
And the Wise men haste from far:
Come glad hearts, and spirits pining:
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come ye people, come ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

4 Hark the Heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts too singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s, 4.

H. SMART



Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth; Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ the new-born King.

189

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;

Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you; break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

James Montgomery 1819

COME YE LOFTY 8s, 7s. D.

G. J. ELVEY



Come ye lofty, come ye lowly, Let your songs of gladness ring; In a stable lies the Holy In a manger rests the King;
See in Mary's arms reposing Christ by highest Heaven adored; Come, your circle round Him closing, Pious hearts that love the Lord.

INGRAVE 11s, 10s

J. KNOX

Brightest and best of the sons of the morn- ing, Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;

Star of the East, the ho- ri - zon a - dorn- ing, Guide where our in- fant Redeem- er is laid.

From "Hymns and Responses," by permission of A. P. Schmidt & Co.

190

- BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning, Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid; Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shin- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 ing, [stall; Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion, 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine, morning, [aid;
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber 1811

WEBBE 11s, 10s.

S. WEBBE

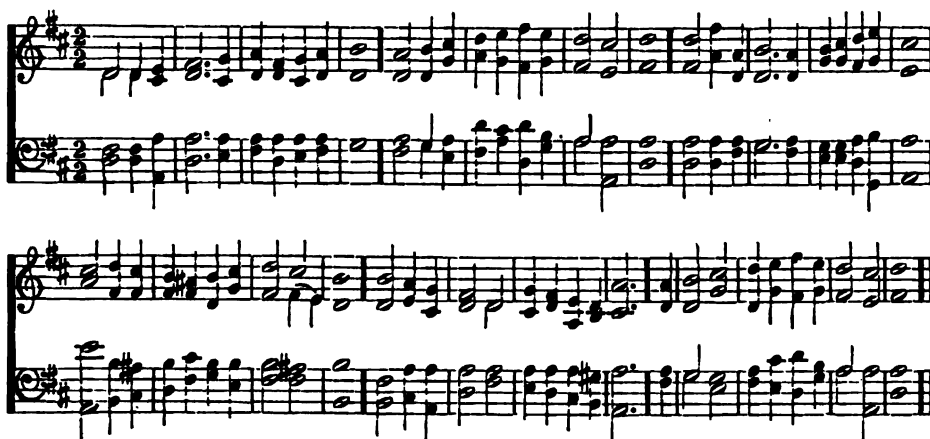
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid :

Star of the East, the ho- ri - zon a - dorn- ing, Guide where our in- fant Re- deem - er is laid.

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal by permission.

YORKSHIRE 10s. 6 lines

J. WAINWRIGHT



191

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind,
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

2 With burst of music the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with Alleluias rang;
God's highest glory, was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

John Byrom 1761

ORIENT 11s, 10s.

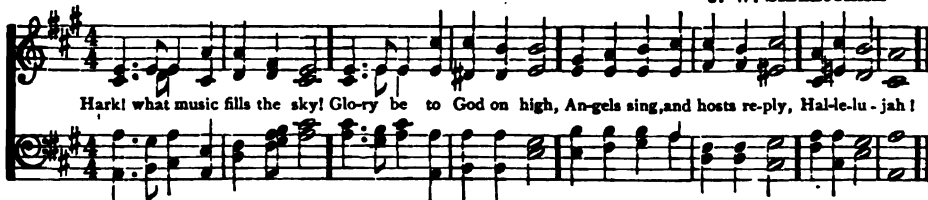
ART. from W. A. MOZART

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:

Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeem-er is laid.

ST. EANSWYTH P. M.

J. W. SIDEBOTHAM



192

HARK! what music fills the sky!
 Glory be to God on high,
 Angels sing, and hosts reply,
 Hallelujah!

2 To the sons of men is given
 God's dear Son, best gift of heaven,
 Pledge of grace, and sin forgiven,
 Hallelujah!

3 Righteousness and peace embrace,
 For the Prince of Peace doth place
 His right hand on Adam's race,
 Hallelujah!

4 Would ye see the wondrous sign,
 In a manger, Child divine,
 Lies the heir of David's line,
 Hallelujah!

5 Thee we own as Lord and King,
 And as tribute meet we bring
 Songs which angels cannot sing,
 Hallelujah!

6 Him we praise, Himself who gave
 To the manger and the grave
 All to ransom and to save.
 Hallelujah!

E. Wigglesworth

193

BLESSED night, when Bethlehem's plain
 Echoed with the joyful strain,
 "Peace has come to earth again."
 Hallelujah!

2 Blessed hills, that heard the song
 Of the glorious angel throng
 Swelling all your slopes along;
 Hallelujah!

3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear,
 Fell the tidings glad and clear,
 "God to man is drawing near."
 Hallelujah!

4 Thus revealed to shepherd's eyes
 Hidden from the great and wise,
 Entering earth in lowly guise—
 Hallelujah!

5 We adore thee as our King,
 And to Thee our song we sing;
 Our best offering to Thee bring,
 Hallelujah!

6 Mighty King of Righteousness,
 King of Glory, King of Peace,
 Never shall Thy kingdom cease!
 Hallelujah!

Horatius Bonar

194

P. M.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,

As I hear, far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices;
 "Christ is born!" their choirs are singing,
 Till the air everywhere
 Now with joy is ringing.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
 Of His birth, who the earth
 Rescues from her sorrow.
 God to wear our form descendeth;
 Of His grace to our race
 Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger
 Soft and sweet, doth entreat—
 "Flee from woe and danger
 Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
 You are freed; all you need
 Here your Saviour gives you."

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
 Here let all, great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder.
 Love Him who with love is yearning:
 Hail the Star, that from far
 Bright with hope is burning.

Paul Gerhardt 1653
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1862

BETHLEHEM P. M.

L. H. REDNER



By permission of L. H. Redner

195

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

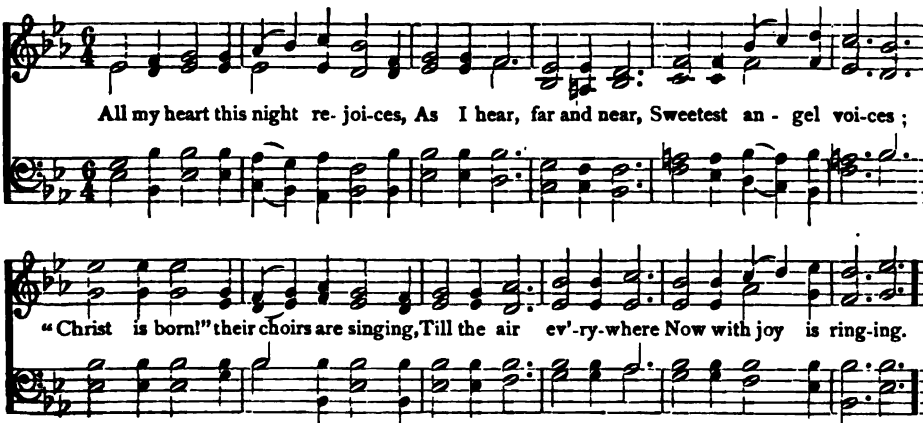
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven,
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

Phillips Brooks 1866

BRANDON P. M.

F. C. MAKER



All my heart this night re-joices, As I hear, far and near, Sweetest an-gel voi-ces;

"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing, Till the air ev'-ry-where Now with joy is ring-ing.

ADMASTON 8s, 7s. D.

H. SMART

Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sound-ing through the skies? Lo! th' angelic
host re-joic-es, Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise. List-en to the wondrous sto-ry
Which they chant in hymns of joy: "Glory in the highest, glory! Glo-ry be to God Most High!"

196

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise,
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God Most High."

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing:
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King"

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy:
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God Most High!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood 1829

197

ON this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.
Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

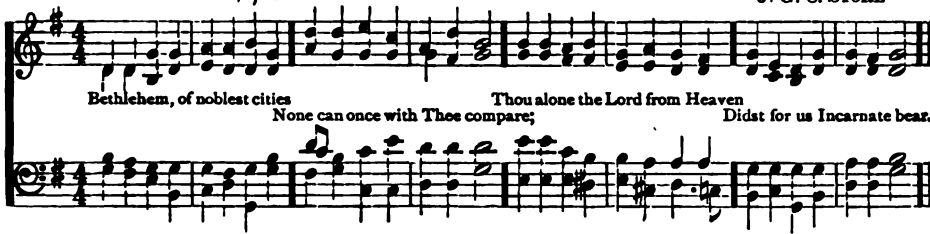
2 On this day then through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.
See the powers of hell are broken,
Fierce and tyrannous and wild,
And on earth glad words are spoken,
Heralding the new-born Child.

3 Christ, who rules the earth and heaven,
By His truth's controlling power,
Who a grace to men hath given
That transforms them hour by hour.
Grant to us of His great pity
Pardon for our guilt and sin;
Grant us in the heavenly city
Peace and rest and life to win.

Edward Hayes Plumtre 1866

STUTTGARD 8s, 7s.

J. G. C. STÖRL



198

BETHLEHEM, of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

3 By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

4 Offerings of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

5 Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed!

With the Father, and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius
Tr. by Edward Caswell 1849

199

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley 1744

WILMOT 8s, 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER



200

SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger,
Now to Bethlehem speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

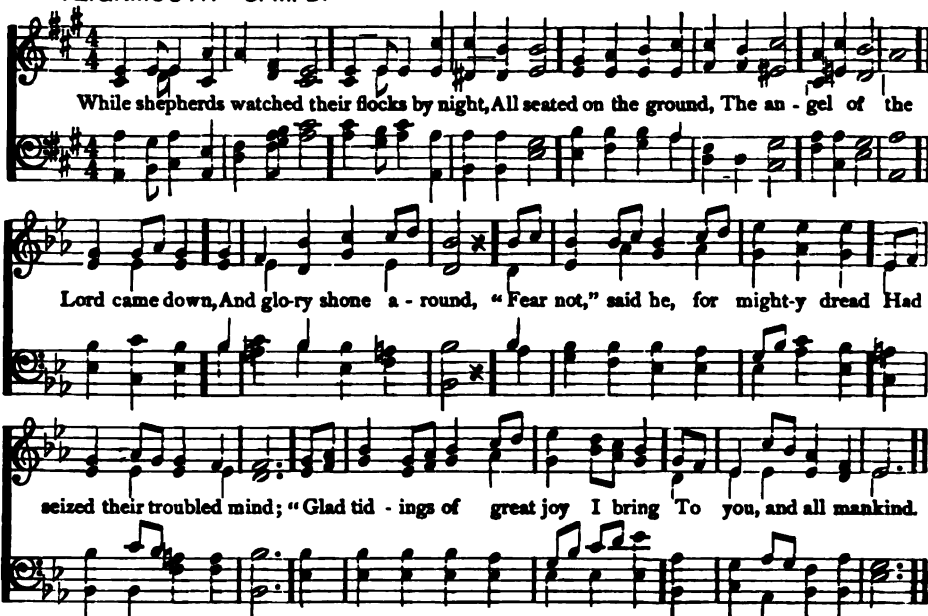
2 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to His rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation:—
Mortals! now behold your God!

3 Glad, we trace the amazing story
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory,—
Sinners saved from death and hell.

4 Love eternal moved the Saviour,
Thus to lay His radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb for ever!
Glory be to God on high!

"Union Minstrel" 1894

TEIGNMOUTH C. M. D.



While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an - gel of the
Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round, "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had
seized their troubled mind; "Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you, and all mankind.

201

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
All seated on the ground, [night, To human view displayed,
The angel of the Lord came down, All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And glory shone around. And in a manger laid."
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
2 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

SEARS C. M. D.

Nahum Tate 1703

A. S. SULLIVAN



CAROL C. M. D

R. S. WILLIS

It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old, From an-gels bending near the earth
D.S.—The world in sol - emn stillness lay

FINE **D.S.**

To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all gracious King,"
To hear the an-gels sing.

202

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears 1850

NOEL C. M. D

Arranged by A. S. SULLIVAN

TYTHERTON C. M. D

A. S. SULLIVAN

Let fol - ly praise that fan - cy loves, I praise and love that Child Whose heart no thought, whose
tongue no word, Whose hand no deed de - filed. I praise Him most, I love Him best, All
praise and love is His; While Him I love, In Him I live, And can - not live a - miss.

203

Let folly praise that fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child [word,
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no
Whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

4 Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants,
Yet do His angels sing;
Out of His tears, His sighs, and throbs,
Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die.

Robert Southwell 1590

2 Love's sweetest mark, land's highest theme,
Man's most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First friend He was, best friend He is,
All times will try Him true.

3 Though young yet wise, though small, yet
Though man, yet God He is; [strong,
As wise, He knows, as strong, He can,
As God, He loves to bless.
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

204

MESSIAH, at Thy glad approach
The howling wilds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.
2 The hidden fountains, at Thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.
3 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.
4 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

Michael Bruce 1766

GABRIEL C. M. D.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN



205

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 Glory to God! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?

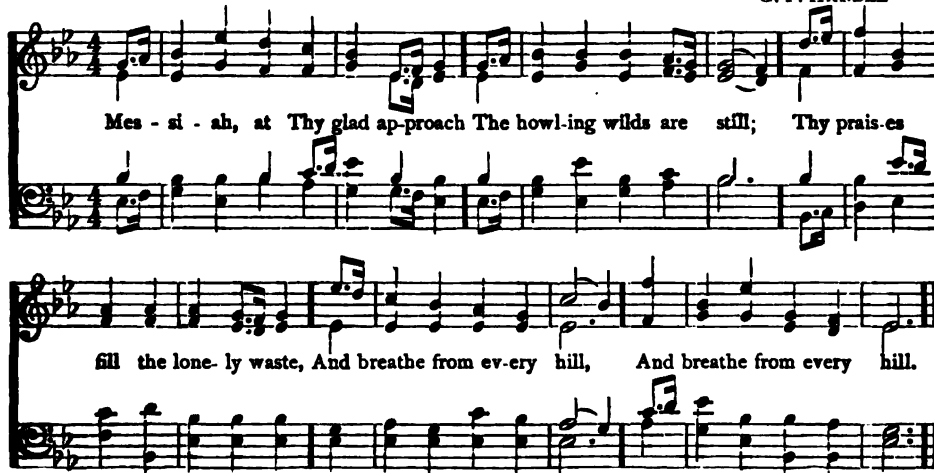
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—

"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

Edmund Hamilton Sears 1834

CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. HANDEL



ANTIOCH C. M.

ATT. L. MASON

Joy to the world, the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na- ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na- ture sing. sing.....

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

206

Joy to the world, the Lord is come:
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns:
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground:
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts 1719

EPIPHANY P. M.

There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - piphany;
 Their gifts they bare both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ for

Thee: Gold, frankin-cense, and myrrh are there, Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?

207

THERE came three kings, ere break of day,
 All on Epiphany;
 Their gifts they bare both rich and rare,
 All, all, Lord Christ for Thee:
 Gold, frankincense, and myrrh are there,
 Where is the King? O where? O where?
 O where is the King? O where?

2 The Star shone brightly over-head,
 The air was calm and still,
 O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
 The dew lay on the hill:

We see no throne, no palace fair,
 Where is the King? O where? O where?
 O where is the King? O where?

3 An old man knelt at a manger low,
 A Babe lay in the stall;
 The starlight played on the Infant brow,
 Deep silence lay o'er all:
 A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—
 There is the King! O there! O there!
 O there is the King! O there!

Anon 16th century

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. BAKER



208

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

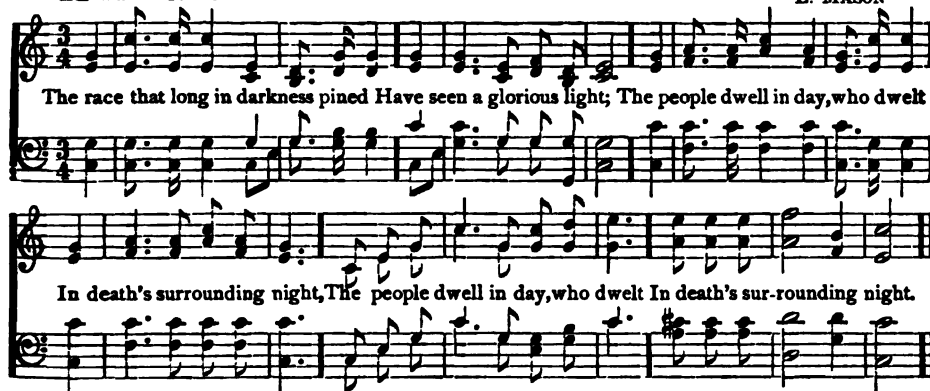
3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge 1735

ZERAH C. M.

L. MASON



The race that long in darkness pined Have seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day, who dwelt

In death's surrounding night, The people dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surrounding night.

209

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

4 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above.
And peace abound below.

John Morrison 1770

210

O Thou, who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay:

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead,
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

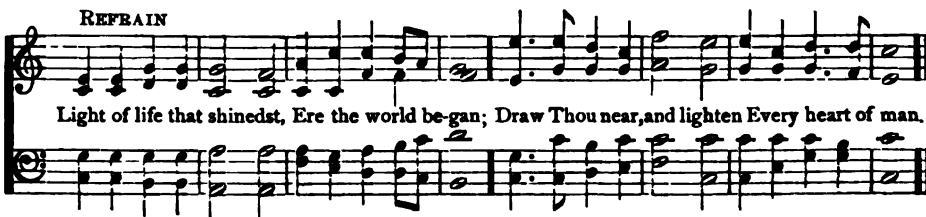
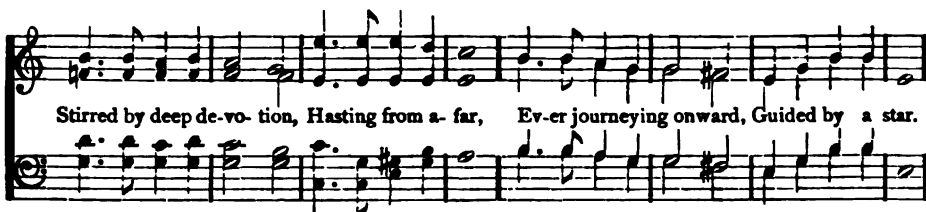
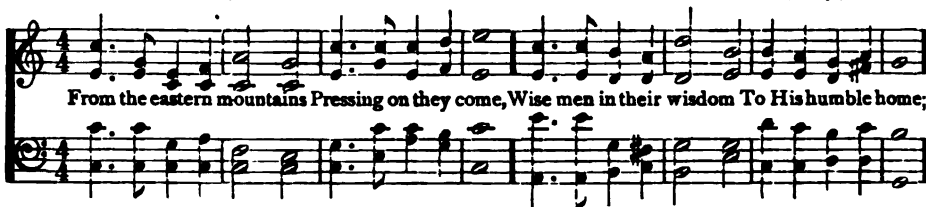
3 As yet we know Thee but in part:
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

John Mason Neale 1244

HAMILTON 6s, 5s. 12 lines

A. W. H. GELL



211

From the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

REFRAIN—Light of life that shinedst,
Ere the world began;
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.—REF.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,

Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.—REF.

4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.—REF

5 Until every nation,
Whether boud or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.—REF.

WARTBURG CASTLE L. M.

G. SHINN

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes, Who is it in yon man - ger lies?

Who is this Child, so young and fair? The blessed Christ-Child li - eth there.

212

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes,
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-Child lieth there.

2 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

3 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

4 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man, His Son hath given,
While angels sing with pious mirth.
A glad new year to all the earth.

Martin Luther 1524
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1858

J. WHITAKER

WIMBORNE L. M.

All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in the garb of flesh and blood;

Choos-ing a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a - lone.

213

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in the garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain Thee now:
Angels who did in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice

3 A little Child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

Martin Luther 1524
Tr. Sabbath Hymn Book 1858

CORDE NATUS P. M.

J. STAINER



214

Of the Father's love begotten
Ere the world began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 At His word the worlds were framéd;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore.

3 This is He whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the long expected;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

4 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing;
All dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

CHRISTMAS CAROL P. M.



From Hutchins' Children's Hymnal, by permission.

215

SLEEP, my Saviour, sleep,
On Thy bed of hay,
Angels in the spangled heaven
Sing their glad some Christmas carols
Till the dawn of day.

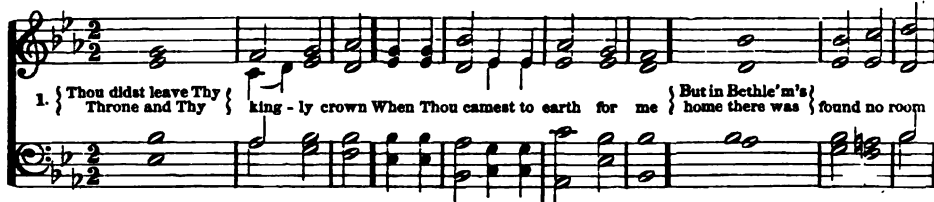
2 Sleep, my Saviour, sleep,
On Thy bed of hay,
Ere the mourning angel cometh
To the moon-lit olive garden,
Wiping tears away.

3 Sleep, my Saviour, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast,
Now the shepherds kneel adoring,
Now the mother's heart is joyous,
Take a happy rest.

4 Sleep, my Saviour, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast;
Crucified, with wounds, and bruised,
Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,
One day Thou wilt rest.

HOLY NATIVITY P. M.

A. C. FALCONER



REFRAIN.



216

- Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of
 crown In the deserts of Galilee. REF. [God,
 When Thou camest to earth for me: 4 Thou camest, Lord, with the living word
 But in Bethlehem's home there was found That should set Thy children free;
 For Thy holy nativity. [no room But with mocking scorn, and with crown of
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, thorn,
 There is room in my heart for Thee. They bore Thee to Calvary: REF.
- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang, 5 When heaven's arch shall ring and her
 sang, choirs shall sing
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree; At Thy coming to victory,
 But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth, Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet
 And in great humility. REF. there is room
 There is room at My side for thee:"
- 3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
 In the shade of the cedar tree; When Thou comest and callest for me.

ALYSTON 7s. 6.

Emily E. S. Elliott
E. BUNNETT

217

- Jesus, Son of God most high,
 God from all eternity,
 Born as man to live and die—
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 2 Leaving Thine eternal throne,
 Making mortal cares Thine own.
 Making God's compassion known—
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 3 By Thy life, so lone and still,
 By Thy waiting to fulfil

- In its time Thy Father's will—
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 4 May we mark the pattern fair
 Of Thy life of work and prayer,
 And for truth all perils dare—
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 5 Bid us come, at last, to Thee,
 And forever perfect be,
 Where Thy glory we shall see—
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thomas Benson Pollock 1870

HULME C. M.

G. BIRD

1. A pilgrim through this lone-ly world, The bless-ed Sav-iour passed; A
mour-ner all His life was He, A dy-ing Lamb at last.

218

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave:
It found on earth no resting place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

Edward Denny 1839

219

O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man, Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God:—

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight.

4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess
How little we who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways, express.

5 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind:
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with Thee.

James George Deck 1842

220

O JESUS, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

George Washington Bethune 1847

BEMERTON C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX



221

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not Mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
O may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

William Enfield 1773

222

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below:
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;

Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve,
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Edward Denny 1839

223

JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given —
A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven!

2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord:

3 Jesus, who in the form of God,
Didst equal honor claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame.

4 O may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in Thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

Thomas Cotterill 1819

WESTGATE C. M. D.

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

224

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and
[health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owued Thee, the Lord of Light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded streets, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Edward Hayes Plumtre 1866

225

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape
The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

5 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

6 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

7 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

8 O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier 1867

PETERSHAM C. M. D.

C. W. POOLE



226

O, WHERE is He that trod the sea,
 O, where is He that spake,
 And demons from their victims flee,
 The dead their slumbers break;
 The palsied rise in freedom strong,
 The dumb men talk and sing,
 And from blind eyes, benighted long,
 Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O, where is He that trod the sea,
 O, where is He that spake,
 And dark waves, rolling heavily,
 A glassy smoothness take;
 And lepers, whose own flesh has been
 A solitary grave,
 See with amaze that they are clean,
 And cry, 'T is He can save.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea,
 'T is only He can save;
 To thousands hungering wearily,
 A wondrous meal He gave:
 Full soon, with food celestial fed,
 Their mystic fare they take;
 'T was springtide when He blest the bread,
 And harvest when He brake.

4 O, where is He that trod the sea;
 My soul, the Lord is here:
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
 To leap, to look, to hear,
 Be thine: thy needs He 'll satisfy:
 Art thou diseased, or dumb?
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
 "I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Thomas Toke Lynch 1865

TUCKERMAN C. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN



227

In duties and in sufferings too,
 Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
 As Thou hast done, so would I do,
 Depending on Thy grace.

2 With earnest zeal, 'twas Thy delight
 To do Thy Father's will;

O may that zeal my love excite
 Thy precepts to fulfil!

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
 Through all Thy conduct shine;
 O may my whole deportment prove
 A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Benjamin Beddome 1790

PATER OMNIUM L. M. 6 lines

H. J. E. HOLMES

As oft, with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rugged valley o'er, The thought, how comforting and sweet,

Christ trod this ver-y path be-fore! Our wants and weaknesses He knows, From life's first dawning to its close.

228

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the Son of God,
As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston 1847

229

6s, 4s. D.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white,
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!

Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Anatolius d. 458
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1865

FIDES 8s, 7s, 7.

J. STAINER

Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ever came, nor came in vain, Still with healing words re-ply-ing

To the wea - ried cry of pain; Hear us Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy seat.

Unison. *Harmony.*

230

Thou to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying

May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

Godfrey Thring 1866

G. W. TORRANCE

EUROCLYDON 6s. 4s. D.

Fierce was the wild billow, Dark was the night, Oars labored heavily, Foam glimmered white, Trembled the mariners,

Per-ill was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I!" "Peace! It is I!"

For 2d & 3d verses 1st two bars will be

BOWRING L. M.

C. E. KETTLE



231

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to My Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blessed.

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

John Bowring 1828

232

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;

The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts 1709

233

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God.

2 O who like Thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of Light,
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee,
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like Thee, all my journey run.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe 1838

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

L. MASON



ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. MERRICK



234

BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose His princely dress.

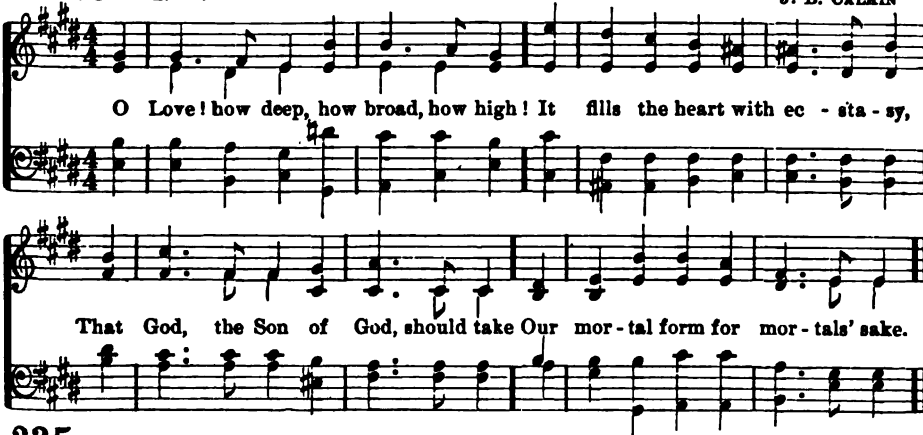
3 Jesus, Thou light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts.
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

4 Cheered by Thy beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way.
The path which Thou hast marked and trod
Shall lead to endless day.

John Needham 1768

SEFTON L. M.

J. B. CALKIN



235

O LOVE! how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel, to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

4 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,

For us He sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen and to cheer.

Tr. John Mason Neale 1851

236

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld His face, for He was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.

3 His touch the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
Warm tears o'er Lazarus He shed,
Then spake the word that raised the dead.

James Montgomery 1797

BERTHOLD 7s, 6s. D.

B. TOURS

When, His sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, The children all stood sing-ing

Ho-san-na to His name. Nor did their zeal of-fend Him, But

as He rode a-long, He let them still at-tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

237

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King 1830

238

ALL glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

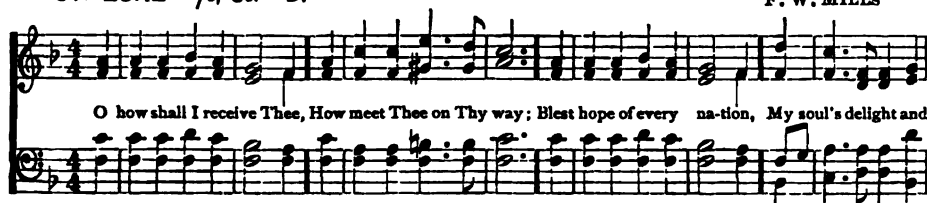
2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and-gracious King.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

ST. LUKE 7s, 6s. D.

F. W. MILLS



239

O how shall I receive Thee,
How meet Thee on Thy way;
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by Thine own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing
And welcome in Thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My soul, in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.

Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to Thy name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Paul Gerhardt 1653
Tr. by Arthur Tozer Russell 1851

ST. ÆLRED P. M.

J. B. DYKES



240

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

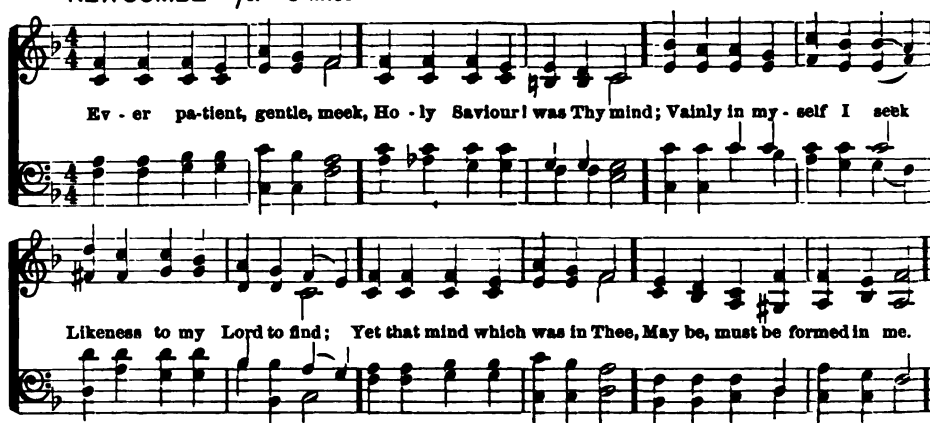
2 "Save, Lord; we perish," was their cry;
O save us in our agony!"—
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace be still."

3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er.
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring 1866

NEWCOMBE 7s. 6 lines



Ev - er pa-tient, gentle, meek, Ho - ly Saviour! was Thy mind; Vainly in my - self I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find; Yet that mind which was in Thee, May be, must be formed in me.

241

EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour! was Thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet that mind which was in Thee,
May be, must be formed in me.

2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,
Vexed not, ruffled not Thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control:
Lord, that mind which was in Thee,
May be, must be formed in me.

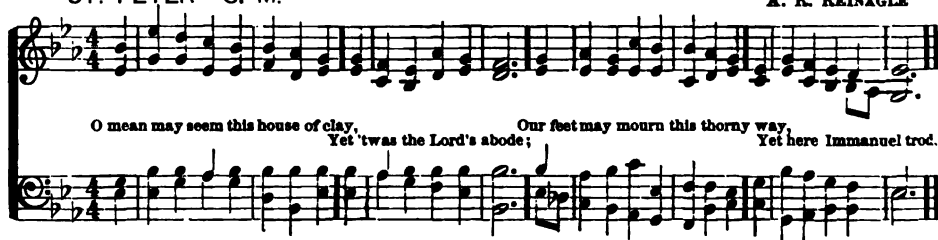
3 Though such griefs were Thine to bear,
For each sufferer Thou could'st feel;
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal;
Saviour! let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.

4 When my pain is most intense,
Let Thy cross my lesson prove:
Let me hear Thee e'en from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:
Saviour! let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.

Charlotte Elliott 1836

A. R. REINAGLE

ST. PETER C. M.



O mean may seem this house of clay, Yet 'twas the Lord's abode; Our feet may mourn this thorny way, Yet here Immanuel trod.

242

O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

1 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep!

3 This world the Master overcame;
This death the Lord did die:

O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!

4 O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Immanuel!

5 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

Thomas Hornblower GILL 1850

ST. FABIAN 8s, 7s. D.

J. BARNBY

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross we spend; Life and health and
peace possessing, Through the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. Here we sit, in won-der, view-ing
Mercy poured in streams of blood; Precious drops, our souls bedewing, Make and plead our peace with God.

243

SWEET the moments, rich the blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
Through the sinner's dying Friend.
Here we sit, in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Make and plead our peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.

Lord in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

3 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.
Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

James Allen 1750
Walter Shirley 1776

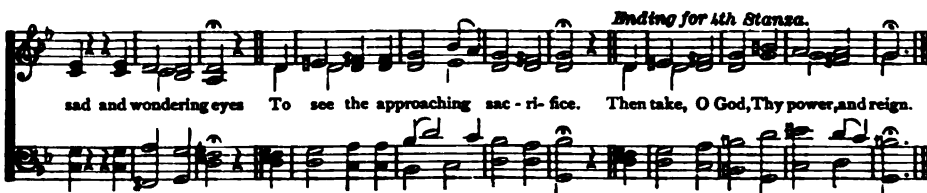
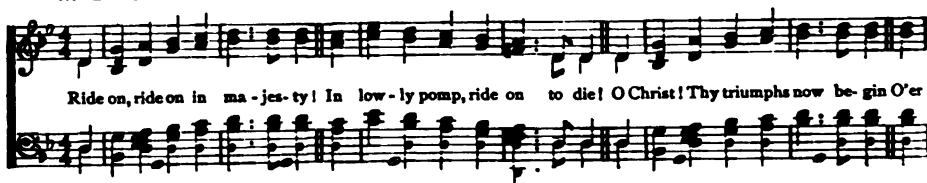
DISCIPLE 8s, 7s. D.

W. A. MOZART

Sweet the moments, rich the blessing, Which before the cross we spend; Life and health and
peace possessing, Through the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. Here we sit, in won-der, view-ing
Mercy poured in streams of blood; Precious drops, our souls bedewing, Make and plead our peace with God.

MADISON L. M. D.

J. FARMER



244

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

8 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh!
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

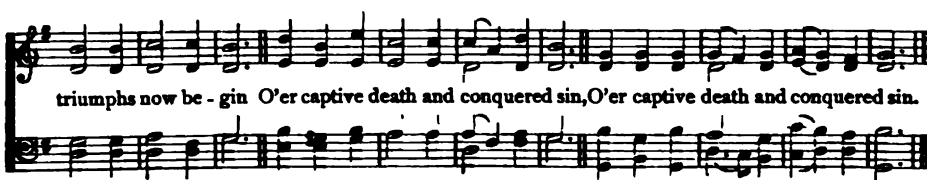
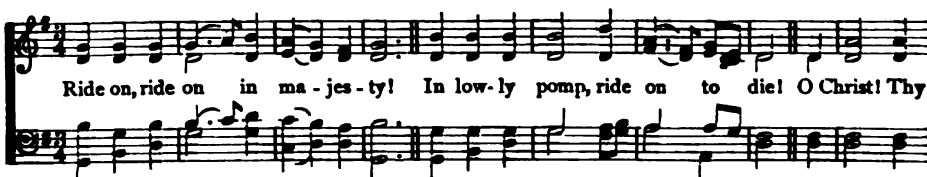
2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Millman 1827

PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA



WILLIAMS L. M.

C. L. WILLIAMS



245

THE royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.
2 There while He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.
3 To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might be.

2 The ever blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

3 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

246

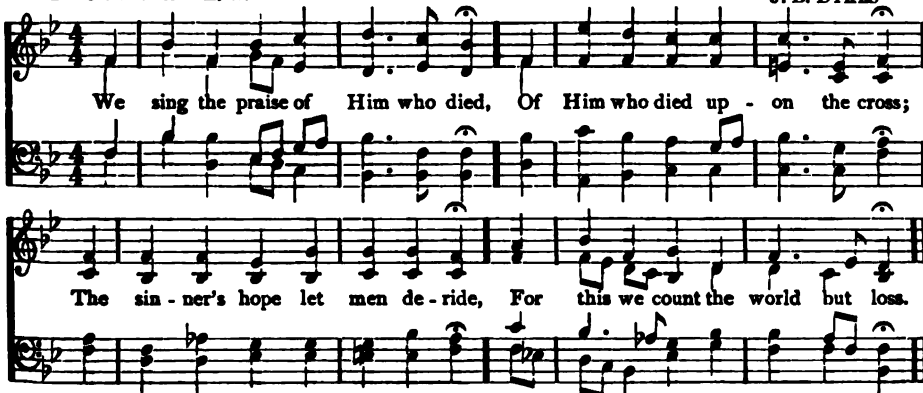
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;

4 'Tis finished all: the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;-
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee!

Horatius Bonar 1837

DROSTANE L. M.

J. B. DYKES



We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross;

The sin - ner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.

247

We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up:

It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly 1860

ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. DYKES



248

O come, and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

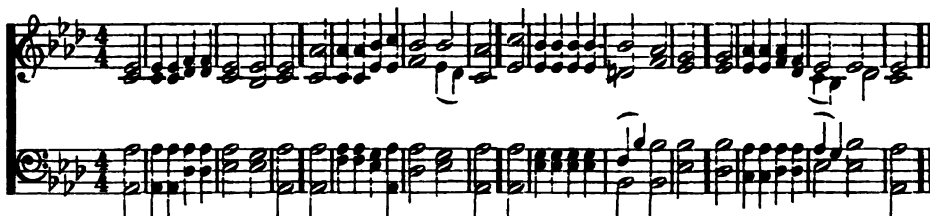
5 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Frederick William Faber 1849

OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY



By per. Biglow & Main, owners of the copyright.

249

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William Bingham Tappan 1822

250

"'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and died:
"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient Prophets said
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished! this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this My last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Samuel Stennett 1787

CRUX BEATA L. M.

E. MILLER

When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

251

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree:
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts 1707

252

LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,

In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.
2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;
4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of Thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

William Walsham How 1854

253

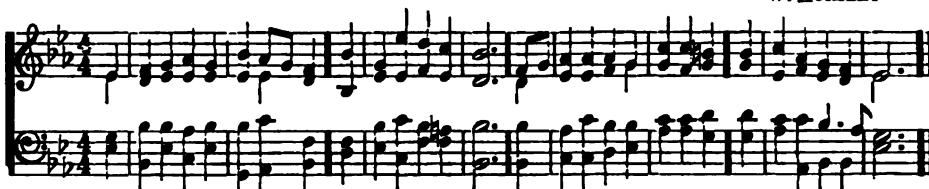
O THE sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died:
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding side.
2 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Isaac Watts 1707

H. K. OLIVER

HORSLEY C. M.

W. HORSLEY



254

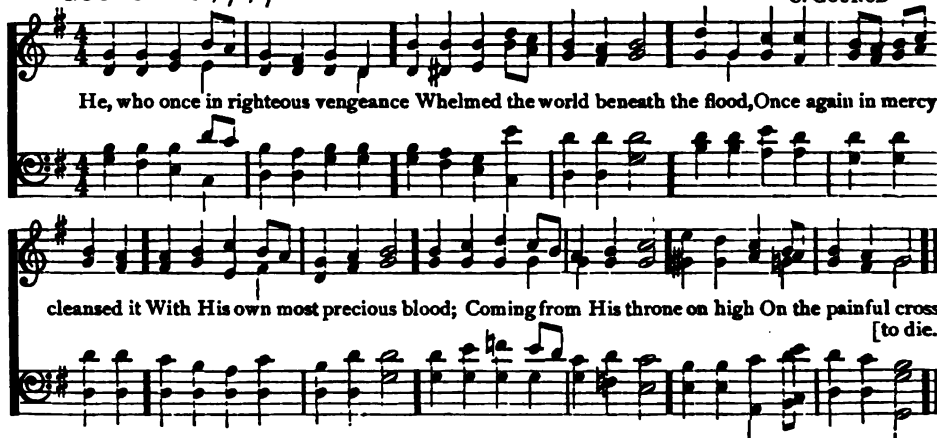
There is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.
 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains He had to bear;
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.
 3 He died that we might be forgiven;
 He died to make us good,

That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.
 4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.
 5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1848

GOUNOD 8s, 7s, 7.

C. GOUNOD



255

He, who once in righteous vengeance
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With His own most precious blood;
 Coming from His throne on high
 On the painful cross to die.
 2 O the wisdom of the Eternal!
 O the depth of love Divine!
 O the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
 We were sinners doomed to die;
 Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the Judge we tremble,
 Conscious of His broken laws,
 May the blood of His atonement
 Cry aloud, and plead our cause,
 Bid our guilty terrors cease,
 Be our pardon and our peace.
 4 Prince and Author of salvation,
 Lord of Majesty supreme,
 Jesus, praise to Thee be given
 By the world Thou didst redeem.
 Glory to the Father be,
 And the spirit, One with Thee.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN



256

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
2 Sure, never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
3 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."
4 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton 1779

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.
3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.
4 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.
5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours:
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above,
Redeemed and blest by Thee.

257

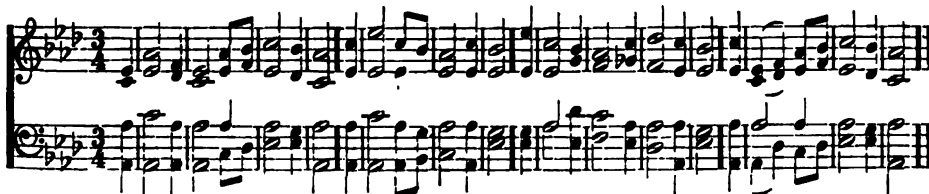
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now,
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

Edward Denny 1839

AVON C. M.

H. WILSON



258

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,

When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness!
And melt, mine eyes, to tears!
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts 1707

PASSION 7s, 6s. D.

Har. by J. S. BACH

{ O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

259

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinner's gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee

Paul Gerhardt 1656
Tr. by James Waddell Alexander 1829

260

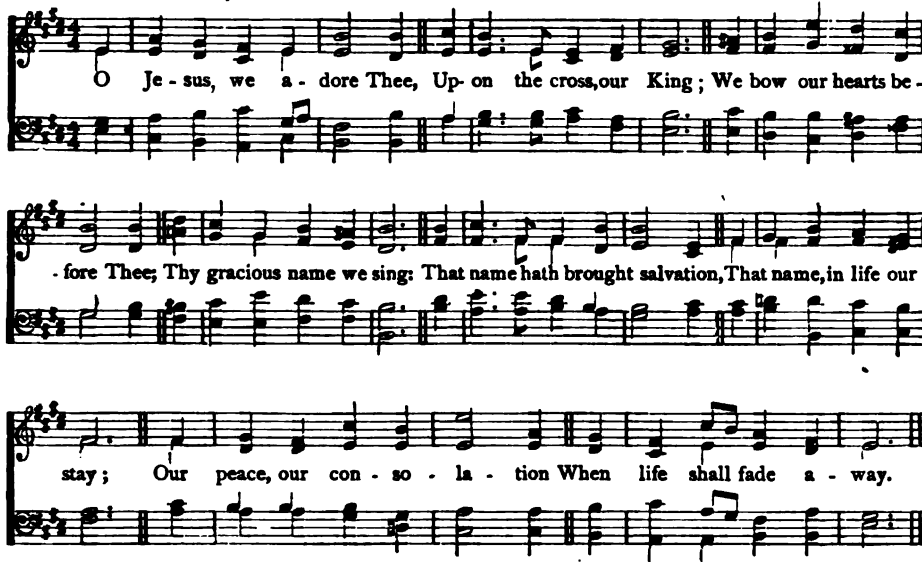
My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the garden,
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody,
That told Thy sorrow there.

2 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below.
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour
That live in Thee and love.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1862

MAGDALENA 7s, 6s, D.

J. STAINER



O Je - sus, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King; We bow our hearts be -
fore Thee; Thy gracious name we sing: That name hath brought salvation, That name, in life our
stay; Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way.

261

O Jesus, we adore Thee,
Upon the cross, our King:
We bow our hearts before Thee;
Thy gracious name we sing:
That name hath brought salvation,
That name, in life our stay;
Our peace, our consolation
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still passing by Thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee;
All else we count but loss

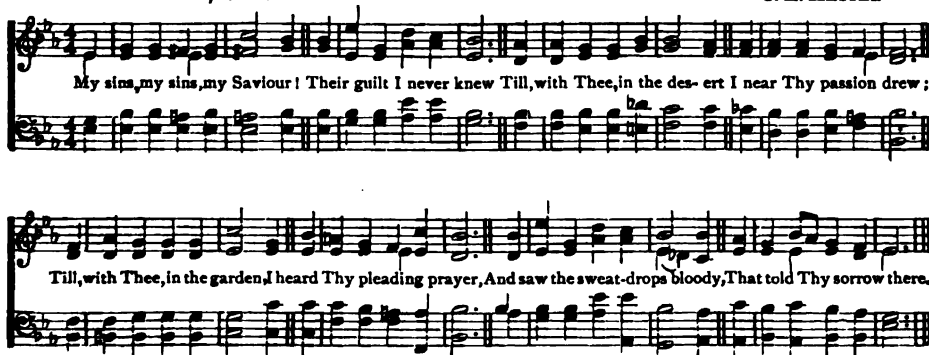
Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;
Yet deign our hope to be.

3 O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.
Lord, grant to us remission;
Life through Thy death restore;
Yea, grant us the fruition
Of life for evermore.

Arthur Tozer Russell 1851

CHAMOUNI 7s, 6s, D.

C. E. KENTLE



My sins, my sins, my Saviour! Their guilt I never knew Till, with Thee, in the des-ert I near Thy passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the garden, I heard Thy pleading prayer, And saw the sweat-drops bloody, That told Thy sorrow there.

PRO ME PERFORATUS 6s. 6 lines

U. C. BURNAP

Thy life was given for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed That I might ran-somed be,

Slower.
And quickened from the dead. Thy life was given for me: What have I given for Thee? What have I given for Thee?

262

Thy life was given for me!
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,

For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent!
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Thou gavest Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal 1858

ST. BRIDE S. M.

S. HOWARD

O perfect life of love! All, all is finished now; All that He left His throne above To do for us be-low.

263

O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now;
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

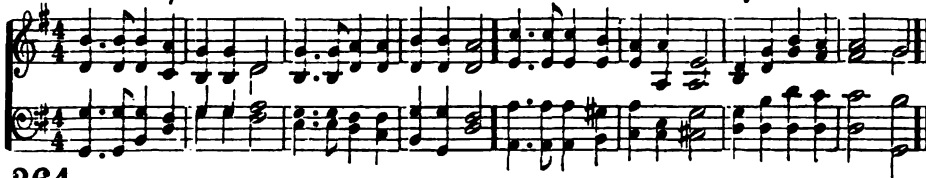
3 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

4 In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

Henry Williams Baker 1874

LITANY 7s. 6.

Har. by A. S. SULLIVAN



264

PART I.

JESUS, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:

PART II.

JESUS, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him paradise:

2 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy name:
3 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:

PART III.

JESUS, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:

PART IV.

JESUS, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:

PART V.

JESUS, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All thy holy work fulfil,—
Satisfy Thy loving will:

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:

PART VI.

JESUS,—all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made:

2 Save us in our souls' distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:

3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:

PART VII.

JESUS,—all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,—
Yielding up Thy soul at last:

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:

3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:

Thomas Benson Pollock 1874

R. B. BORTHWICK

MISERERE DOMINE 7s. 6.



STABAT MATER 8, 8, 7. D.

H. KNIGHT

Near the cross was Ma-ry weeping, There her mournful station keeping, Gazing on her dy - ing Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning, Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning, Through her soul the sword had gone.

265

Near the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone.
2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed:

By His stripes He wrought our healing,
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.
3 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.

Tr. by James Waddell Alexander 1842

GENOA 8, 8, 7. D.

J. BARNBY

From the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling
Like a trumpet silver-clear:
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
'It is finished,' is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.
2 Peace that glorious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load;

266

Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.
3 God is love;—we read the writing
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
God is light;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.

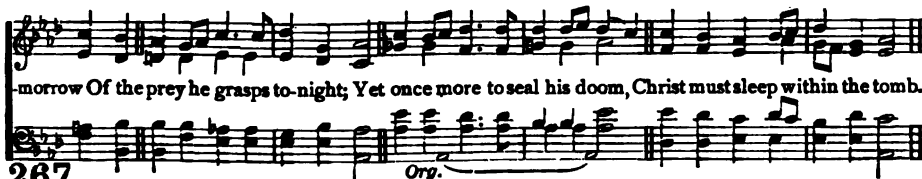
Horatius Bonar 1886

REQUIEM 8s, 7s 7.

W. SCHULTZ



All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow, Human taunts and fiendish spite; Death shall be despoiled to -



-morrow Of the prey he grasps to-night; Yet once more to seal his doom, Christ must sleep within the tomb.

267

Org.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet once more to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

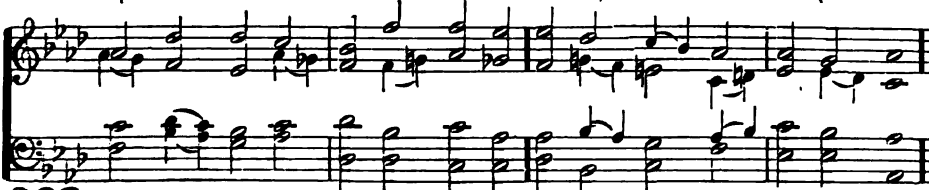
3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er:
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

4 Now to-night, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strain of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."

John Moultrie 1868

CRUX FIDELIS 8s, 7s.

J. STAINER



268

Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect man on thee was tortured,
Perfect God on thee has bled!

2 Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in light ere worlds could be,
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,
Crucified by sin for me.

3 O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!
Very God Himself is bearing
All the sufferings of time!

4 Evermore for human failure
By His passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely He will know our need.

James Sparrow Simpson 1886

PASSOVER 8s, 7s, 6 lines

C. GOUNOD

Sing, my tongue! the Saviour's glory; Tell His triumphs far and wide; Tell aloud the wondrous story

Of His body crucified; How up-on the cross a victim, Vanquishing in death He died.

269

Sing, my tongue! the Saviour's glory;
 Tell His triumphs far and wide;
 Tell aloud the wondrous story
 Of His body crucified;
 How upon the cross a victim,
 Vanquishing in death He died.

2 Such the order God appointed
 When for sin He would atone;
 To the serpent thus opposing
 Schemes yet deeper than his own;
 Thence the remedy procuring,
 Whence the fatal wound had come.

3 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
 In our mortal flesh attain:
 Then of His free choice He goeth
 To a death of bitter pain;
 He, the Lamb, upon the altar
 Of the cross, for us was slain.

4 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches!
 See the thorns upon His brow!
 Nails His hands and feet are rending!
 See, His side is open now!
 Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
 Streams of blood and water flow.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

CALVARY 8s, 7s, 4

S. STANLEY

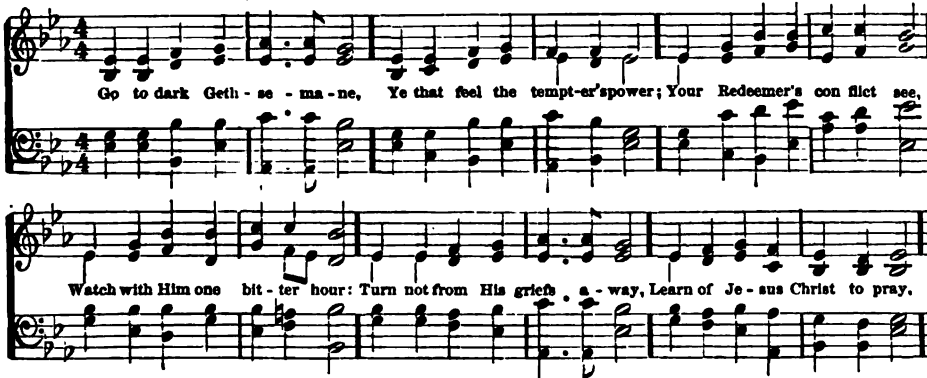
Hark, the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary;

See, it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:

"It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

GETHSEMANE 7s, 6 lines

R. REDHEAD



270

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery 1819

271

RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalméd cell
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Thomas Whytehead 1842

272

8s, 7s, 4

HARK, the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure

Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans 1787

THE GRAVE OF JESUS 8s. D.

J. FARMER



273

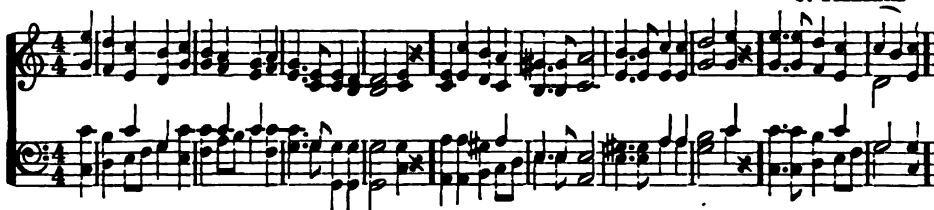
By Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
::The sad and silent mourners stand.:
At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore,
::Of Him who all our sufferings bore.:

2 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
::Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.:
So when the Dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
::Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.:

Isaac C. Smith 1871

REDGRAVE P. M.

J. TILLEARD



274

So rest, our Rest,
Thou ever blest,
Thy grave with sinners making:
By Thy precious death, from sin
Our dead souls awaking.
2 Here hast Thou lain
After much pain,
Life of our life, reposing:
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.
3 Breath of all breath!
We know from death
Thou wilt our dust awaken:

Wherefore should we dread the grave,
Or our faith be shaken?

4 The body dies,—
Naught else,—and lies
In dust until victorious
From the grave it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.

5 Meantime we will,
O Jesus, still
Deep in remembrance lay Thee,
Musing on Thy death; in death
Be with us, we pray Thee.

Tr. by Richard Maassie 1880

EVENTIDE 108.

W. H. MONK



Our sins, our sor - rows, Lord, were laid on Thee; Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set us free;
And now Thy toil is o'er; Thy grief and pain Have passed a - way; the veil is rent in twain.

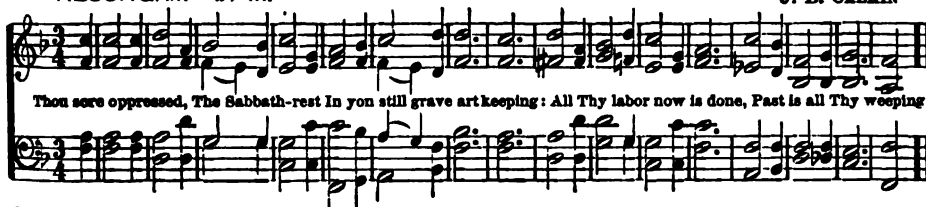
275

OUR sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on 3 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thee; Thou wast abiding ever, Lord of love,
Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set Eternal, filling all created things
us free; With Thine own presence, Jesus, King of
And now thy toil is o'er; Thy grief and pain kings!
Have passed away; the veil is rent in twain. 4 E'en now our place is with Thee on the
2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect throne,
peace [cease, For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Where all the wicked from their troubling Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch for
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep: day;
Thy Father giveth His beloved sleep. O let Thine angels roll the stone away!

Edward Wilton Eddis 1894

RESURGAM P. M.

J. B. CALKIN



Thou sore oppressed, The Sabbath-rest In yon still grave art keeping: All Thy labor now is done, Past is all Thy weeping

276

Thou sore oppressed, the Sabbath-rest
In yon still grave art keeping:
All thy labor now is done,
Past is all Thy weeping.
2 The strife is o'er, naught hurts Thee more: 5 O lead us Thou to rest e'en now,
The heart at last hath slumbered With all who, sorely anguished
That in conflict sore for us 'Neath the burden of their sins,
Bore our sins unnumbered. Long in woe have languished.
3 Thou awful tomb, once filled with gloom, 6 O Lord, our Rock, soon grant Thy flock
How blessed and how holy To see Thy Easter morning:
Art thou now, since in the grave Strife and pain will all be past
Slept the Saviour lowly! When that day is dawning.

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1866

ST. KEVIN P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness! God hath bro't His Israel In - to joy from sadness,
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters, Led them with unmoisten'd foot Thro' the Red sea waters.

277

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who, with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection!

4 "Hallelujah!" now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who, triumphant, burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
"Hallelujah" with the Son,
God the Father praising;
"Hallelujah" yet again
To the Spirit raising.

John of Damascus ab. 700
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1862
H. C. ZEUNER

ALEXANDER S. M.

The Lord is risen indeed!
The grave hath lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

278

THE Lord is risen indeed!
The grave hath lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives, to die no more;
He lives His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

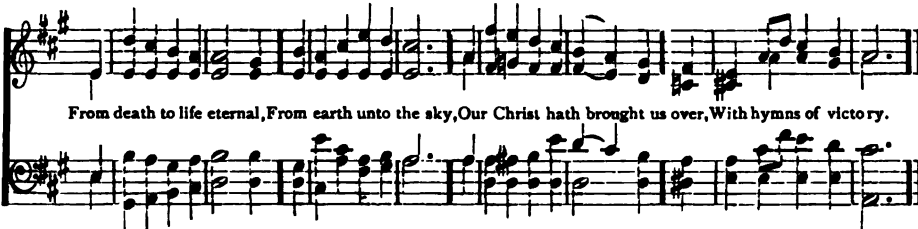
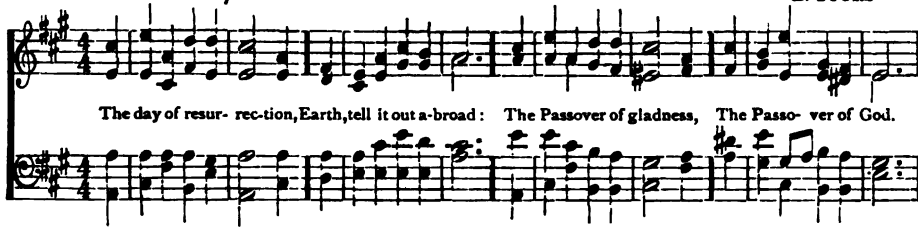
3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed
The joyful tidings bear!

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord!

Thomas Kelly 1804

ROTTERDAM 7s, 6s. D.

B. TOURS



279

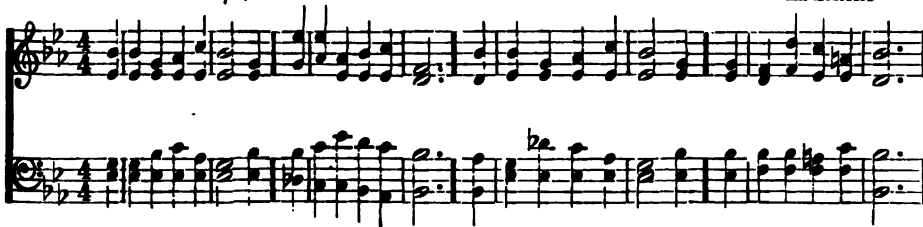
THE day of resurrection,
 Earth, tell it out abroad:
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.
 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light;

And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.
 3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
 Let earth her song begin;
 Let the round world keep triumph
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascene ab. 700
 Tr. by John Mason Neale 1862

LANCASHIRE 7s, 6s. D.

H. SMART



WILSON 8s, 7s, D. with Refrain

H. WILSON

Christ is ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ris-en our vic-to-rious Head! Sing His prais-es! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is ris-en from the dead! Gratefully our hearts adore Him, As His light once more ap-pears; Bowing down in joy before Him, Rising up from grief and tears: Christ is ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Risen our vic-torious Head! Sing His praises! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is risen from the dead!

REFRAIN.

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal, by per.

280

CHRIST is risen! Hallelujah!
 Risen our victorious Head!
 Sing His praises! Hallelujah!
 Christ is risen from the dead!
 Gratefully our hearts adore Him,
 As His light once more appears;
 Bowing down in joy before Him,
 Rising up from grief and tears.
 REF.—Christ is risen! Hallelujah!
 Risen our victorious Head.
 Sing His praises! Hallelujah!
 Christ is risen from the dead!

2 Christ is risen! all the sadness
 Of His earthly life is o'er:

Through the open gates of gladness
 He returns to life once more;
 Death and hell before Him bending,
 He doth rise, the victor now:
 Angels on His steps attending;
 Glory round His wounded brow.—REF.

3 Christ is risen! henceforth never
 Death or hell shall us enthrall:
 We are Christ's, in Him for ever
 We have triumphed over all;
 All the doubting and dejection
 Of our trembling hearts have ceased:
 'Tis His day of resurrection!
 Let us rise and keep the Feast.—REF.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1863

281

C. L. M.

How calm and beautiful the morn,
 That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where Christ the Crucified was borne,
 And veiled in midnight gloom!
 O weep no more the Saviour slain:
 The Lord is risen! He lives again!

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
 For your departed Lord;
 "Behold the place, He is not here,"

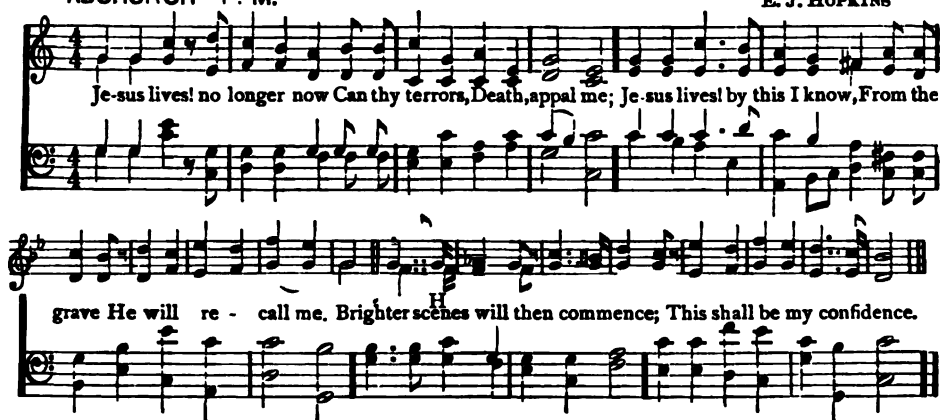
The tomb is all unbarred:
 The gates of death were closed in vain:
 The Lord is risen! He lives again!

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
 Your early footsteps bend;
 The Saviour will Himself be there,
 Your advocate and friend:
 Once by the law your hopes were slain,
 But now in Christ ye live again.

Thomas Hastings 1832

ABCHURCH P. M.

E. J. HOPKINS



Je-sus lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, Death, appal me; Je-sus lives! by this I know, From the grave He will re - call me. Brighter scenes will then commence; This shall be my confidence.

282

Jesus lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal me;
 Jesus lives! by this I know,
 From the grave He will recall me.
 Brighter scenes will then commence;
 This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 High o'er heaven and earth is given:
 I shall go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in heaven.
 God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
 This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives! for me He died,
 Hence will I, to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,

Praise to Him and glory giving.
 Freely God doth aid dispense;
 This shall be my confidence.

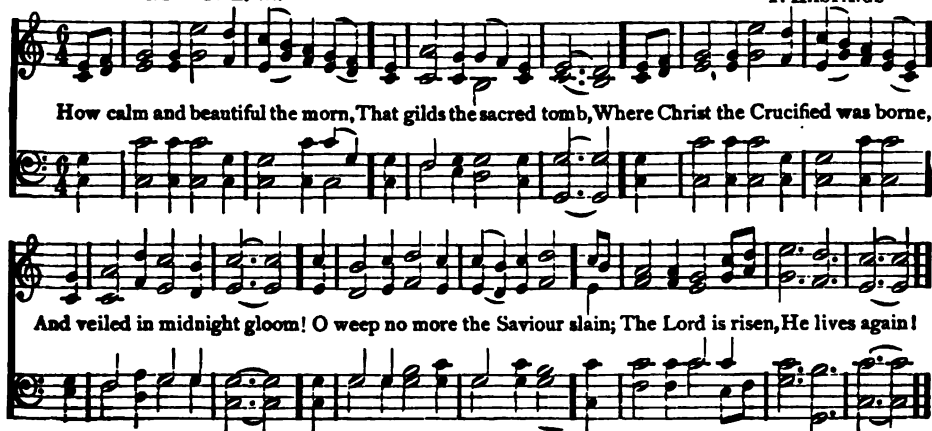
4 Jesus lives! I know full well,
 Naught from me His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Part me now from Christ for ever.
 God will be a sure defence:
 This shall be my confidence.

5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath,
 When I pass its gloomy portal.
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
 "Lord, Thou art my confidence!"

Christian F. Gellert 1757
 Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox Tr. 1841, 1864

HASTINGS C. L. M.

T. HASTINGS



How calm and beautiful the morn, That gilds the sacred tomb, Where Christ the Crucified was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom! O weep no more the Saviour slain; The Lord is risen, He lives again!

FLORA C. M. D.

G. F. LEFEVRE



A-wake, glad soul! awake, a - wake! Thy Lord hath ris - en long; Go to His grave and
with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song; Where life is wak - ing all a-round, Where
love's sweet voi - ces sing, The first bright blossom may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring.

283

AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!
Thy Lord hath risen long;
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

2 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey:
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

3 Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in His resurrection take
And comfort in His word:
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died and rose for me."

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1863

284

THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings,
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings:

2 While He, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

3 Death's captive in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.

4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"

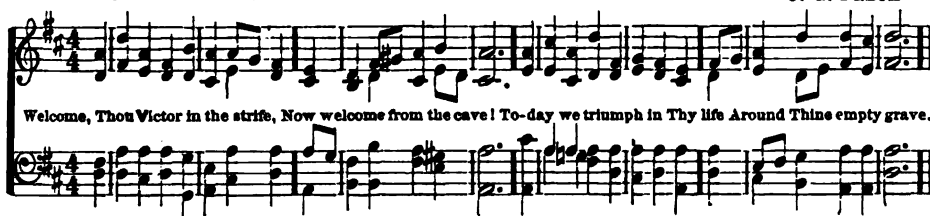
5 That Thou our Paschal Lamb may'st be,
And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.

6 Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

Ambrose 397
Tr. by Alexander Ramsay Thompson 1867

DEVONSHIRE C. M.

J. G. FRECH



285

WELCOME, Thou Victor in the strife,
Now welcome from the cave!
To-day we triumph in Thy life
Around Thine empty grave.

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 O share with us the spoils, we pray,
Thou diedst to achieve;
We meet within Thy house to-day
Our portion to receive.

4 And let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to Thee.

5 We bury all our sins and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

6 We die with Thee: O let us live
Henceforth to Thee aright;

The blessings Thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

Benjamin Schmolke 1712
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1855

286

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 Triumphant in His glory now,
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

4 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

Fulbert 1090
Tr. by Robert Campbell 1850

WARWICK C. M.

S. STANLEY



CARLTON 8s, 7s. D.

J. BARNBY



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise; Sing to God a
hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise; He, who on the cross a victim For the world's sal-
- va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.

287

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!

Hearts to heaven and voices raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness,

Sing to God a hymn of praise:

He who on the cross a victim

For the world's salvation bled,

Jesus Christ, the King of glory.

Now is risen from the dead,

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits

Of the holy harvest field,

Which will all its full abundance

At His second coming yield;

Then the golden ears of harvest

Will their heads before Him wave.

Ripened by His glorious sunshine

From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen, we are risen;

Shed upon us heavenly grace,

Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory

From the brightness of Thy face;

That we, with our hearts in heaven,

Here on earth may faithful be,

And by angel-hands be gathered,

And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Christopher Wordsworth 1860

288

P. M.

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The strife is o'er, the battle done!

The victory of life is won;

The song of triumph has begun, Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst;

But Christ their legions hath dispersed;

Let shouts of holy joy outburst,

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;

He rises glorious from the dead:

All glory to our risen Head!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;

The bars from heaven's high portals fell:

Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

5 Lord, by the stripes that wounded Thee,

From death's dread sting Thy servants free,

That we may live, and sing to Thee, Alleluia!

Tr. by Francis Pott 1860

G. E. OLIVER

Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song! Death and sorrow,
earth's dark sto - ry, To the former days be - long: All a - round the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease, In God's likeness man, awaking, Knows the everlasting peace.

289

Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong:
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness man, awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.
2 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!

Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven.
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.
3 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"
William Joseph Irons 1875

ET RESURREXIT P. M.

Anon

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The
vic - to - ry of life is won, The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!

RESURREXIT P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN

Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain! Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Alleluia! swell the strain!

For our gain He suffered loss By Divine decree; He hath died upon the cross, But our God is He.

REFRAIN.

Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain! Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Alleluia! swell the strain!

290

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain!
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain!
 For our gain He suffered loss
 By Divine decree;
 He hath died upon the cross,
 But our God is He.—REF.

2 See the chains of death are broken!
 Earth below and heaven above
 Joy in each amazing token
 Of His rising, Lord of love;
 He for evermore shall reign
 By the Father's side,

Till He comes to earth again,
 Comes to claim His bride.—REF.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
 Hail the Lord of all the skies;
 Heaven, with joy and holy lounging
 For the Word incarnate cries,
 "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
 Gleam, ye starry train!
 All creation, find a voice!
 He o'er all shall reign!"

REF.—Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain!
 Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
 O'er the universe to reign!

Archer Thompson Gurney 1862

291

8s, 4.

MORN's roseate hues have decked the sky;
 The Lord has risen with victory:
 Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,
 Hallelujah!

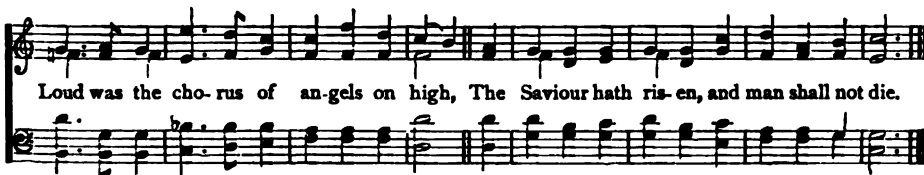
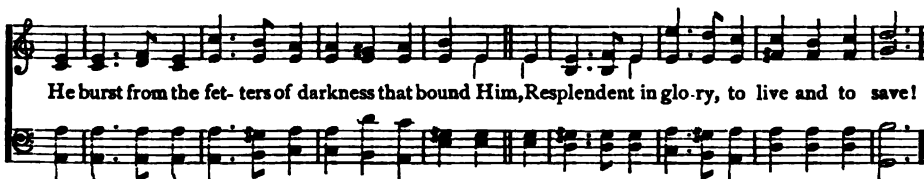
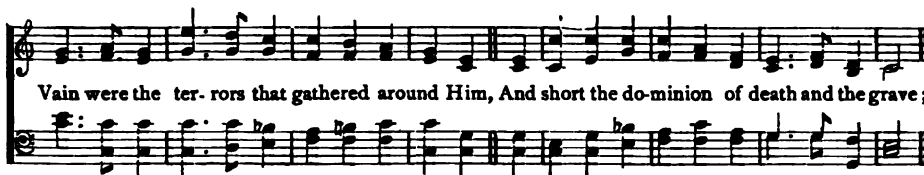
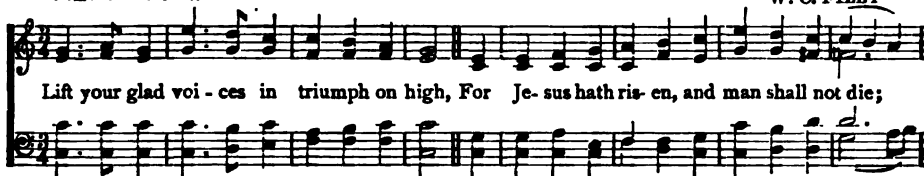
2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
 To cleanse the earth His blood has given;
 Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:
 Hallelujah!

3 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
 Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
 For He by rising bursts the way:
 Hallelujah!

4 O, praise the Father, and the Son,
 Who has for us the triumph won,
 And Holy Ghost, the Three in One:
 Hallelujah!

FILBY P. M.

W. C. FILBY



292

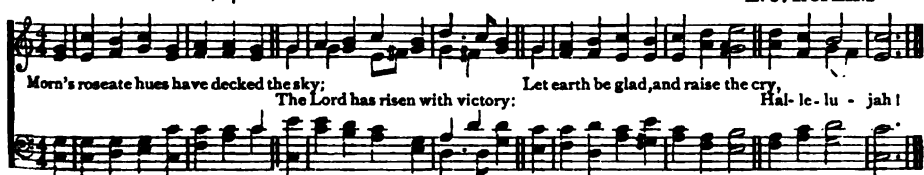
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around
Him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that
bound Him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not
die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being He gave us death cannot
destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death
were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend—
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not
die.

Henry Ware 1817

REDCLIFF 8s. 4.

E. J. HOPKINS



YOUNG 7s.

W. J. Youns

1. An-gels, roll the rock a - way, Death, yield up thy might-y prey:
See, He ris - es from the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

293

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See, He rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'T is the Saviour: angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;

King of glory, mount Thy throne,
Thy great Father's and Thine own.

4 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Strike and sweep your golden lyres:
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

5 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captived hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

Thomas Scott 1769

W. H. MONK

MONK 7s, with Alleluia

1. Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Al - le - lu - ia! Our triumphant ho - ly - day; Al - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up-on the cross Al - le - lu - ia! Suffer to re-deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!

294

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day;
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured:
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EASTER HYMN 7s. with Alleluia

LYRA DAVIDICA

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and an - gels say.

Al - - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and tri - umphs high Al - - le -

- lu - ia! Sing, ye heav - ens; and earth, reply. Al - - le - lu - ia!

295

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, O grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley 1780

MOZART 7s.

W. A. MOZART

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and an - gels say.

Al - - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and tri - umphs high Al - - le -

- lu - ia! Sing, ye heav - ens; and earth, reply. Al - - le - lu - ia!

WELCOME HAPPY MORNING Hs. 5 ines

A. S. SULLIVAN

"Welcome hap - py morning!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv - ing, God for - ev - er more! Him their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore! "Welcome, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say.

296

"WELCOME happy morning!" age to age shall say;
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
 Lo! the dead is living, God for evermore!
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
 All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough.
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
 Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son.
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
 Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
 'T is Thine own third morning, rise O buried Lord!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain
 All that now is fallen raise to life again;
 Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see:
 Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee! [day!]
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

[This may be sung to the tunes on opposite page by omitting fifth line of each stanza, using first and second line of first stanza as a chorus.]

HAMILTON 6s, 5s, 12 lines

A. W. H. GELL



REFRAIN



297

Golden harps are sounding,
 Angel voices sing,
 Pearly gates are opened,
 Opened for the King;
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Jesus, King of love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His throne above.

REFRAIN.—All His work is ended,
 Joyfully we sing;
 Jesus hath ascended!
 Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,

Now is crowned with glory,
 At His Father's side.
 Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die;
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Is gone up on high!—REF.

3 Praying for His children
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace;
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you;
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.—REF.

Francis Ridley Havergal 1873

F. G. ILSLEY

ILSLEY 6s, 5s, 12 lines



REFRAIN.



ST. PATRICK 7s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

He is gone; a cloud of light Has re-ceived Him from our sight; High in heaven where
eye of men Fol-lows not, nor an-gel's ken; Through the veils of time and space,
Passed in-to the holiest place: All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won.

298

He is gone; a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed in to the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone; towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:

Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley 1888

299

H. M.

God is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The anthems of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above;
Let all the nations know
The Saviour's conquering love:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

4 Till all the earth renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King!

Charles Wesley 1767

DORT 6s, 4s.

L. MASON

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies; Assume Thy right; And where in many a fold The clouds are backward rolled, Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light.

300

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies;
 Assume thy right;
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
 Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train:
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,
 Thou Lamb once slain.

3 Enter, incarnate God!
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down:
 Blow the full trumpets, blow,
 Wider yon portals throw,
 Saviour, triumphant, go,
 And take Thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age:
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges :248

EARLHAM H. M.

G. W. WARREN

Unison.

God is gone up - on high, With a tri - umphant noise; The anthems of the sky Proclaim the angelic joys:
 Join all on earth, re - joice and sing, Glo - ry as - cribe to glo - ry's King.

From Tucker's Parish Hymnal by permission.

JANUA COELI L. M. D.

J. Goss

Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high ; The powers of hell are

cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky. There his tri - umph - al char - iot waits,

And angels chant the solemn lay: — " Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye everlasting doors, give way.

301

- Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 " Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."
- 4 " Who is this King of glory, who?"
" The Lord that all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."
- 5 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way."
- 6 " Who is this King of glory, who?"
" The Lord of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels, too:
God over all, forever blessed."

Charles Wesley 1741

302

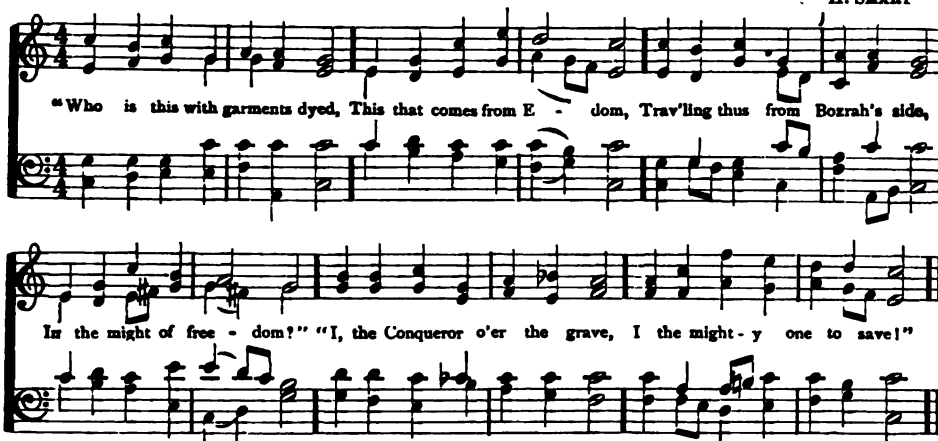
- O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory, left for us to die.
- 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
" Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Is now, for evermore, Thine own.
- 4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd, Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood
- 5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

Charles Coffin 1786

Tr. by John Chandler 1837

COLDREY P. M.

H. SMART



"Who is this with garments dyed, This that comes from E - dom, Trav'ling thus from Bozrah's side,
In the might of free - dom?" "I, the Conqueror o'er the grave, I the might - y one to save!"

303

"Who is this, with garments dyed,
This that comes from Edom,
Trav'ling thus from Bozrah's side,
In the might of freedom?"

"I, the Conqueror o'er the grave,
I, the mighty One to save!"

2 "Why is Thine apparel red,
Stains of blood bespeaking,
Why Thy robe as theirs that tread
In the wine-press, reeking
With the juice of grape, say why
Such strange garb of victory?"

3 "I have trodden all alone,
This world's wine-press ample,
And I wondered of mine own

None the foe could trample!
Rescue then my vengeance brought,
Mine own arm salvation wrought."

4 Yes! Thy secret, Lord, is known,
Whence Thy red-dyed raiment!
Not Thy foeman's blood—Thine own,
Lavished for the payment
Of the debt none else could pay,
Guilt none else could wash away!

5 Lord! though erring from Thy grace,
Though our hearts be hardened,
Grant Thine exiled sons a place
In Thy city, pardoned!
There to meet—life's warfare done—
Thy true Godhead, Three in One!

Edward Arthur Dayman 1886

ROTHWELL L. M.

W. TANSUR



O Sav-iour, who for man hast trod The winepress of the wrath of God, Ascend, and claim a-
gain on high Thy glo-ry, left for us to die, Thy glo-ry, left for us to die.

ASCENSION NO. 1 7s. with Alleluia

S. REAY

Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Ravished from our wishful eyes! Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, awhile to mortals given, Al - le - lu - ia! Re-ascends His native heaven. Al - le - lu - ia!

304

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Charles Wesley 1729

ASCENSION No. 2 7s. with Alleluia

W. H. MONK

Sons of Zi-on, raise your songs; Al - le - lu - ia! Praise to Zi-on's King be-longs; Al - le - lu - ia!

His, the Victor's crown and fame: Al - le - lu - ia! Glo-ry to the Saviour's name! Al - le - lu - ia!

305

Sons of Zion, raise your songs;
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His, the Victor's crown and fame:
Glory to the Saviour's name!

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes:
Glorious is the work achieved,—
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

3 Sing we then the Victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid Him welcome to His throne:
He is worthy, He alone!

4 Place the crown upon His brow;
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims Him "King of kings!"

Thomas Kelly 1839

REX GLORIAE 8s, 7s. D.

H. SMART

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph, See the King in roy - al state, Rid - ing on the
clouds His chariot To His heavenly pal - ace - gate; Hark, the choirs of an - gel voic - es
Joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing. And the portals high are lifted, To receive their heavenly King.

306

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace-gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted,
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;

Jesus reigns adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne,
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspiration
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign forever there.

Christopher Wordsworth 1802

MONKLAND 7s.

J. P. WILKES

PRESCOTT 8s, 7s, 7.

R. P. STEWART

Je-sus comes, His conflict ov - er, Comes to claim His great re - ward; Angels round the Vic - tor hov - er,

Crowd - ing to be - hold their Lord; Haste ye saints! your tri - bute bring, Crown Him ev - er - last - ing King.

307

Jesus comes, His conflict over,
Comes to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover;
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for Him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at His feet;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.

Thomas Kelly 1804

308

Who is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoil He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining;
'Tis the blood of many slain:
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain.
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy peoples woes.

Thomas Kelly 1809

309

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly 1804

ST. PANCRAS 8s, 7s. 6 lines

H. SMART

Je-sus, Lord of life e - ter - nal, Taking those He loved the best, Stood upon the Mount of Olives,

And His own the last time blessed : Then, though He had never left it, Sought again His Fa-ther's breast.

310

Jesus, Lord of life eternal,
 Taking those He loved the best,
 Stood upon the Mount of Olives,
 And His own the last time blessed:
 Then, though He had never left it,
 Sought again His Father's breast.

2 Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
 Knit in everlasting bands:
 Call the world to highest festal:
 Floods and oceans, clap your hands:
 Angels, raise the song of triumph:
 Make response, ye distant lands.

3 Loosing death with all its terrors
 Thou ascended'st up on high;
 And to mortals, now immortal,
 Gavest immortality,
 As Thine own disciples saw Thee
 Mounting Victor to the sky.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1862

Ancient of eternal days:
 God Eternal, Word Incarnate,
 Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
 Formed the sea, or built the sky,
 Love eternal, free, and boundless,
 Led the Lord of life to die:
 Lifted up the Prince of princes
 On the throne of Calvary.

3 Now on these eternal mountains
 Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
 Where unceasing hallelujahs
 They upraise, the sons of light:
 Zion's people tell His praises,
 Victor after hard-won fight.

4 Bring your harps and bring your incense,
 Sweep the string and pour the lay;
 Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
 King of that celestial day.
 He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
 Who was dead and lives for aye.

Job Hutton 1806

John Mason Neale 1851

311

Come, ye faithful raise the anthem,
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
 Sing to Him who found the ransom,

HARWELL 8s, 7s, D.

L. MASON

D.C.

Fine.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above! See He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a-
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns the God of love; }
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. [-] lone.

CORONÆ S. M. D.

H. J. GAUNTLETT

Unison.

Harmony.

Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies; And round Thy throne unceasing - ly Glad songs of praise a - rise. But we are lingering here With sin and care oppressed: Lord, send Thy promised Comfort-er, And lead us to Thy rest.

312

Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
Glad songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown.

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Tuke 1851

ABNEY C. M.

N. HERMANN

The eternal gates lift up their heads, The doors are opened wide; The King of glory is gone up Un - to His Father's side.

313

The eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.
2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;

A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in Heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be,
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1858

VICTORY 8s, 7s, 4.

H. H. BRADLEY

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious! See the Man of Sorrows now; From the fight returned victorious,

Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow: Crown Him, Crown Him! Crowns become the Victor's brow.

314

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him, crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him, crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly 1804

BROWN C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY

315

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, by sovereign right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly 1804

WARSAW H. M.

T. CLARK



Join all the glorious names Of wis - dom, love, and power That ev - er mor - tals knew,
That an - gels ev - er bore: All are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set my Sav - iour forth.

316

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
3 My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Isaac Watts 1709

317

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away

The presence of His Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley 1742

318

COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest power exert
To celebrate His fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.
2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.
4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

Samuel Stennett 1787

DARWALL H. M.

J. DARWALL.

Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph ev - er-more: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

319

Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell

Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Charles Wesley 1748

ABRAM H. M.

J. ABRAM

Come, eve-ry pi-ous heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest power exert To cel-e-brate His fame:
Tell all a - bove, and all be - low The debt of love to Him you owe.

CORONATION C. M.

O. HOLDEN



320

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall,

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,

Who from His altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,

Ye ransomed from the fall,

Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Parronet 1780

W. SHRUBSOLE

MILES LANE C. M.



321

HOSANNA, raise the pealing hymn

To David's son and Lord;

With cherubim and seraphim

Exalt the incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna, Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,

How vast Thy gifts, how free:

Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast:

Thy name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna, Master, lo, we bring

Our offerings to Thy throne;

Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

4 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,

Thy temple we behold,

Hosannas through eternity

We'll sing to harps of gold.

William Henry Havergal 1833

NATIVITY C. M.

H. LAHER



322

COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the Throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts 1707

He entered heaven, with all our names
 Engraven on His breast.

2 Below He washed our guilt away,
 By His atoning blood;
 Now He appears before the throne,
 And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, He knows
 The weakness of our frame,
 And how to shield us from the foes
 Which He Himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
 The fervor of His love;
 For us He died in kindness here,
 Nor is less kind above.

5 O may we ne'er forget His grace,
 Nor blush to wear His name;
 Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,
 Our mouths His praise proclaim.

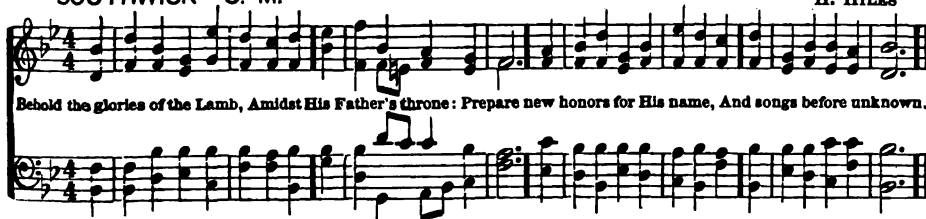
Alexander Pirie 1732

323

COME let us join in songs of praise
 To our ascended Priest;

SOUTHWICK C. M.

H. HILES



324

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst His Father's throne:
 Prepare new honors for His name,
 And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,
 The Church adore around,
 With vials full of odors sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
 And these the hymns they raise:

Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.

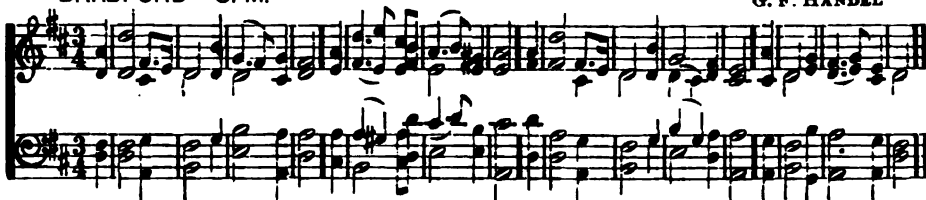
4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 Forever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood.
 Hast set the prisoners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with Thee.

Isaac Watts 1708

BRADFORD C. M.

G. F. HANDEL



325

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

4 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

SMITH C. M.

Charles Wesley 1742

I. SMITH.



326

O CHRIST, our hope, our hearts' desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare;
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

Tr. by John Chandler 1837

327

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

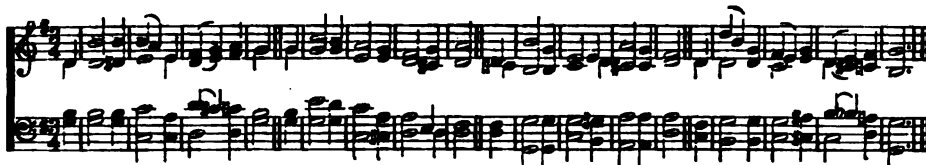
3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts 1709

BROOKFIELD L. M.

F. SOUTHGATE



328

He lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives;
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of His blood.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But, in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele 1760

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. ELLIOTT



329

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to Thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be,
Eternal praise, of right, is Thine.

330

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

2 Reign, Prince of life, that once Thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside Thy Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born!

2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace.
The guardian God of human race.

3 From angel hosts that round Thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow!

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 To Thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep, fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to Thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it through the skies.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Ray Palmer 1867

Michael Bruce 1781

LEWELLYN 8s, 7s. D.

J. BARNBY

1. Hail, Thou once des-pis - ed Je - sus, Hail, thou Gal-i - le-an King! Thou didst suf-fer
to re-lease us, Thou didst free salva-tion bring: Hail Thou a-gon - iz - ing Sav-iour,
Bearer of our sin and shame; By thy merits we find favor; Life is given through Thy name.

331

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Al: Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell 1760

332

Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

2 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

Horatius Bonar 1857

SANCTUARY 8s, 7s. D.

J. B. DYKES



Hal - le - lu - jah! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne; Hal - le - lu - jah!

His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone; Hark! the songs of peaceful Zi - on Thunder

like a might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev' - ry na - tion Hath redeemed us by His blood.

333

HALLELUJAH! sing to Jesus!
 His the sceptre, His the throne;
 Hallelujah! His the triumph,
 His the victory alone;
 Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
 Thunder like a mighty flood;
 Jesus out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us by His blood.

2 Hallelujah! not as orphans
 Are we left in sorrow now;
 Hallelujah! He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how:
 Though the cloud from sight received Him,
 When the forty days were o'er;
 Shall our hearts forget His promise,
 'I am with you evermore?'

3 Hallelujah! Bread of angels,
 Thou on earth our food, our stay!
 Hallelujah! hear the sinful
 Flee to Thee from day to day;
 Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

William Chatterton Dix 1863

334

CHRIST, above all glory seated!
 King triumphant, strong to save!
 Dying, Thou hast death defeated;
 Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
 Thou art gone where now is given
 What no mortal might could gain;
 On the eternal throne of heaven,
 In Thy Father's power to reign.

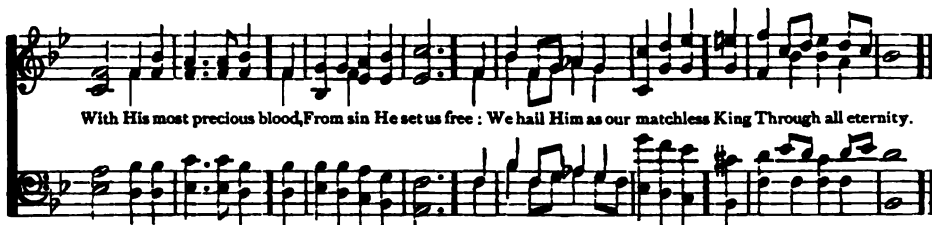
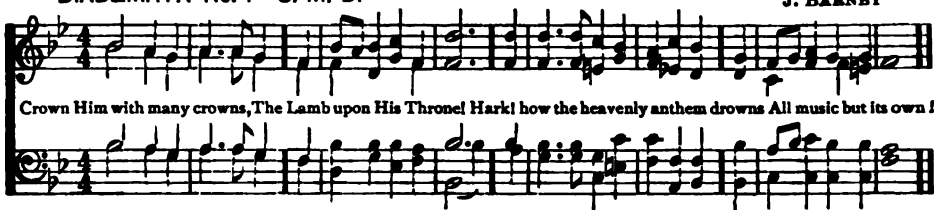
2 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
 Heaven above and earth below;
 While the depths of hell before Thee,
 Trembling and defeated, bow.
 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
 Follow Thee above the sky:
 Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
 Lift our souls to Thee on high!

3 So, when Thou again in glory
 On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
 We, Thy flock, may stand before Thee,
 Owned for evermore as Thine.
 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,
 Jesus, Thee shall all adore;
 In Thy Father's might abiding,
 With one Spirit evermore!

Tr. by James Russell Woodford 1863

DIADEMATA No. 1 S. M. D.

J. BARNBY



335

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
With His most precious blood,
From sin He set us free:
We hail Him as our matchless King
Through all eternity.

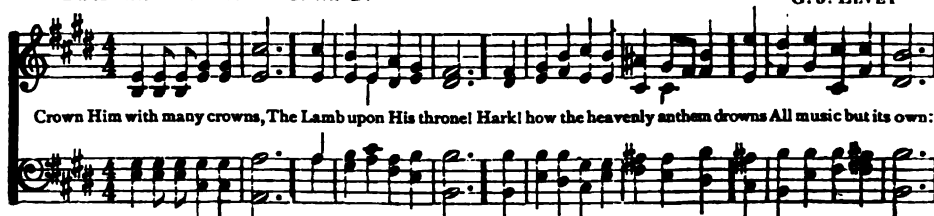
2 Crown Him, the Lord of Love!
Behold His hands and side!
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified!
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye,
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet,
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To Thee be endless praise,
For thou for us hast died!
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days,
Adored and magnified!

Matthew Bridges 1843
G. J. ELVEY

DIADEMATA No. 2 S. M. D.



BROMSGROVE P. M.

F. C. MAKER

Unison. *Harmony.* *Unison.* *Harmony.*

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry! Wake, brethren, wake! Jesus Himself is nigh; Wake, brethren, wake! Sleep is for
sons of night; Ye are children of the light; Yours is the glo-ry bright; Wake, brethren, wake!

336

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus Himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!
2 Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here
Pray, brethren, pray!
4 Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise!

Anon "The Revival" 1859

U. C. BURNAP

GENUNG P. M.

In us the hope of glo-ry, O ris-en Lord, art Thou; The first-fruits of the Spirit Are in us now.

337

IN us the hope of glory,
O risen Lord, art Thou;
The first-fruits of the Spirit
Are in us now.
2 O come in all Thy glory,
Our great Immanuel!
Come forth, our Prince and Saviour,
With us to dwell.

3 Bring Thine eternal Sabbath,
Bring Thine eternal day,
And cause all grief and sighing
To flee away.
4 To Thee, Almighty Father,
O Saviour, unto Thee,
To Thee, Creator-Spirit,
All glory be!

Edward Welton Eddis 1864

PAGE P. M.

A. PAGE



338

The Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretched in fear and wonder.
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And at His left hand and His right
 The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
 In nature's hour of danger.

For us He bore the weight of woe,
 For us He gave His blood to flow,
 And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated;
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.

Reginald Heber 1827

EAGLEY C. M.

J. WALCH



339

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
 Star of the coming day!
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams
 Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
 And answering island sing
 The praises of Thy royal name,
 And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
 In memory of Thy love.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine:

Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory Thine!

Edward Denny 1848

340

THE Lord will come and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err;
 Before Him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
 Now joyfully are met;
 Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
 And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then;
 And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
 Look down on mortal men.

John Milton 1648

ADVENT P. M.

W. H. MONK

Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glo-ry all-transcendent; Well may we re-joice and sing! Coming! In the opening east,
Her-ald brightness slowly swells! Coming! O my glorious Priest, Hear we not Thy golden bells?

341

Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells!
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming! Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say!

What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Frances Ridley Havergal 1878

GEER C. M.

H. W. GREATORREX

GOUGH 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. POWELL



A-wake, awake, O Zi-on, Put on thy strength divine, Thy garments bright in beauty, The bridal dress be thine:
Je-ru-sa-lem the ho-ly, To pur-i-ty re-stored; Meek bride all fair and low-ly, Go forth to meet thy Lord.

342

AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

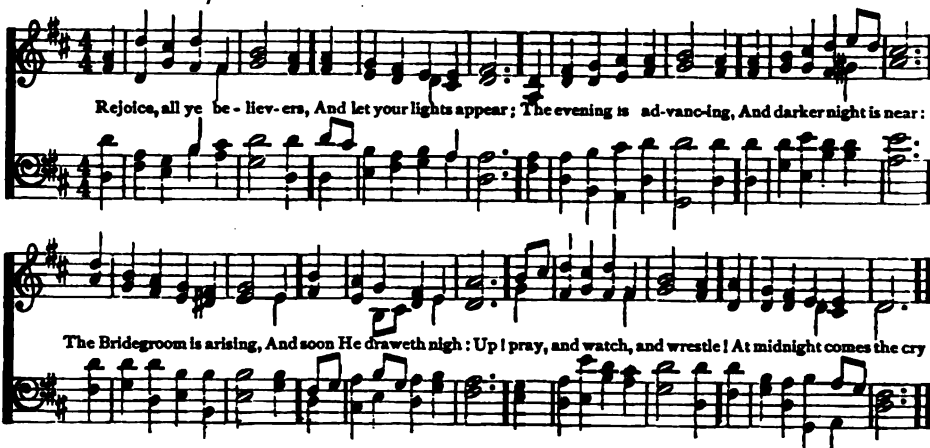
2 Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close.
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around Thine open door,
While hell and Satan tremble
And earth and heaven adore.

3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign.
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
O world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne!

4 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

Benjamin Gough 1865

PEARSALL 7s, 6s. D.



Rejoice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights appear; The evening is ad-vanc-ing, And darker night is near:
The Bridegroom is arising, And soon He draweth nigh: Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle! At midnight comes the cry

EXULTATION 7s, 6s, D.

C. E. KITTLE



Re-joice, all ye be-liev-ers; And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning is ad-
vanc-ing. And dark-er night is near: The Bridegroom is a-ris-ing, And
soon He draweth nigh: Up! pray, and watch, and wres-tle! At midnight comes the cry.

343

REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near:
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh:
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle!
At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear:
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide-open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With heart and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

Laurentius Laurenti 1690
Tr. by Jane Borthwick 1853

344

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes in might,
To terminate the evil,
And vindicate the right.

2 Prepare we then to meet Him;
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead:
So may we sound His praises,
Who from destruction saved,
Bore with us in defilement,
And from defilement lav'd.

3 Far, far as we have wandered,
And deep as is our fall,
His mercies never fail us,
Who freely pardons all;
Who bids His grace abounding
Love's mightiness display,
And David's royal fountain
Purge every sin away.

Bernard of Morlaix ab. 1190
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

CROWN HIM 8s, 7s, 4-

C. E. KETTLE

Je - sus came, the heavens a - dor - ing: Came with peace from realms on high; Je - sus came for
man's redemption, Lowly came on earth to die: Hal - le - lu - jah! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty.

345

Jesus came; the heavens adoring:
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die:
Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Hallelujah!
Cheering e'en our failing years,

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;

Let us then our homage pay,
Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Godfrey Thring 1866

346

O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1866

ST. HELEN 8s, 7s, 4.

Christ is com-ing! let cre-a-tion Bid her groans and tra-vail cease; Let the glo-rious proc-lam-a-tion
 Hope res-tore and faith in-crease; Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

347

CHRIST is coming! let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease;
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore and faith increase;
 Christ is coming!
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory
 When Thou comest back to reign;
 Christ is coming!
 Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
 But, in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall Thy glory see;
 Christ is coming!
 Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty advent chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
 Christ is coming!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

John Ross Macduff 1861

OLIPHANT 8s, 7s, 4.

Arr. by L. MASON

CLARK 8s, 7s. D.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and by Thy
love's re-vealing Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath. The new heaven and earth's Cre-a-tor,
In our deepest darkness rise, Scattering all the night of na-ture, Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

348

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.
3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.
5 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince,
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
6 By thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley 1745

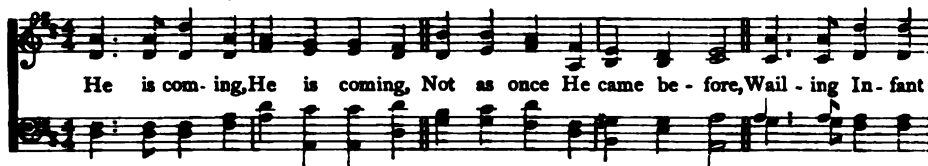
J. A. P. SCHULZ

WORTHING 8s, 7s.

Light of those whose drear-y dwelling Bord-ers on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's re-vealing Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath.

LUX EOI 8s, 7s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN



349

He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He came before,
Wailing Infant born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:
But upon His cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few:

But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crowned at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1848

J. I. TUCKER

EXPECTATION 8s, 7s.



350

From Tucker's "Parish Hymnal," by permission.

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

2 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven:

Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven,

3 So, when next He comes in glory
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
Not for chastening, but salvation,
Unto us shall He appear.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

JESMOND S. M. D.



351

The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

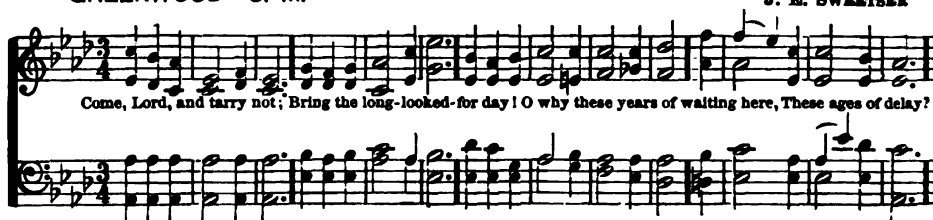
5 We long to hear Thy voice
To see Thee face to face.
To share Thy crown and glory there,
As here we share Thy grace.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar 1867

J. E. SWEETSER

GREENWOOD S. M.



Come, Lord, and tarry not; Bring the long-looked-for day! O why these years of waiting here, These ages of delay?

352

Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day!
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy sickle now;
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Sower and reaper Thou!

4 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

5 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Horatius Bonar 1857

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS 7s. 6 lines

J. KNECHT

Ho-ly Spir - it! Lord of light! From Thy clear ce - les - tial height, Thy pure beaming radiance give.

Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor! Come, with treas-ures which en-dure! Come, Thou Light of all that live!

353

Holy Spirit! Lord of light!
From Thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

2 Thou of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou, in toil, art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess, and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend;
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys which never end.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

ST. CUTHBERT P. M.

J. B. DYKES

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His tender last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed With us to dwell.

354

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Is His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

Harriet Auber 1839

ELLERS 108.

E. J. HOPKINS



Spir - it of God! de scend up-on my heart; Wean it from earth, thro' all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weak- ness, mighty as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

355

SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses
move;

Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God
and King? [and mind,
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength,

I see Thy cross, then teach my heart to cling!
O, let me seek Thee, and O, let me find!

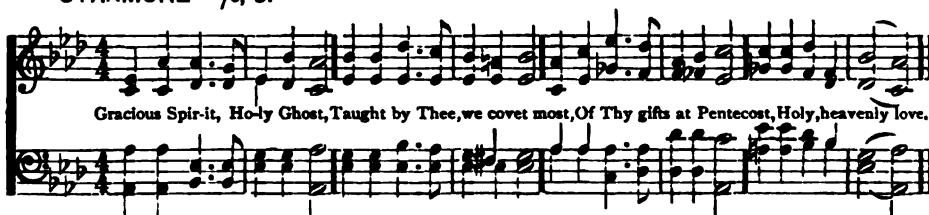
4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered
prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels
love;

One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame!

George Croly 1830

STANMORE 78, 5.



Gracious Spir-it, Ho-ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we covet most, Of Thy gifts at Pentecost, Holy, heavenly love.

356

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;

Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly Love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

Christopher Wordsworth 1869



Come, Holy Spirit, come! Mercies revealing; Make this cold heart Thine home; Quicken its feeling;
Then shall my song ascend, Breathing glad love, and blend With notes that never end, Thro' heav'n pealing.

357

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Mercies revealing;
Make this cold heart Thine home;
Quicken its feeling:
Then shall my song ascend,
Breathing glad love, and blend
With notes that never end,
Through heaven pealing.
2 Come like a ray of light
Tranquilly beaming,
Chasing the shades of night,
Waking the dreaming;

Give me again to see,
As it was wont to be,
His love who ransomed me,
From the cross streaming.
3 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Thou that delightest
Gladness to give for gloom,
And oft invitest
Mourners in faith to go
Where healing waters flow,
Still let me pleasures know,
Purest and brightest.

Thomas Davis 1864
U. C. BURNAP

PARACLETE 7s, 5



Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!

358

Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!
2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!
3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!
5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine!
6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson 1853

SINAI C. M.

J. BARNBY



359

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
 In power and wrath He came;
 Before His feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
 He came in power and love;
 Softer than gale at morning prime,
 Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light, a glorious crown,
 On every sainted head.

4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
 The voice exceeding loud,
 The trump that angels quake to hear,
 Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

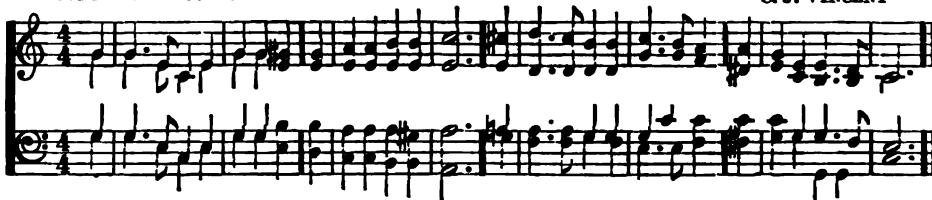
5 So, when the Spirit of our God
 Came down His flock to find,
 A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
 A rushing mighty wind.

6 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and
 Open our ears to hear; [power,
 Let us not miss the accepted hour;
 Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble 1827

AUBREY C. M.

C. J. VINCENT



360

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some token of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood;
 And bear Thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts 1709

361

GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
 Behold Thy servants wait;
 With longing eyes and lifted hands,
 We flock around Thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven;
 And bear, with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, Thy copious showers,
 That earth its fruit may yield,
 And change the barren wilderness
 To Carmel's flowery field.

Philip Doddridge 1736

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. HAWES



362

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

3 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.

4 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Andrew Reed 1829

MESSENGERS C. M.

ARR. FR. F. MENDELSSOHN



363

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts 1707

364

NO TRACK is on the sunny sky,
No footprints on the air;
Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
Is desolate and bare.

2 That Upper Room is heaven on earth:
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
Or heaven-born charity.

3 One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er all with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

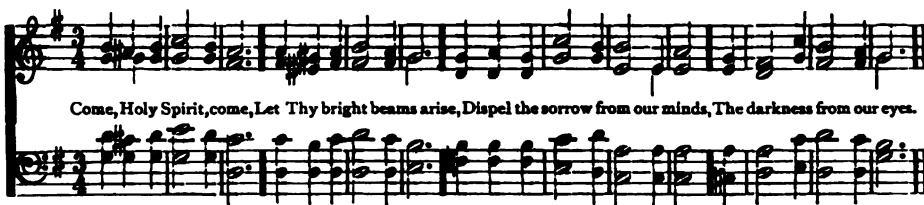
4 The Spirit came into the Church
With His unfailing power;
He is the living Heart that beats
Within her at this hour.

5 Most tender Spirit, mighty God,
Sweet must Thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee!

Frederick William Faber 1849

WOOLWICH S. M.

C. E. KETTLE



365

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;

Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Joseph Hart 1759

366

BLEST Comforter Divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw with Thy still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

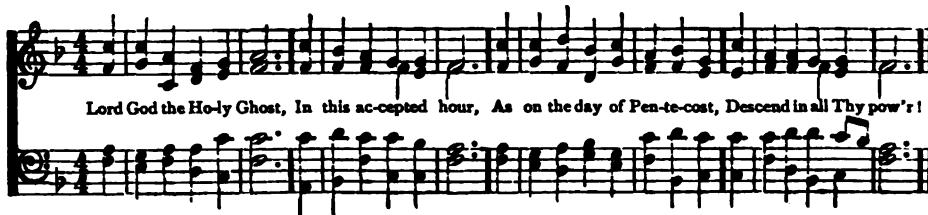
3 By Thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O fill Thou every heart,
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney 1804

BADEA S. M.

German



367

LORD God the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power!

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide!
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery 1829

LYTHAM L. M.

J. MALLEY



368

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Simon Browne 1730

WARE L. M.

Isaac Watts 1709

G. KINGSLEY



370

COME, O Creator-Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high,
O fount of life, O fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above!

369

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

NEW HAVEN 6s, 4s.

T. HASTINGS

Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a-bove Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly
good Thou art; Thy sa-cred gifts im-part To glad-den each sad heart: O come to - day!

371

COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;

We know no dawn but Thine:
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fire;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Tr. by Ray Palmer 1858

X. SCHNYDER

HORTON 7s.

Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

372

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed 1817

INVOCATION P. M.

U. C. BURNAP

Ho-ly Ghost, dis-pel our sad-ness, Pierce the clouds of sinful night; }
 Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light; } Lov-ing Spr-it, God of peace,
 Great dis-trib-u-ter of grace, Rest up-on this con-gre-ga-tion; Hear, O hear, our sup-pli-ca-tion.

373

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
 Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light;
 Loving Spirit, God of peace,
 Great Distributer of grace,
 Rest upon this congregation;
 Hear, O hear, our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower, descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send.

O Thou Glory shining down
 From the Father and the Son,
 Grant us Thy illumination;
 Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations
 God can give, or we implore:
 Having Thy sweet consolations,
 We need wish for nothing more:
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Now, descending from above,
 Rest on all this congregation;
 Make our hearts Thy habitation.

Paul Gerhardt 1653

Augustus Montague Toplady 1776

EVERMORE 7s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT

Granted is the Saviour's prayer, Sent the gracious Comforter, Promise of our parting Lord, Jesus, to His heaven restored.

374

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
 Sent the gracious Comforter,
 Promise of our parting Lord,
 Jesus, to His heaven restored.

2 God, the everlasting God,
 Makes with mortals His abode,
 Whom the heavens cannot contain,
 He stoops down to dwell in man.

3 Never will He thence depart,
 Inmate of an humble heart;
 Carrying on His work within,
 Striving till he cast out sin.

4 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
 Enter our devoted breast:
 Life divine in us renew,
 Thou the gift and giver, too!

Charles Wesley 1739

FINGEST 7s. 6 lines

J. A. MAUNDERS

Gracious Spir - it, dwell with me; I myself would gracious be, And with words that help and heal

Would Thy life in mine re-veal, And with actions bold and meek Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

375

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade

Which through earth its way has made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him, who gave me Thee!

Thomas Toke Lynch 1866

S. REAY

ALLESLEY 8s. 4.

Sovereign of heaven, who didst prevail,
O'er death, and with Thy life-blood dye

The path by which we hope to scale
Yon star-ry sky:

376

SOVEREIGN of heaven, who didst prevail
O'er death, and, with Thy life-blood, dye
The path by which we hope to scale
Yon starry sky:

2 Look down in mercy from Thy throne
At God's right hand, O Lord, and see
Us who are lingering here alone,
Orphaned of Thee.

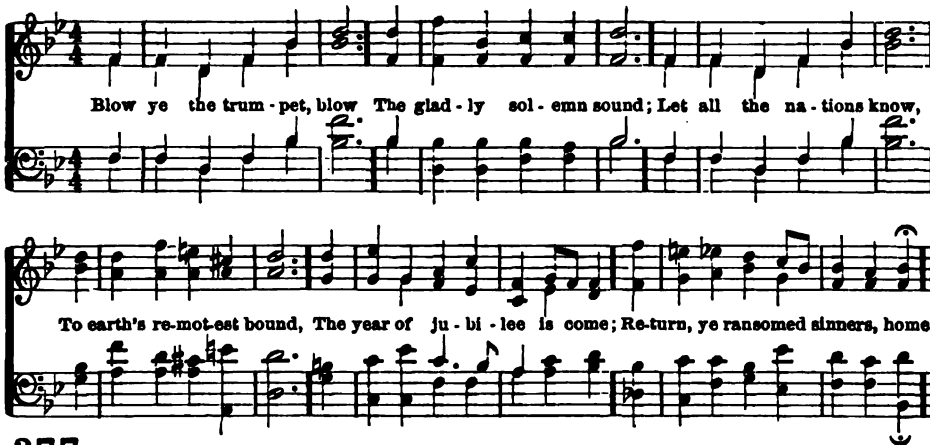
8 Hear us, O Christ, for we were born
Out of the travail of Thy soul
When, by the spear, Thy side was torn
To make us whole.

4 Thy toils and anguish at an end,
Thou wearest now a glorious crown:
The hour is come; send, Saviour, send
Thy Spirit down.

Charles Stewart Calverley 1871

SILSOE H. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT



Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad-ly sol-lemn sound; Let all the na-tions know,
To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home.

377

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood

Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

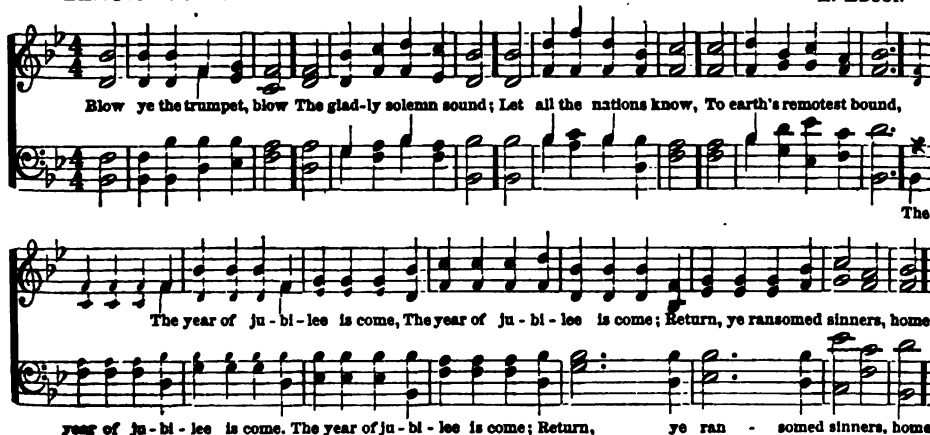
4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley 1750

LENOX H. M.

L. EDSON



Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
year of ju-bi-lee is come. The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Return, ye ran-somed sinners, home.

WILMAR L. M.

G. MINNS

Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Father's face;
Those warm de - sires that in thee burn, Were kin - dled by re - claim - ing grace.

378

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

William Bengo Collyer 1812

BERA L. M.

J. E. GOULD

"Come hith-er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye heav-y - la - den sin - ners, come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils. And raise you to My heav - en - ly home.

379

"Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to My heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of Me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

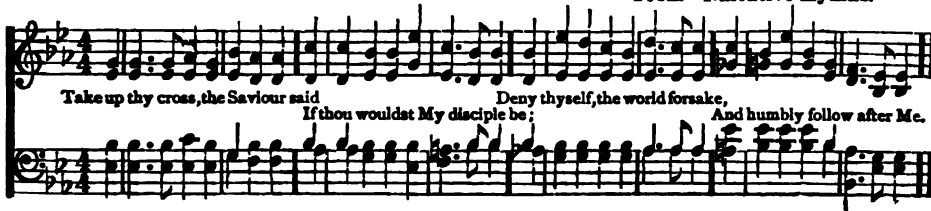
4 Jesus, we come at Thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Isaac Watts 1709

BAKER

A.

From "Narrative Hymns."



380

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles William Everest 1833

381

God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Terstegen 1730
Tr. by Jane Borthwick 1853

ZEPHYR L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY



382

BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

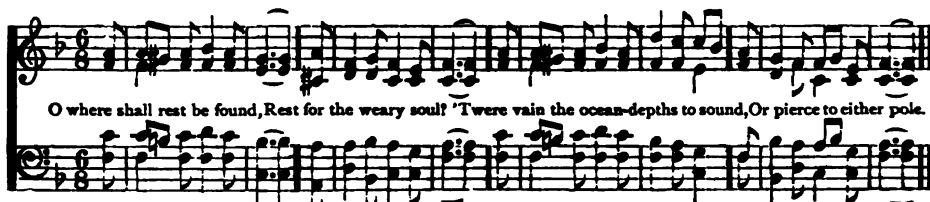
3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Joseph Grigg 1765

MARLAND'S MILLS S. M.

From "The Triumph"



By per. of The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

383

- O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery 1829

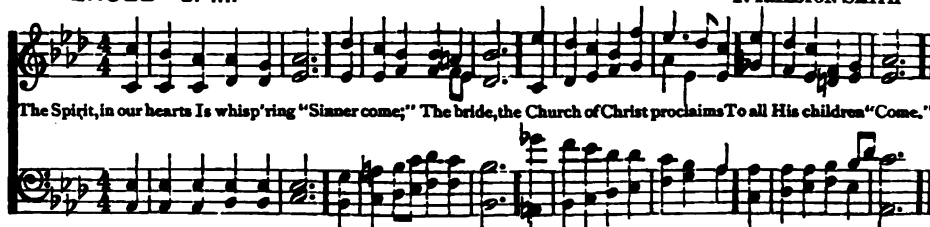
384

- How kind our Father's voice!
All may draw near in prayer;
Cast down their burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.
- 2 His wisdom orders all,
His power not less controls;
His love makes all things work for good
To trusting, loving souls.
- 3 Sorrows, and fears, and cares,
But waste the heart and mind;
While they who humbly rest in God
Both strength and comfort find.
- 4 He grants their spirits peace,
And so He gives them power;
For still with peace comes mighty love,
Our greatest, holiest dower.
- 5 O hear then, all, His voice;
Draw near with praise and prayer;
Cast down your burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.

Thomas Davis 1864

PENUEL S. M.

T. RALSTON SMITH



385

- THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come."
- 2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Henry Ustick Onderdonk 1826

HOLY MOUNTAIN 8s, 7s, 7.

T. HASTINGS

Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners ruined by the fall; Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all, In a full, per-pet-ual tide, Opened when our Saviour died.

386

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.
2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,

Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery 1819

FERNIEHURST S. M.

Not what these hands have done Can save this guilty soul; Not what this toiling flesh has borne Can make my spirit whole.

387

Nor what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.
3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine:
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

Horatius Bonar 1857

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

J. B. DYKES

Unison. *Harmony.*

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I came to Je - sus as I was,
Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.

388

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar 1850

IONA C. M. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

Unison. *Harmony.*

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.

KNOX C. M. D.

J. KNOX

The Lord is rich and mer-ci-ful, The Lord is ve-ry kind:..... O, come to Him, come
now to Him, With a be-liev-ing mind. His com-forts, they shall strengthen thee, Like
flow-ing wa-ters cool; And He shall for thy spir-it be A fountain ever full.

389

From "Hymns and Responses," by permission of A. F. Schmidt & Co.

THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
O, come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
O, learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

Thomas Toke Lynch 1850

ATHENS C. M. D.

F. GIARDINI

FINE. D.S.

SIMPSON 8s, 7s.

J. STAINER

Come, ye sin - de - filed and wea - ry, Ye that mourn in grief dis - tressed;
Come, ye hope - less, lone and drear - y, He will hear you, give you rest.

390

Come, ye sin-defiled and weary,
Ye that mourn in grief distressed;
Come, ye hopeless, lone and dreary,
He will hear you, give you rest.

2 Come, ye sin-defiled and stricken,
At His feet your woes shall cease;
Hark! the voice to soothe and quicken
Sweetly whispers—"Go in peace."

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

391

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1852

ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

W. TANSUR

Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

392

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts 1707

ETERNAL LIGHT C. M 5 lines

F. C. MAKER

E - ter - nal Light! E - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be, When placed within Thy
search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but, with calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee!

393

ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!

How pure the soul must be,
When placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!

2 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

3 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

4 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

Thomas Binney 1826

F. W. MILLS

MILLS C. M.

THERE is a stream, which issues forth
From God's eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb,—a living stream
Clear as the crystal stone.

394

THERE is a stream, which issues forth
From God's eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb,—a living stream
Clear as the crystal stone.

2 The stream doth water Paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for Thine,
And hast to me revealed.

And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

John Mason 1683

395

Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane 1824

CARMEL H. M.

J. B. CALKIN

Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad-ness to this heart; They tell me all is done; They bid my

fear de part: To whom, save Thee, who canst a - lone For sin a - tone, Lord, shall I flee?

396

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
 Speak gladness to this heart;
 They tell me all is done;
 They bid my fear depart:
 To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
 Have wept my guilt away,
 And turned this night of mine
 Into a blessed day:
 To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
 Can heal my bruised soul;
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain

The balm that makes me whole:
 To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
 Has borne the awful load
 Of sins that none could bear
 But the Incarnate God:
 To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few:
 To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Horatius Bonar 1857

TO-DAY 6s, 4s.

L. MASON

To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wanderers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why long-er roam?

397

To-day the Saviour calls!
 Ye wanderers, come;
 O ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
 O listen now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of vengeance falls,
 Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
 Yield to His power;
 O grieve Him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

Samuel Francis Smith and
 Thomas Hastings 1832

SALVATION

199

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE IIS, IOS.

S. WEBBE

Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where-'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sor-rows that heaven cannot heal.

398

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel; cure.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
your anguish, [heal. flowing [above;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot Forth from the throne of God, pure from
2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying, Come to the feast prepared, come, ever
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure, knowing [remove.
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying, Earth has no sorrows but heaven can

Thomas Moore 1816
Thomas Hastings 1881

EXPOSTULATION IIS.

J. HOPKINS

De-lay not, de-lay not, O sin-ner, draw near, The wa-ters of life are now flow-ing for thee;

No price is de-mand-ed, The Sav-iour is here; Re-demption is purchased, sal-va-tion is free.

399

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
The waters of life are now flowing for thee; 3 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here; The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free. shall fade;
2 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace, The dead, small and great, in the judgment
Long grieved and resisted, may take His shall stand;
sad flight, What power then, O sinner, will lend thee
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race its aid!

Thomas Hastings 1892

BLUMENTHAL 7s. D

J. BLUMENTHAL

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin, Come the way to Zion's gate; There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait: Knock, He knows the sinner's cry; Weep, He loves the
mourner's tears; Watch, for saving grace is nigh; Wait, till heaven-ly grace appears.

400

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock, He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.
2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice,
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:

Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought, by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.
3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief shall die,
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

George Crabbe 1807

L. T. DOWNES

SOLITUDE 7s.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My path your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn.

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401

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My path your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn.

Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Letitia Barbauld. 1778

TICHFIELD 7s. D

R. W. BEATTY

Does the Gos-pel word pro-claim Rest for those that wear-y be? Then, my soul, put

in thy claim, Sure that promise speaks to thee, Marks of grace I cannot show, All pol-lu- ted

is my best; But I wea-ry am, I know, And the wear-y long for rest.

402

Does the Gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promise speaks to thee:
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harrassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without;
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

John Newton 1779

403

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live:
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love:
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley 1756

HAWES 7s. 6 lines

German

From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die,
What me - lo - dious sounds I hear, Burst - ing on my rav - ished ear:

Love's re - deem - ing work is done: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.

404

From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear:
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne;
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Thomas Hawes 1792

C. H. A. MALAN

ROSEFIELD 7s. 6 lines

Qui-et, Lord, my froward heart; Make me teacha - ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art,

Make me as a weaned child, From distrust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

405

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,

Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton 1779

ROCK OF AGES 7s. 6 lines

SALVATION

203

J. B. DYKES

Rock of A- ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my- se in Thee; Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

406

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady 1776

R. REDHEAD

GETHSEMANE 7s. 6 lines

Rock of A- ges, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the wa- ter and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

TOPLADY 7s. 6 lines

FINE

T. HASTINGS

D.C.

ASTON 7s, 6s. D

To-day Thy mer-cy calls us To wash a-way our sin; How-ev-er great our

tres-pass, What-ev-er we have been. How-ev-er long from mer-cy Our

hearts have turn'd a-way, Thy pre-cious blood can cleanse us And make them white to-day.

407

To-day Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin;
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been.
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious blood can cleanse us
And make them white to-day.

2 To-day our Father calls us,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 O all-embracing mercy,
O ever open door,
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us
To drive us to despair,
We know one heart is open,
One ear will hear our prayer.

Oswald Allen 1865

408

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Frederick Whitfield 1855

ENTREATY 7s, 6s. D

J. BARNBY

"Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest." O blessed voice of Jesus, Which comes to hearts oppressed!

It tells of ben-e-dic-tion, Of pardon, grace and peace, Of joy that hath no ending, Of love which cannot cease.

409

"Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

8 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

William Chatterton Dix 1871

COME UNTO ME 7s, 6s. D

J. B. DYKES

Org. "Come unto Me, ye weary, And I will give you rest." O blessed voice of Jesus, Which comes to hearts oppress'd:

It tells of ben-e-dic-tion, Of pardon, grace and peace, Of joy that hath no ending, Of love which cannot cease.

COWPER C. M

L. MASON



410

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

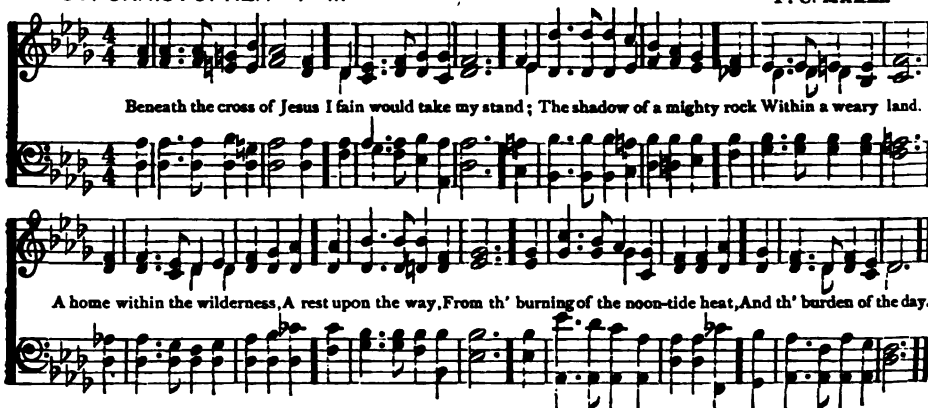
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper 1772

ST. CHRISTOPHER P. M

F. C. MAKER



411

BENEATH the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand;
 The shadow of a mighty rock
 Within a weary land.
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From th' burning of the noon-tide heat,
 And th' burden of the day.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me.

And from my smitten heart with tears,
 Two wonders I confess,—
 The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow,
 For my abiding place;
 I ask no other sunshine
 Than the sunshine of His face:
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,—
 My sinful self, my only shame,—
 My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane 1868

O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door; In low - ly patience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: Shame on us, Christian breth - ren, His name and sign who bear: O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there.

412

O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

William Walsham How 1854

LONDON 7s, 6.

Unison.
FATHER, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
2 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected, and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed:—REF.
3 By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared man's guilt and fall:—REF.
4 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:—REF.

413

FATHER, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
2 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected, and delayed,
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Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:—REF.

Thomas Benson Pollock 1871

BLENHAM 7s, 6s. D.

M. B. FOSTER

O Je - sus, our Sal - va - tion, Low at Thy cross we lie; Lord, in Thy great com -
pas - sion, Hear our be - wail - ing cry. We come to Thee with mourn - ing,
We come to Thee in woe; With contrite hearts re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow.

414

O Jesus, our Salvation,
Low at Thy cross we lie;
Lord, in Thy great compassion,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to Thee with mourning,
We come to Thee in woe;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before Thee,
We tell them one by one;
O for Thy name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

3 O by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone;
O Christ, O spotless offering,
Plead for us, and atone.

James Hamilton ab. 1865

415

We stand in deep repentance,
Before Thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us,
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to Thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

2 O shouldst Thou from us, fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Tr. by Ray Palmer 1834

SEBASTIAN 7s, 6s. D.

J. BARNEY

I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the accursed load;

I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crimson stains White, in His blood most precious, Till not a spot remains.

416

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares

3 I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar 1845

CRUCIFIX 7s, 6s. D.

Greek Melody

1. { We stand in deep repent-ance, Before Thy throne of love; } Behold us while with weep-ing { O God of grace, forgive us; The stain of guilt remove; }

We lift our eyes to Thee; And all our sins sub-du-ing, Our Fa-ther, set us free.

HOLMWOOD P. M.

W. H. GILL

God of my sal-va-tion! hear, And help me to be-lieve; Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bless-ing to re-ceive; Full of guilt, a-las! I am, But to Thy wounds for
ref-uge flee; Friend of sin-ners, spot-less Lamb! Thy blood was shed for me.

417

God of my salvation! hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.
2 Standing now as newly slain,
To Thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:

Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.
3 Nothing have I, Lord! to pay,
Nor can Thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, Thou knowest, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name;
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

Charles Wesley 1742

A. R. GAUL

HEMPTON 7s. 3 lines

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal; Heal me as I suppliant kneel; Heal me, and my par-don seal.

418

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.
2 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.
4 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

Godfrey Thring 1867

A sin - ful man am I, There-fore I come to Thee,—
To Thee, the Ho - ly and the Just, That Thou may'st pit - y me.

419

A SINFUL man am I,
Therefore I come to Thee,—
To Thee, the Holy and the Just,
That Thou may'st pity me.

2 Wert Thou not holy, Lord,
Why should I come to Thee?
It is Thy holiness that makes
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

3 Our God is love,—we come;
Our God is light,—we stay;
Abiding ever in His word,
And walking in His way.

4 Mercy and truth are His,
Unchanging faithfulness;
The cross is all our boast and trust,
And Jesus is our peace.

5 We give Thee glory, Lord;
Thy majesty adore,

Thee Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
We bless forevermore.

Horathus Bonar

420

AND wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I?
Although Thy book his crimes record,
Of such a crimson dye?

2 So deep are they engraved,
So terrible their fear;—
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

3 O Thou, Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul!
And me, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep me whole!

4 I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love;
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

Joseph of the Studium ab. 860
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1862

U. O. BURNAP

BETHESDA S. M.

O cease, my wandering soul, On restless wing to roam; All the wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

421

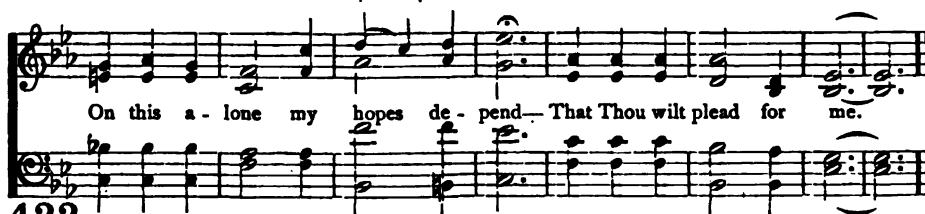
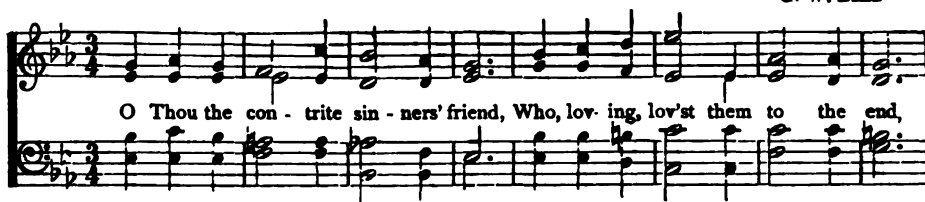
O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God
Behold the open door—

Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg 1826.



422

O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend—
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

ESTHWAITE 8s. 6.



424

O SAVIOUR, I have naught to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away:
O say, Thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott 1837

423

God of my life! Thy boundless grace;
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling place,
Father! I come to Thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come to Thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be;
Now, be Thy comfort sweet bestowed!
My God! I come to Thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,
Who praise Thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come to Thee.

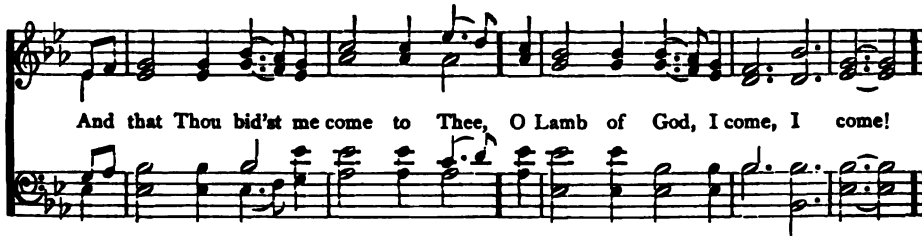
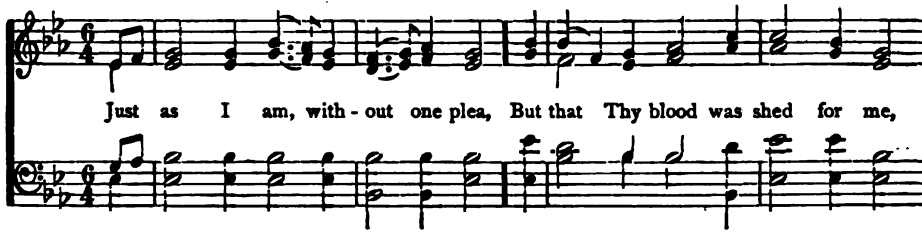
Charlotte Elliott 1841

H. BARRY

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er:
The love unbought is all Thine own
And lasts for evermore.

WOODWORTH L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY



425

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
By fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott 1836

426

With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to Me!"

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

Charlotte Elliott 1841

427

Jesus, the sinner's friend! to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
I cannot rest, till Thou art mine,
Until in me Thine image shine.

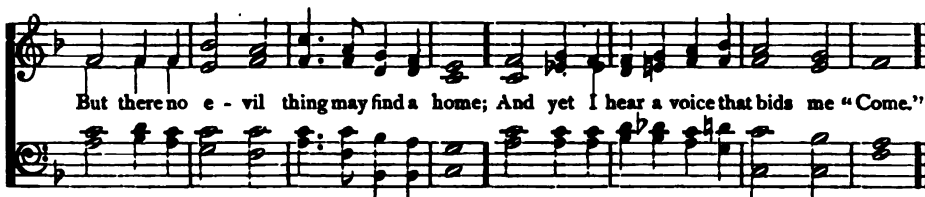
3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee;
Here then, to Thee, I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

4 What shall I say, Thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but Thou art love;
I give up every plea beside;
Lord! I'm condemned, but Thou hast died.

Charles Wesley 1739

LANGRAN 108.

J. LANGRAN



428

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw
me near.

3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me
near,

And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
child,

And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

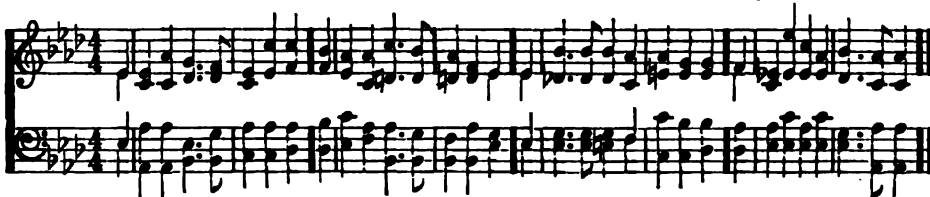
5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord:

Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
crown, [down.

Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
Samuel John Stone 1865

THIRSK L. M.

W. A. WREIGLEY



429

LORD, I was blind! I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace,
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice:
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear!

3 Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;

But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead! I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee:
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and, lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

William Tidd Matson

VIENNA 8s 7s. 4.

J. M. HAYDN

Jesus, Lord of life and glory! Bend from heav'n Thy gracious ear; While our waiting souls adore Thee.

Friend of help-less sinners, hear! By Thy mercy, By Thy mercy, O de-liv-er us, good Lord!

430

Jesus, Lord of life and glory!
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

James J. Cummins 1839

HAMBURG L. M.

L. MASON

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

431

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare to lift them to the skies;

But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven 1854

MANOAH C. M.

F. J. HAYDN



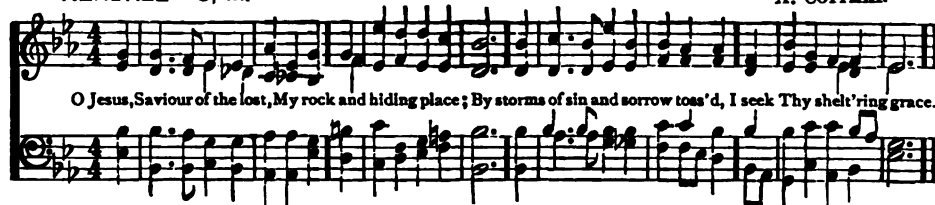
O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri-tion's hum-ble sigh,
Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye.

432

- O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;
- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, "Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Anne Steele 1760

KENDALL C. M.



O Jesus, Saviour of the lost, My rock and hiding place; By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd, I seek Thy shelt'ring grace.

434

- O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding-place;
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.

433

- O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 If, on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 4 The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree:
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, Remember me.

Thomas Haweis 1792

A. COTTMAN

- 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Edward Henry Bickersteth 1849

KETTLE C. M. D.

C. E. KETTLE

O Lord, turn not Thy face away From them that lowly lie, Lamenting sore their sinful life, With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide To them that mourn their sin; O shut them not against us, Lord, But let us enter in.

435

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have.

6 Mercy, O Lord, we mercy ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

John Markant 1502
Alt. Reginald Heber 1827
M. B. FOSTER

FOSTER C. M.

436

WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,

One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1858

SORRENTO 7s. D.

J. H. DEANE

Sav-iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend th'a-dor-ing knee; When re-pent-ant,
to the skies, Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes; O, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit-a-ny!

437

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend th'adoring knee;
When repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th'insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

Robert Grant 1615

438

VIEW me, Lord, a work of Thine!
Shall I then lie drowned in night?
Might Thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.
Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At Thine altar, pure and white:
They that once Thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on earth's delight.
2 Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heavenly light appears;
But the covenants Thou hast made,
Endless, know nor days nor years.
In Thy word, Lord, is my trust,
To Thy mercies fast I fly;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

Thomas Campion 1601

IRVIN 7s.

W. A. LANGDEN

Prince of peace, con - trol my will; Bid this strug - gling heart be still;

Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.

439

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
 Bid this struggling heart be still;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
 Hush my spirit into peace.
 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Opened wide the gate to God:
 Peace I ask—but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,
 May Thy will and mine be one:
 Chase these doubtings from my heart:
 Now Thy perfect peace impart.
 4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
 Thou my life, my God, my all!
 Let Thy happy servant be
 One for evermore with Thee!

Mary A. S. Barber 1838

C. M. VON WEBER

SEYMOUR 7s.

Depth of mercy, can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

440

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
 2 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
 3 Kindled His relentings are;
 Me He now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
 God is love: I know, I feel;
 Jesus lives and loves me still.

Charles Wesley 1740

441

JESUS, Jesus! visit me;
 How my soul longs after Thee!
 When, my best, my dearest friend!
 Shall our separation end?
 2 Lord! my longings never cease;
 Without Thee I find no peace;
 'Tis my constant cry to Thee,—
 Jesus, Jesus! visit me.
 3 Come, inhabit then my heart;
 Purge its sin, and heal its smart;
 See, I ever cry to Thee,—
 Jesus, Jesus! visit me.
 4 Patiently I wait Thy day;
 For this gift alone I pray,
 That, when death shall visit me,
 Thou my light and life wilt be.

Johann Scheffler 1857

Tr. by Robinson Potter Dunn 1857

BIRD 8s, 7s.

G. W. BIRD

Take me, O my Fa-ther! take me, Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son;

That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.

442

TAKE me, O my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying
Take me to Thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father! falling,
To Thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee;

6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

Ray Palmer 1864

TALMAR 8s, 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY

At the door of mer-cy sigh-ing With the bur-den of my sin,

Day and night my soul is cry-ing, "O - pen, Lord, and let me in."

443

At the door of mercy sighing
With the burden of my sin,
Day and night my soul is crying,
"Open, Lord, and let me in."

2 Waiting 'mid the darkness dreary,
Stretching out my hands to Thee,
In the refuge for the weary
Is there not a place for me?

3 Hark, what sounds my ear receiveth,
Sweet as songs of seraphim!
"He that in the Lord believeth
Life eternal hath in Him."

4 At the outer door why staying?
Nothing, soul, hast thou to pay:
Christ in love to thee is saying,
"Weary child, come in to-day."

Thomas MacKellar 1873

MONOD P. M.

C. J. VINCENT

O, the bit - ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be, When I let the
Sav-iour's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud-ly answered, "All of self, and none of Thee."

444

O, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray: "Forgive them, Father."
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,
"Less of self and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's petition,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

Tr. by Adolphe Monod

SARDIS 8s, 7s.

L. VAN BETHOVEN

Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spir - it break and melt it, This proud heart of sin and stone.

445

TAKE my heart, O Father, tak it;
Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it,
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound it.
Make it to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Dr. Bartol's coll. 1849

DWIGHT L. M.

ART. J. P. HOLBROOK



My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev-'ry ser-vice I can pay,
And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dic-tates and o-bey.

446

My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend!

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

Philip Doddridge 1740

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.
4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Samuel Davies 1769

448

Jesus, our best beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.
2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are Thine,
Accept the service of our hands.
3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at Thy right hand prepare;
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

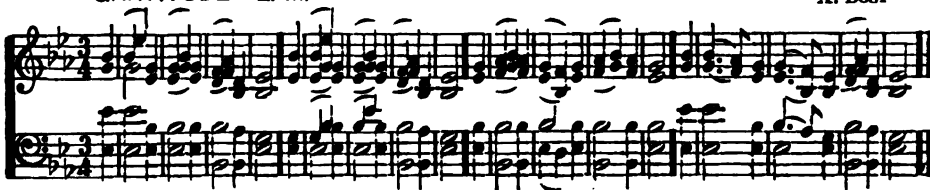
James Montgomery 1815

447

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

GRATITUDE L. M.

A. BOET



LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

OLIVET 6s, 4s.

L. MASON

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!

449

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

8 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer 1830

CONSOLATOR 7s, 5.

A. C. FALCONER

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep, Who Thy Father's flock dost keep, Safe we wake and safe we sleep, Guarded still by Thee.

450

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by Thee.

2 In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak, we hear, at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.

3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,

By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.

4 Father, draw us to Thy Son,
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free,—

5 We in robes of glory dressed
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee.

Henry Cooke 1867

MONSELL S. M.

J. BARRETT

Sweet is Thy mer - cy, Lord; Be - fore Thy mer - cy seat

My soul, a - dor - ing, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer - cy sweet.

451

SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord;
Before Thy mercy seat
My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word,
And owns Thy mercy sweet.

2 My need, and Thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1862

452

BLESSED be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself
And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

8 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

John Austin 1668

453

Nor all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

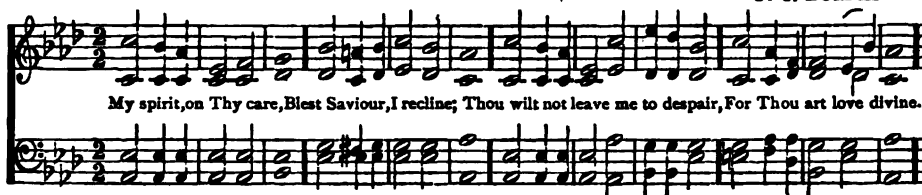
4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts 1709

CLEVELAND S. M.

U. C. BURNAP



454

My spirit on Thy care
 Blest Saviour, I recline;
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform;
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me;
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

455

The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear His name,
 Is such as tender parents feel:
 He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
 Scattered with every breath;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

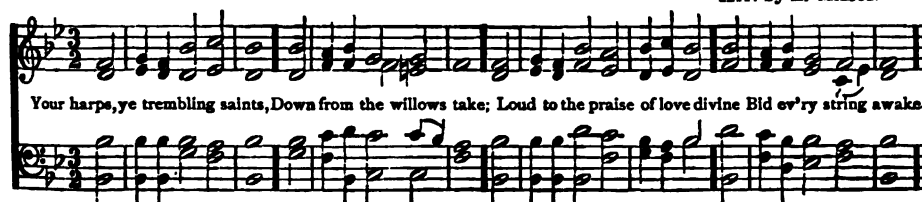
3 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts 1709

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON



456

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at His control;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee;
 Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

Augustus Montague Toplady 1779

HALLON C. M.

S. WEBER



457

- O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?
- 2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!
- 3 Ah, Grace, into unlikeliest hearts,
It is Thy boast to come,
The glory of Thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 O happy, happy that I am!
If Thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that Thou art in life,
What wilt Thou be in death?

Frederick William Faber 1849

58

- FATHER of love, our guide and friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.
- 2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

- 3 But if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.
- 4 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
- 5 And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

William Josiah Irons 1853

459

- LORD, I believe; Thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!
- 4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

John Reynell Wreford 1837

VALENTIA C. M.

Arr. by G. KINGSLEY

O for a faith that will not shrink Though pressed by ev - ery foe;
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe;

460

0 FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;

That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst 1831

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord! On Thee I fix my trust, Encouraged by Thy holy word, A feeble child of dust.

461

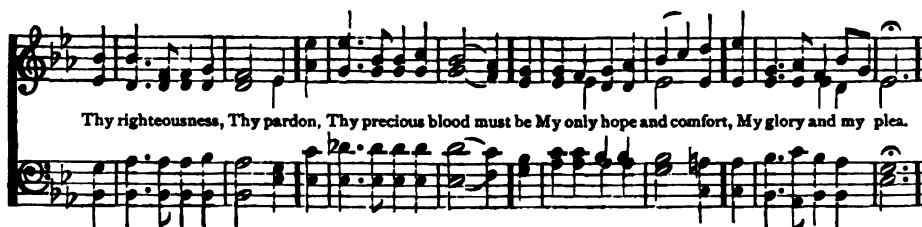
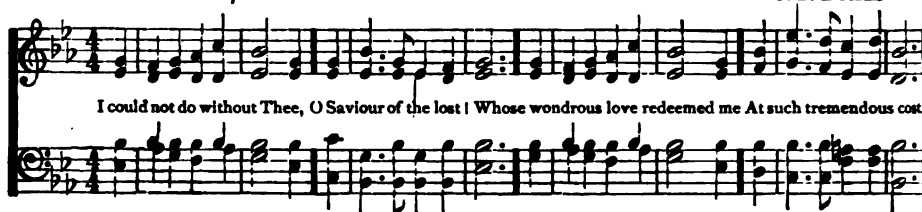
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!
On Thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.
3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;

4 Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?
5 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;
6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

Thomas Raffles 1843

BLAIRGOVIE 7s, 6s, D.

J. B. DYKES



462

I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose wondrous love redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, O the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee!
For life is fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed.

But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be with me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances Ridley Havergal 1873

463

I know no life divided,*
O Lord of life, from Thee;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought in dying,
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta 1833
Tr. by Richard Massie 1860

CLARE 7s, 6s. D.

H. P. MAIN

In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con -
fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es here. The storm may roar with - out me, My
heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?

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464

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna Lætitia Waring 1850

TULLY 7s, 6s. D.

L. MASON

In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-fid - ing,
But God is round a - bout me,
For noth - ing chang-es here. The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid,
And can I be dis-mayed?

FINE D.S.

BENTLEY 7s, 6s. D.

J. HULLAN

Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.

465

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.
4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper 1779

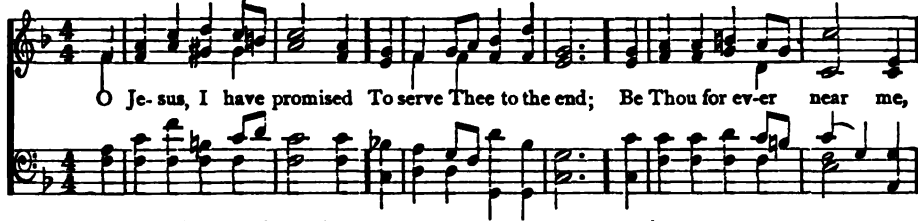
BREMEN C. P. M.

T. HASTINGS

O Lord, how happy should we be If we could cast our care on Thee, If we from self could
rest; { And feel at heart that One a-bove, In per-fect wis-dom, per-fect love, } Is work-ing for the best.

DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. D.

J. W. ELLIOTT



466

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.
2 O let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;

My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my friend.

John Ernest Bode 1860

467

C. P. M.

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.
4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice 1836

ST. FABIAN 7s, D.

J. BARNBY



468

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley 1740

MARTYN 7s, D

S. B. MARSH

FINE

D. C.



REFUGE 7s, D.

FAITH AND CONSECRATION

233

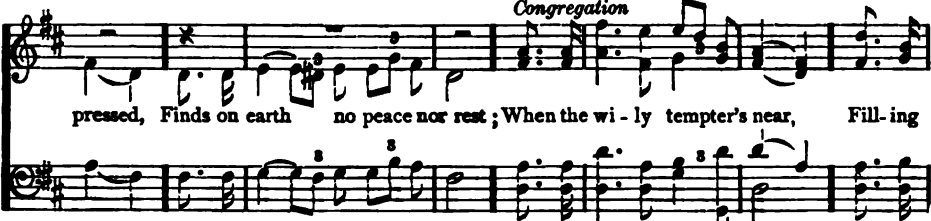
J. P. HOLBROOK

Choir

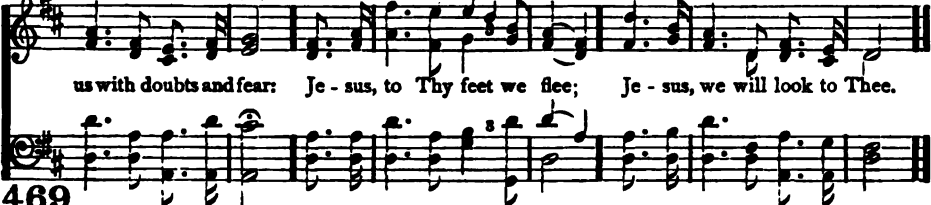


When, a - long life's thorny road, Faints the soul beneath the load, By its cares and sins op -

Congregation



pressed, Finds on earth no peace nor rest; When the wi - ly tempter's near, Fill - ing



us with doubts and fear: Je - sus, to Thy feet we flee; Je - sus, we will look to Thee.

469

WHEN, along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace nor rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubts and fear:
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee;
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to Thy people's moan:
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang Thy members bear:


Full of tenderness Thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gate of heaven:
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home:
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever, ever, Lord, with Thee!

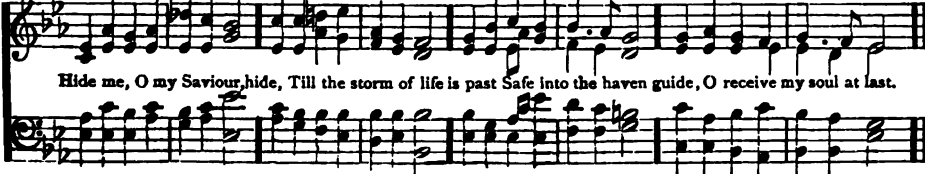
James George Deck 1842

J. B. DYKES

HOLLINGSIDE 7s, D.



Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high:



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

ROSSITER 7s. D.

J. B. CALKIN

Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength, Thou wilt send me help at length,
And my home is in Thine arms; And I feel no wild alarms.

Sin nor death can pierce the shield Thy defence has o'er me thrown;
Up to Thee my - self I yield, And my sorrows are Thine own.

470

LORD, Thou art my Rock of strength,
And my home is in Thine arms;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown;
Up to Thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are Thine own.

2 When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in Thee abate.

And this faith I long have nursed
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

3 Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my all; in all I do,
Let me only seek Thy will.
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm and still.

August Hermann Franke 1711
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1855

CYPRUS 7s.

F. MENDELSSOHN

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left His throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—

2 He who on the accursed tree
Gave His precious life for me;—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

471

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left His throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—

2 He who on the accursed tree
Gave His precious life for me;—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

John Ross Macduff 1851

ORTHWAITE 7s. 6 lines

J. B. POWELL

Je - sus, Master, whose I am, Purchased Thine alone to be, By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so wil - ling-ly for me; Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.

472

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.
2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,

Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.
3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near:
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in all.

Frances Ridley Havergal 1873

G. HEWES

HOLLEY 7s.

Thine for - ever! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne above; Thine forever may we be, Here and in eternal-ty.

473

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
3 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
4 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven

Mary Fawler Maude 1848

474

To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Mid the springing grass prepare.
2 When I faint with summer's heat
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.
4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick 1764

DISCIPLE 8s, 7s. D.

W. A. MOZART

Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee; Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sak - en,
D.C. - Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,

Thou, from hence, my all shalt be; Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
God and heaven are still my own.

475

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte 1823

S. JENKS

BARTIMEUS 8s, 7s.

Lord, I know Thy grace is nigh me, Though Thyself I cannot see; Jesus, Master, pass not by me; Son of David, pity me.

476

LORD, I know Thy grace is nigh me,
Though Thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master, pass not by me;
Son of David, pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste Thy loving kindness;
"Lord, I would receive my sight."

3 I would see Thee and adore Thee,
And Thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore Thee;
Let me see Thy face and live.

4 Ah, what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

Harvey Doddridge Gansse 1863

Take, my soul, Thy full sal-va-tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in
ev-ery sta-tion Something still to do or bear. Think what Spir-it dwells with-in thee;
What a Father's smile is thine; What a Saviour died to win thee: Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

477

TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte 1825

LANTON 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES

Thine for ever, Thine for ever! May Thy face upon us shine. Help, O help our weak endeavor, Lord, for ever to be Thine.

478

THINE for ever, Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine.
Help, O help our weak endeavor,
Lord, for ever to be Thine.

2 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Thine for ever may we be:
May no sin nor sorrow sever
Us from union, Lord, with Thee.

3 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Armed with faith, and strong in Thee,
Ever fighting, fainting never,
May we march to victory!

4 Daily in the grace increasing
Of Thy Spirit, more and more,
Watching, praying without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

Christopher Wordsworth 1860

EVAN C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL



479

My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.

3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of Thy love.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges 1848

TRUST 8s. 6.

480

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter 1681

G. W. TORRANCE



481

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

3 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

4 Blest is my lot whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott 1834

BIRKDALE 11s, 10, 6.

J. BARNEY

Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath His chast'ning
rod, Tho' rough and steep our path-way, worn and weary, Still will we trust in God!

482

- STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark
and dreary, [rod,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn
and weary,
Still will we trust in God!
- 2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosings bring us grief and
pain; [pointed,
Through Him alone who hath our way ap-
We find our peace again.
- 3 Choose for us, God!—nor let our weak
preferring [designed:
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast
- 4 So from our sky, the night shall furl her
shadows, [gates;
And day pour gladness through his golden
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled
meadows
Where joy our coming waits.
- 5 Let us press on in patient self-denial;
Accept the hardship, shrinking not from
loss,
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial:
Our crown, beyond the cross.

William Henry Burleigh 1868

FLEMMING 11s, 10, 6.

F. F. FLEMMING

Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath His chast'ning rod,
Though rough and steep our path-way, worn and weary, Still will we trust in God!

I lift my heart to Thee, Sav- iour divine! For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine.

Is there on earth a clos-er bond than this, That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His?"

483

I LIFT my heart to Thee, Saviour divine!
For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That "My Beloved's mine, and I am His?"

2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things
owe;
All that I have and am, and all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest
hour

From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from
Thee, [for me?

When Thou hast given Thine own dear self

4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

Charles Edward Mudie

W. HENMAN

ORVILLE 8s, 4-

Lean-ing on Thee, my guide, my friend, My gra-cious Sav - iour! I am blest;

Though weary, Thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest.

484

LEANING on Thee, my guide, my friend,
My gracious Saviour! I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

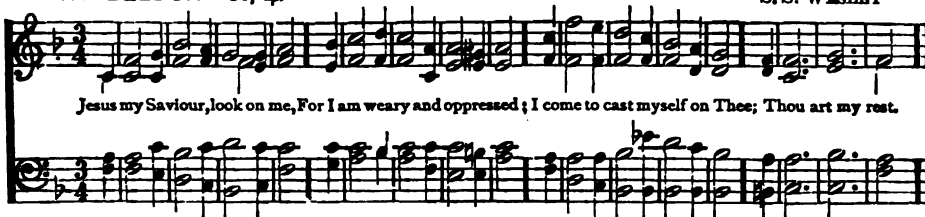
3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the "everlasting arms,"
I cannot sink.

Charlotte Elliott 1836

WIMBLEDON 8s, 4.

S. S. WESLEY



485

Jesus my Saviour, look on me,
 For I am weary and oppressed;
 I come to cast myself on Thee;
 Thou art my rest.
 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
 I feel the toilsome journey's length;
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
 Thou art my strength.
 3 I am bewildered on my way;
 Dark and tempestuous is the night;

O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
 Thou art my light.
 4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
 Thou art my life.
 5 Thou wilt my every want supply,
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art my all.

John Ross Macduff 1852

E. W. BULLINGER

BULLINGER P. M.



486

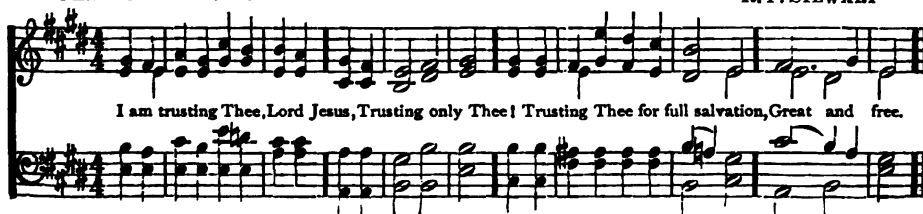
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Trusting only Thee!
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,
 Great and free.
 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy feet I bow;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now.
 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.
 5 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Thine can never fail;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.
 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

Francis Ridley Havergal 1874

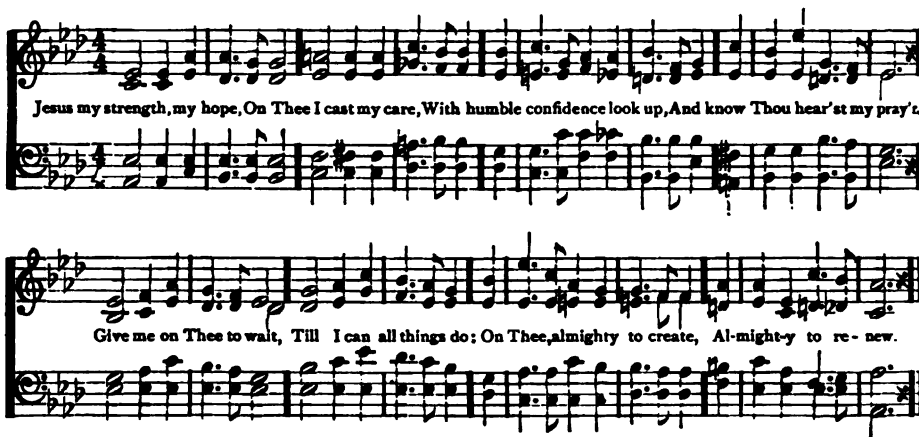
R. P. STEWART

CLIFBURN P. M.



SPERATUS S. M. D.

U. C. BURNAP



Jesus my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With humble confidence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r.

Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do; On Thee, almighty to create, Al-might-y to re-new.

487

Jesus my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest my prayer.

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do:
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly,

4 A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

5 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

6 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley 1747

488

Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

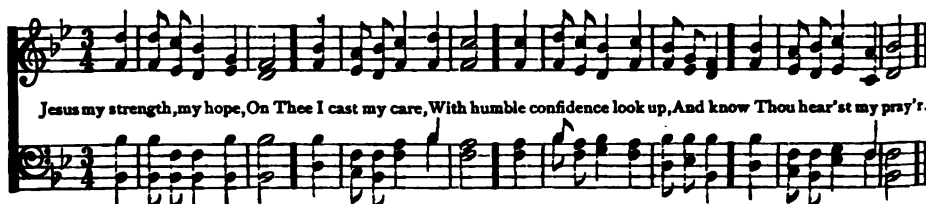
3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Henry Harbaugh 1850

STATE STREET S. M.

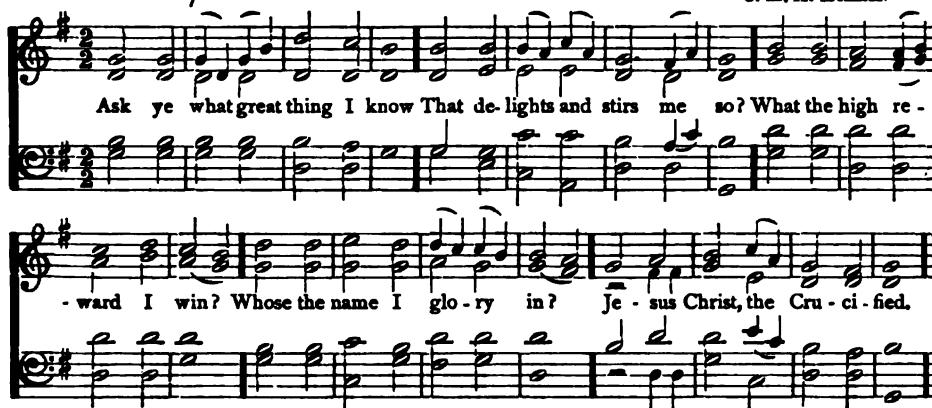
J. C. WOODMAN



Jesus my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With humble confidence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r.

HENDON 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN



489

Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,

Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

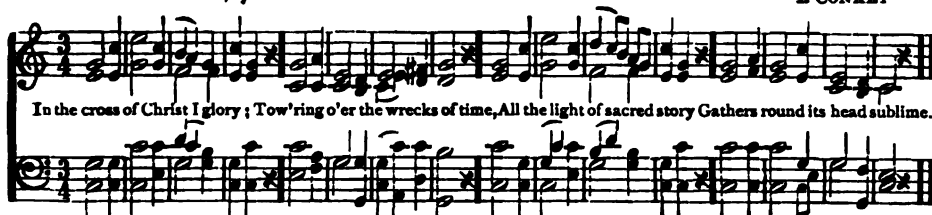
4 Who is Life in life to me?
Who the Death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1863

RATHBUN 8s, 7s.

L. CONKEY



490

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In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

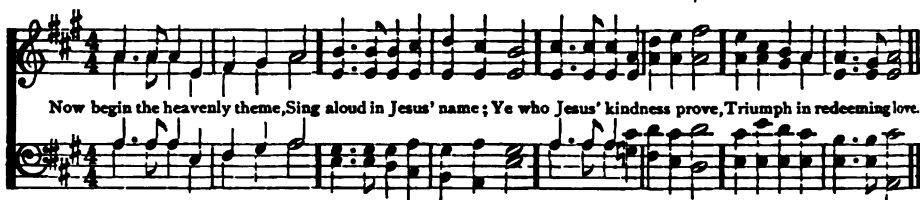
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring 1823

CRESSBROOK 7s.

R. JACKSON



491

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Martin Madan? 1761

492

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick 1742

493

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty source and spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: Who made their light,
Is a thousand times more bright.

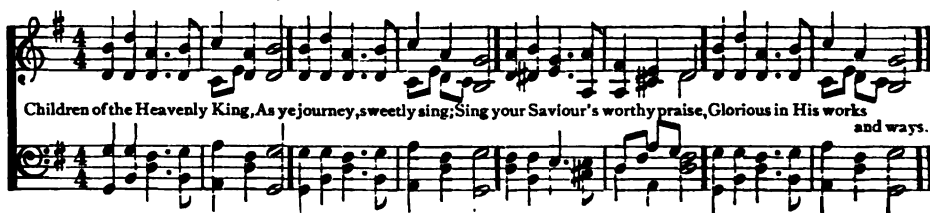
4 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Johann Scheffler

Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox 1841

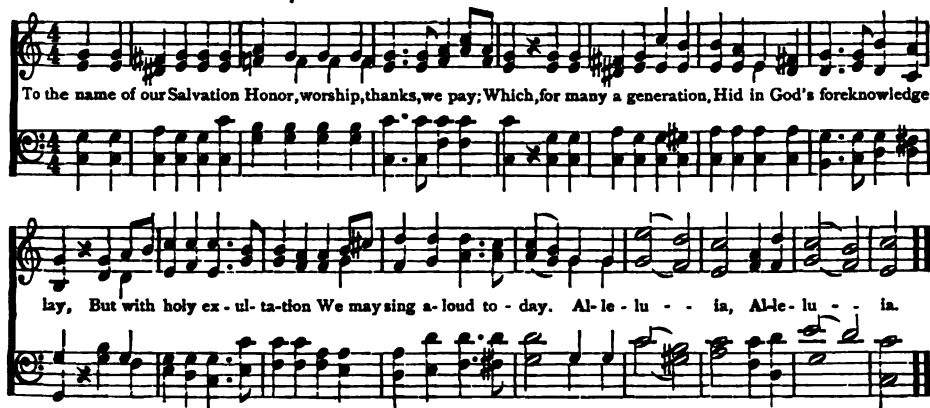
PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

I. PLEYEL



ROSSTHWAITE 8s, 7s, 6 lines, with Alleluia

J. MOSENTHAL



To the name of our Salvation Honor, worship, thanks, we pay; Which, for many a generation, Hid in God's foreknowledge lay, But with holy ex- ul- ta- tion We may sing a- loud to - day. Al- le - lu - ia, Al- le - lu - ia.

By permission of W. A. Pond & Co.

494

To the name of our Salvation
Honor, worship, thanks, we pay;
Which, for many a generation,
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name for adoration;
'Tis the name of victory;
'Tis the name for meditation

In this vale of misery;
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

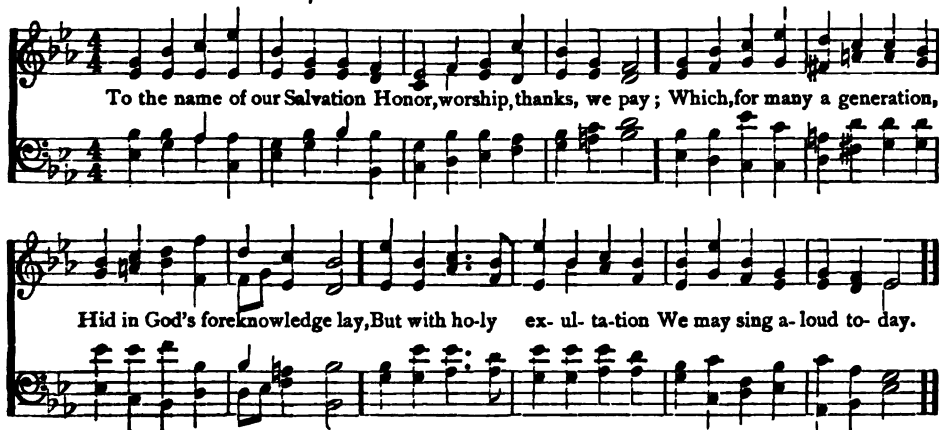
4 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we Thy name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upwards soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

ST. LAWRENCE 8s, 7s, 6 lines

C. H. STEGGALL



To the name of our Salvation Honor, worship, thanks, we pay; Which, for many a generation, Hid in God's foreknowledge lay, But with ho- ly ex- ul- ta- tion We may sing a- loud to- day.

OVIO 8s. 7s.

L. MASON

One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

495

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

John Newton 1779

LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

American Melody

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise: He justly claims a song from me,

His loving kindness O how free! Loving kindness, Loving kindness, His loving kindness O how free!

496

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley 1787

EASTERTIDE L. M. D.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE

247

J. B. POWELL

497

Come, let us sing the song of songs,
The saints in heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him, enthroned, by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

James Montgomery 1853

BLENDON L. M.

F. GIARDINI

498

O CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust Thy word,
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.
2 In Thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls.
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.
3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light;

Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.
4 When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.
5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Gregory the Great 600
Tr. by Ray Palmer 1858

LOVE'S OFFERING P. M.

E. P. PARKER

Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like Mag - da - lena, Lay at Thy feet;

Yet may love's incense rise, Sweeter than sacrifice, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.

499

MASTER, no offering
Costly and sweet,
May we, like Magdalene,
Lay at Thy feet;
Yet may love's incense rise,
Sweeter than sacrifice,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

3 Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears,
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footsteps led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Edwin Pond Parker

SONG 8s, 5.

German

Sing of Jesus, sing forever, Of the love that changes never. Who or what from Him can sever Those He makes His own?

500

SING of Jesus, sing for ever,
Of the love that changes never.
Who or what from Him can sever
Those He makes His own?

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all the way He speeds them
To their home above.

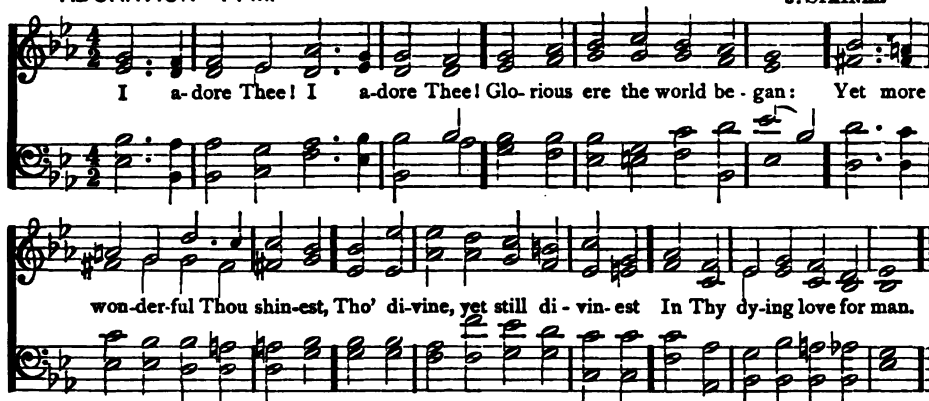
2 With His blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew Him not, He sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them:
His the praise alone.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven, and sought them,
Him who by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

Thomas Kelly 1813

ADORATION P. M.

J. STAINER



I a-dore Thee! I a-dore Thee! Glo-rious ere the world be-gan: Yet more
wonder-ful Thou shin-est, Tho' di-vine, yet still di-vin-est In Thy dy-ing love for man.

501

I ADORE Thee! I adore Thee!
Glorious ere the world began:
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Though divine, yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.
2 I adore Thee! I adore Thee!
Humbly at Thy footstool kneel:
I have heard Thine accents thrilling,

Lord, I come, for Thou art willing
Me to pardon, me to heal.

3 I adore Thee! I adore Thee!
Born of woman, yet divine!
With Thy Spirit, Lord, endue me,
In Thine image pure renew me,
Let me evermore be Thine.

James Sparrow Simpson

HOUTH 8s, 5.

E. W. BULLINGER



Saints in glo-ry, we to-gether Know the song that ceas-es nev-er;
Song of songs Thou art, O Sav-iour, All that end-less day.

502

SAINTS in glory, we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of songs Thou art, O Saviour,
All that endless day.
2 Come, ye angels, round us gather,
While to Jesus we draw nearer;
In His throne He'll seat forever
Those for whom He died.

3 Underneath His throne a river,
Clear as crystal, flows forever,
Like His fulness, failing never:
Hail, enthronéd Lamb!

4 O the unsearchable Redeemer!
Shoreless ocean, sounded never!
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus Christ, the same.

Nehemiah Adams 1864

ST. JOHN H. M.

W. H. HAYMEGAL

Ye saints, your music bring, At-tuned to sweetest sound; Strike ev'ry trembling string, Till earth and heav'n resound: The triumphs of the cross we sing; A- wake, ye saints, each joyful string.

503

YE saints, your music bring,
 Attuned to sweetest sound;
 Strike every trembling string,
 Till earth and heaven resound:
 The triumphs of the cross we sing;
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string

2 The cross, the cross alone,
 Subdued the powers of hell;
 Like lightning from His throne,

The Prince of darkness fell:
 The triumphs of the cross we sing;
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross has power to save,
 From all the foes that rise;
 The cross has made the grave
 A passage to the skies:
 The triumphs of the cross we sing;
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Andrew Reed 1817

LYTE 6s, 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK

Je - sus! Thy name I love, All oth - er names a-bove, Je - sus, my Lord! O Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

504

JESUS! Thy name I love,
 All other names above,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 O Thou art all to me;
 Nothing to please I see,
 Nothing apart from Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto Thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord!

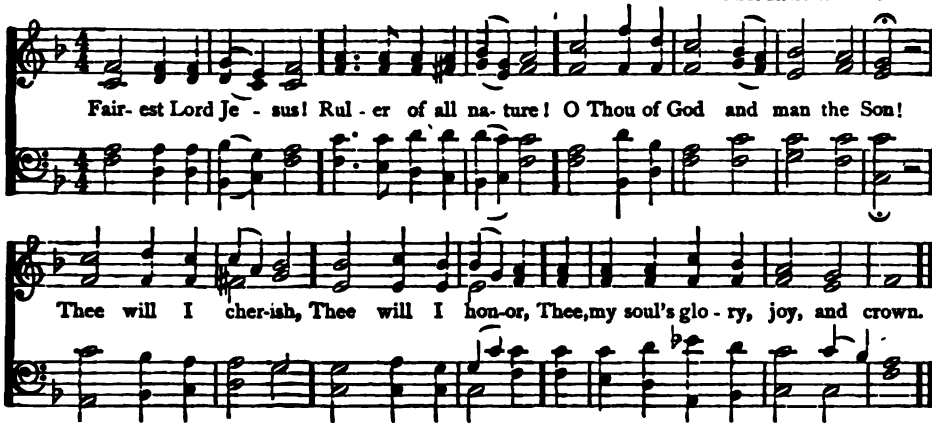
What need I now to fear?
 What earthly grief or care?
 Since Thou art ever near,
 Jesus my Lord!

3 Soon Thou wilt come again;
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Then Thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

James George Deck 1842

CRUSADERS' HYMN P. M.

ART. R. S. WILLIS



Fair-est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture! O Thou of God and man the Son!

Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thee, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.

505

FAIREST Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thee, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the
woodlands!
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;

3 Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the
moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Tr. by Richard Storrs Willis 1847

G. A. MACFARREN

WYCKOFF P. M.



Light of the world! for ev - er, ev - er shin - ing; There is no change in Thee;

True Light of life, all joy and health enshrin - ing, Thou canst not fade nor flee.

506

Light of the world! for ever, ever shining;
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor
Day fills up all its blue: [sadness;
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new!

2 Thou hast arisen; but Thou declinest never,
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever.
Brightness from first to last!

4 Light of the world! undimming and un-
O shine each mist away! [setting,
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day!

Horatius Bonar

ALLEN 6s, 4s

E. PROUT

Glo - ry to God on high, Let prais - es fill the sky! Praise ye His name. Angels His
name a - dore, Who all our sor - rows bore, And saints cry ev - ermore, "Wor - thy the Lamb."

507

GLORY to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky!
Praise ye His name.
Angels His name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name.
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen 1761

508

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;

Christ our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
Tributes of praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

From Clement of Alexandria ab. 200
Tr. by Henry Martyn Dexter 1846

F. GIARDINI

ITALIAN HYMN 6s, 4s.



Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless, We will follow,
calm and fearless: Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa-ther-land, To our Father-land.

509

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf 1721
Tr. by Jane Borthwick 1853

510

Jesus, who can be
Once compared with Thee!
Source of rest and consolation,
Life and light, and full salvation;
Son of God, with Thee
None compared can be!

2 Thou hast died for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save forever;
I am by Thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following Thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force;
Further Thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,
Strengthen Thou my heart;
Where Thou art, O Lord, convey me;
In Thy righteousness array me,
That at Thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

J. A. Freylinghausen 1713
Moravian Collection 1754

ZINZENDORF P. M.

A. DRESCH

D.C.



FINE

LAUDES DOMINI 6s, 6 lines

J. BARNEY

When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd:
A-like at work and pray'r, To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be prais'd.

511

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:

Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1858

J. ZUNDL

LEBANON S. M. D.

I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D.S. I did not love my Father's voice,
FINE.
I would not be con-troll'd: I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,
I lov'd a-far to roam.

ARIEL C. P. M.

MOZART ARR. L. MASON

O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine,
 { I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, } In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.
 { And vie with Gabriel while he sings }

512

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

8 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face;
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley 1789

513

S. M. D.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I WAS a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child,
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild:
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love;
 They saved the wandering one.

8 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole;
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold;
 I WAS a wayward child;
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar 1844

HOLLAND C. M. D.

National Air of Holland

To our Redeemer's glorious name Awake the sacred song; O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue! His love, what mortal thought can reach, What mortal tongue display!
Im-ag-in-a-tion's utmost stretch, In wonder dies a - way, In wonder dies a - way.

514

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me!
4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song!

Anne Steele 1760

T. HASTINGS

ORTONVILLE C. M.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow.
His lips with grace o'erflow.

515

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;

For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death
He saves me from the grave.
5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett 1787

EUSTACE C. M. D.

A. E. TOZER

We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God, Fountain of life and grace; We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood Re-deemed our fall - en race. Thee we acknowledge God and Lord, The Lamb for sinners slain; Who art by heaven and earth adored, Worthy o'er both to reign.

516

WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

2 We acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts:—
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts.

4 The cherubim and seraphim
Incessant sing to Thee;
The worlds and all the powers therein
Adore Thy majesty.

5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

6 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

7 Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee their Head,
Brightness of majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

8 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood.
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou Holy Lamb of God.

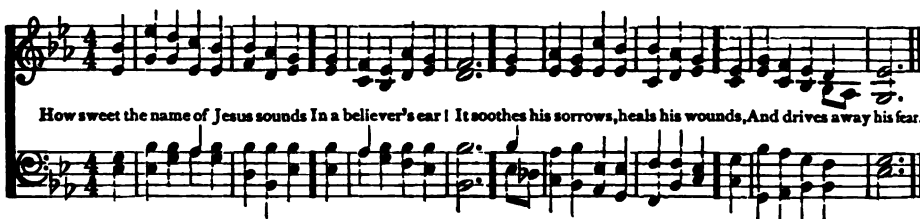
John Cennick 1742

LAUD C. M.

J. B. DYKES

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE



517

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton 1779

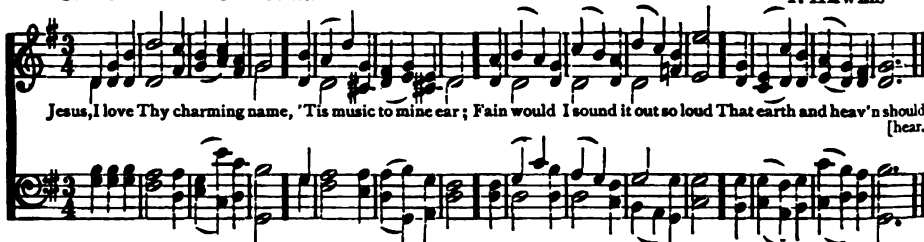
518

My God, I love Thee: not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.
2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace:
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.
4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
5 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier 1552
Tr. by Edward Caswall 1849

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. HAWKES



519

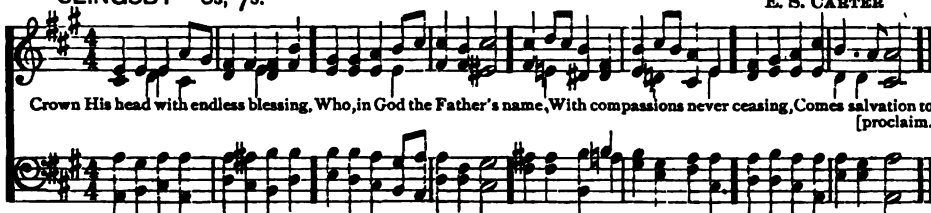
Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.
2 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The conqueror of death.

Philip Doddridge 1740

SLINGSBY 8s, 7s.

E. S. CARTER



520

CROWN His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.

2 Hail! ye saints! who know His favor,
Who within His gates are found,—
There, on high exalt the Saviour,
Let His courts with praise resound.

3 Jesus! Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints! His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

William Goode 1817

U. C. BURNAP

BOSTON C. M.



521

Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each dearest idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death,
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Philip Doddridge 1740

522

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

John Newton 1779

RAPHAEL C. M.

FROM G. DONIZETTI



523

I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must; for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

John Mason 1683

524

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Likesome bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

Ray Palmer 1858

BOARDMAN C. M.

C. JEFFEREYS



525

O Jesus, Thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee my inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

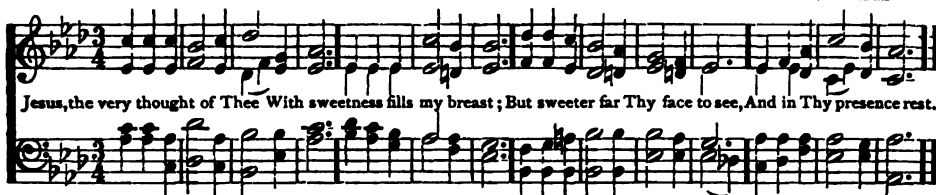
3 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Our life and joy! to Thee
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given
Through all eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux
Tr by Edward Caswall, 1848

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. DYKES



526

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,

To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

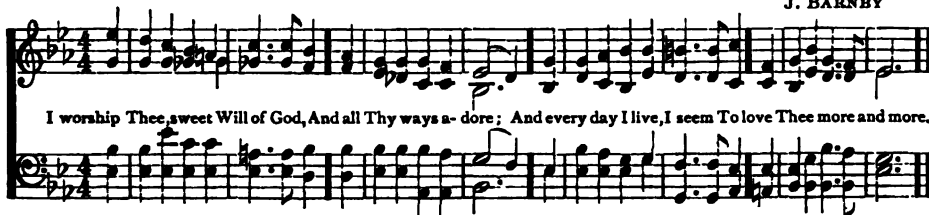
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux
Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

J. BARNBY



527

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Frederick William Faber 1849

Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found:

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire:

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux
Tr. by Edward Caswall 1848

528

O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,

NEWBOLD C. M. 5 lines

G. KINGSLEY

O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise; The glo - ries
of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace.

529

- O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;

- 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Glory to God, and praise, and love,
Be ever, ever given;
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

Charles Wesley 1740

H. C. ZEUNER

OAKSVILLE C. M.

My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!

530

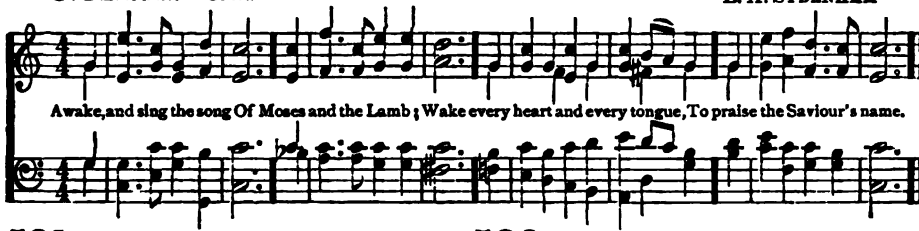
- My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way.
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Isaac Watts 1707

SYDENHAM S. M.

E. A. SYDENHAM



Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.

531

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues:
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.
5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

William Hammond 1745
Martin Madan 1760

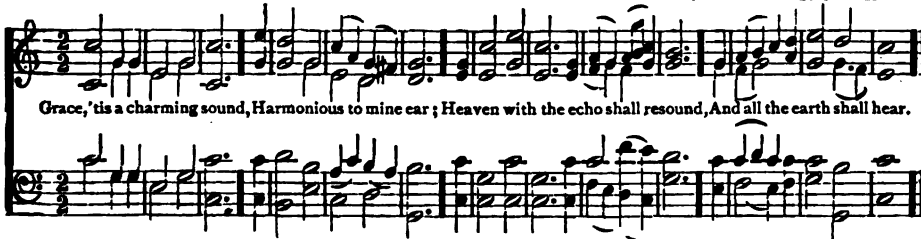
532

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts 1709

SILVER STREET S. M.

I. SMITH



Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to mine ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

533

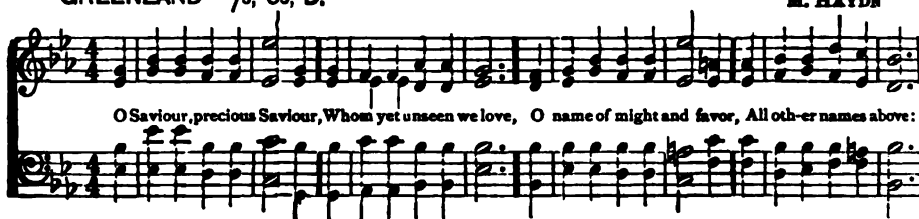
GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge 1740

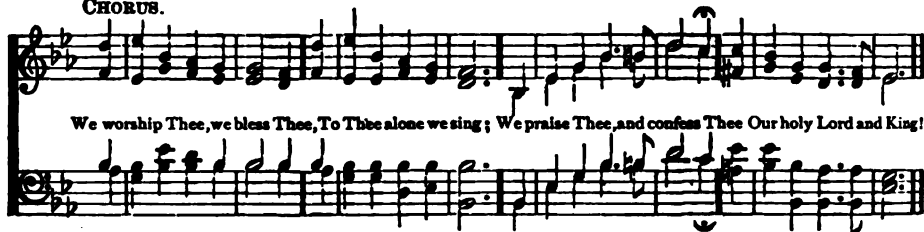
GREENLAND 7s, 6s, D.

M. HAYDN



O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love, O name of might and favor, All other names above:

CHORUS.



We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee alone we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our holy Lord and King!

534

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favor,
All other names above:

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King!

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought:—CHO.

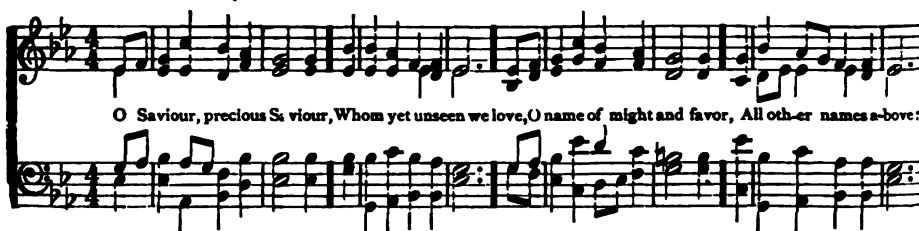
3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excellet,
O Son of God, is Thine:—CHO.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love:
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!

Frances Ridley Havergal 1873

BARTHOLDY 7s, 6s, D.

Arr. fr. J. G. C. STORL



O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love, O name of might and favor, All other names above:

CHORUS.



We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee alone we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our holy Lord and King!

SAVOY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. CALKIN

To Thee, O dear, dear Sav- iour! My spir - it turns for rest, My peace is in Thy
fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast; Though all the world de - ceive me, I
know that I am Thine, And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav-iour mine.

535

To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favor,
My pillow on Thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1863

536

O Jesus, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The guardian of my way!
How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in.

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pastures,
With Thee at hand, to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold:
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold.

Lawrence Tuttielt 1868

GOD OF HOSTS 7s. 6 lines

E. J. HOPKINS

For the beauty of the earth, For the beauty of the skies, For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies: Christ our God, to Thee we raise His pure sacrifice of praise.

537

From Tucker's Church Hymnal, by permission.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

5 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint 1864

538

BLESSED Saviour, Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside;
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away;
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

George Duffield 1851

B. CASE

D.C.

SPANISH HYMN 7s. 6 lines

FINE.

CASTELLO P. M.

U. C. BURNAP

Je - sus, Name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est; Je - sus, fount of

per - fect love, Ho - liest, tenderest, near - est; } Je - sus, source of grace com - plet - est, }
Je - sus pur - est, Je - sus sweet est, }

Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

539

Jesus, Name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesus, source of grace completest,
Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
Jesus, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on Thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

4 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher;
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;
Tell me, "Verily, I say,
"Thou shalt be with Me to-day."

Theocistus of the Studium ab, 890
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1862

540

7s. 6 lines

CHOSEN not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,

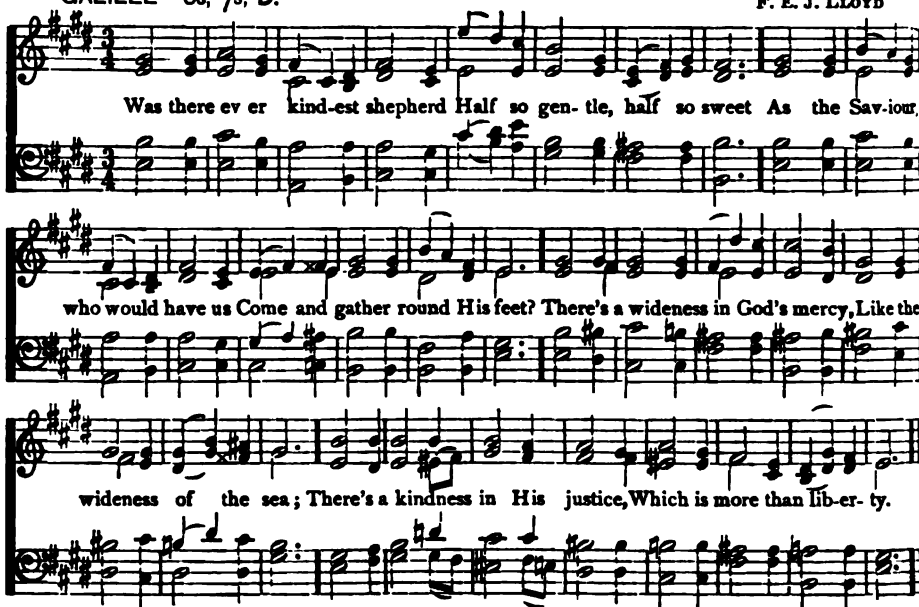
Jesus comes, and all is light:
Blessed Jesus, bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign,
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night Thine anger burns,
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts, bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne 1837

GALILEE 8s, 7s, D.

F. E. J. LLOYD



Was there ever kindest shepherd Half so gentle, half so sweet As the Saviour,
who would have us Come and gather round His feet? There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the
wideness of the sea; There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than liberty.

541

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven,
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given,

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

8 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick William Faber 1869

CONVERSE 8s, 7s, D.

C. C. CONVERSE



Was there ever kindest shepherd Half so gentle, half so sweet As the Saviour, who would have us
D.S. There's a kindness in His justice,
Come and gather round His feet? There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
Which is more than liberty.

*Used by permission of C. C. Converse.

WILSTON 8s, 7s, D.

J. W. ELLIOTT



Hail, my ev - er blessed Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing; To my soul Thy name is pre - cious, Thou my Pro - phet, Priest, and King, O what mer - cy flows from Heaven, O what joy and hap - pi - ness! Love I much, I've much forgiven; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

542

HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus!
 Only Thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul Thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.
 O what mercy flows from heaven,
 O what joy and happiness!
 Love I much, I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay,
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way,
 Witness, all ye host of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness.
 Love I much, I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
 While, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received Him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace.
 Love I much, I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove 1785

543

FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
 Lowly, Mighty!— Brother, King!—
 Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
 Grateful we Thy praises sing:
 Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
 In whom power and pity blend—
 Praise we must the grace which gave us
 Jesus Christ, the sinners' Friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind!—
 Friend who at all times receives us,
 Friend who came the lost to find!—
 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
 Loving until life shall end—
 Then conferring bliss entrancing,
 Still, in heaven, the sinners' Friend!

3 O to love and serve Thee better!
 From all evil set us free;
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
 Be each thought conformed to Thee:
 Looking for Thy bright appearing,
 May our spirits upward tend;
 Till no longer doubting, fearing,
 We behold the sinners' Friend!

Newman Hall 1856

EDINA 6s, 5s. D.

H. B. OAKLEY

Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.

All we have we offer, All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul and spir- it, All we yield to Thee.

544

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Can'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Godfrey Thring 1855

NOTTINGHAM C. M.

J. CLARK

Glory to God! whose witness-train, Those heroes bold in faith, Could smile on poverty and pain, And triumph e'en in death.

545

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph e'en in death.

2 O, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God, whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smoothe the wave,
For such as love His name.

4 Lord! if Thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Morav. Col. 1789 Tr. by Christopher Titz

W. A. JEFFERSON

Clearer still, and clearer, Dawns the light from heaven, In our sad-ness bringing News of sins forgiv-en;

Life has lost its shad-ows, Pure the light with-in; Thou hast shed Thy radiance On a world of sin.

546

CLEARER still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.
2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!

Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.
3 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring 1858

J. H. KNECHT

KOCHER 7s, 6s.

O happy band of pilgrims, If onward ye will tread With Jesus as your Fellow To Jesus as your Head.

547

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!
2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!
3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,
5 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

Joseph of the Studium ab. 820-
Tr. by John Mason Neale

ST. KEVIN P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN

Let the saints new anthems raise; Wake the morn with glad-ness: God Him-self, to
joy and praise, Turns the mar-tyrs' sad-ness: This the day that won their crown,
Opened heav'ns bright portal, As they laid the mor-tal down, And put on th' im-mor-tal.

548

Let the saints new anthems raise:
Wake the morn with gladness:
God Himself, to joy and praise,
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on the immortal.
2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:

For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish,
And eternal hope o'ercame
That one moment's anguish.
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then
O the glorious morrow!

Joseph of the Studium ab. 820
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1862

HOWES H. M.

U. C. BURNAP

Gird on Thy conqu'ring sword, As-cend Thy shining car; And march, al-mighty Lord,
To wage Thy ho-ly war: Before His wheels in glad surprise, Ye valleys rise, and sink, ye hills.

WEST HEATH C. P. M.

E. J. HOPKINS

Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - verthrow, Dread
not his rage and pow'r: What tho' your cour - age some - times faints, His
seem - ing tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

549

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power:
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on His sword!

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.

A jest and by-word are they grown:
God is with us; we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end, AMEN.

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1855

550

H. M.

GIRD on Thy conquering sword,
Ascend Thy shining car;
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage Thy holy war:
Before His wheels in glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise, and sink, ye hills.

2 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
Under Thy banners move,
And seek from Thee redress:
Thou in their cause shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide dispense Thy laws.

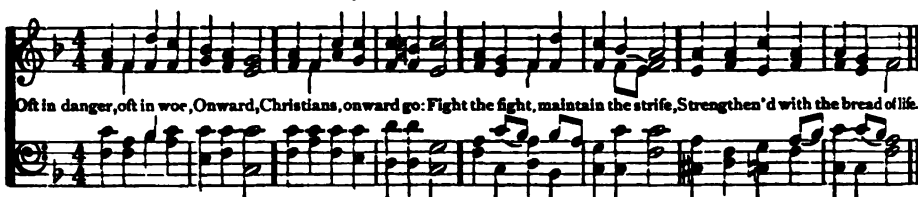
3 Before Thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of Thy grace,—
The grace that conquers all:
The world shall know, Great King of kings,
What wondrous things Thine arm can do.

4 Here to my waiting soul
Bend Thy triumphant way;
Here every fear control,
And all Thy power display:
My heart, Thy throne, blest Jesus, see,
Bows low to Thee,—to Thee alone.

Philip Doddridge 1758

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT



551

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

1 2 Henry Kirke White 1804
3 Fanny Fuller Maidland 1827

2 Faint not Christian, though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle field.

3 Faint not, Christian, though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian, though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian, Jesus near
Soon in glory will appear;
And His love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.

552

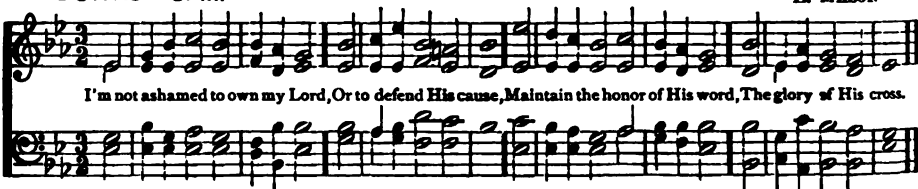
FAINT not, Christian, though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too;
Christ thy guide will bring thee through.

6 Faint not, Christian, look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient, wait, and thou wilt join
Chant with them of love divine.

James Harrington Evans 1833

DOWNS C. M.

L. MASON



553

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word;
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts 1709

GREATHEART P. M.

J. BARNBY

S

We march, we march to victory, With the cross of the Lord before us, With His loving eye looking
D.S. We march, we march, etc.

FINE. Last verse only.

down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.
His arm

2. We come in the might of the Lord of light, A joyful host to meet Him; And we put to flight the

D.S.

armies of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We

554

We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the
sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

2 We come in the night of the Lord of light,
A joyful host to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet Him.
We march, we march, etc.

3 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner the cross of Calvary.

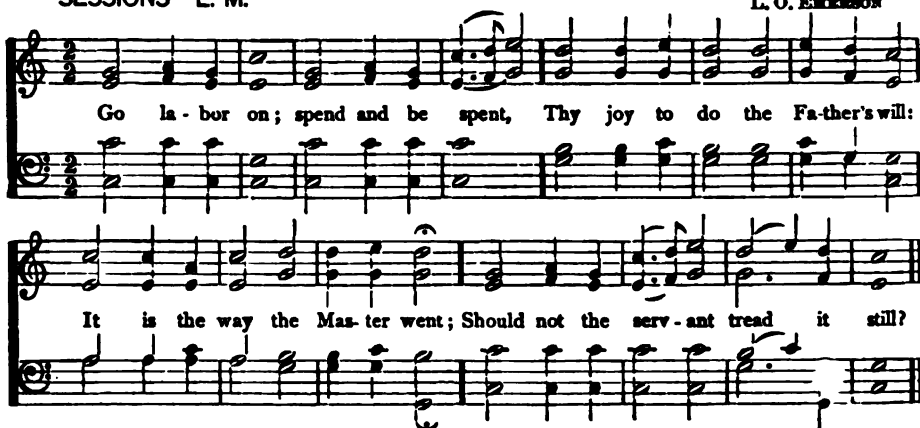
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

4 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

5 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from
above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc.

SESSIONS L. M.

L. O. EMERSON



555

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

3 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar 1857

German

MENDON L. M.



556

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus our great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts 1707

557

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; [grace.
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Munsell 1860

SAMSON L. M.

G. F. HANDEL

A - wake, our souls, a - way our fears, Let ev - ery tremb - ling thought be gone;

A - wake, and run the heav - en - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

558

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,

And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts 1709

HARMONY GROVE L. M.

H. K. OLIVER

559

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg 1769
Benjamin Francis 1767

CALDWILL C. M. D.

S. A. WARD



Used by permission of S. A. Ward.

560

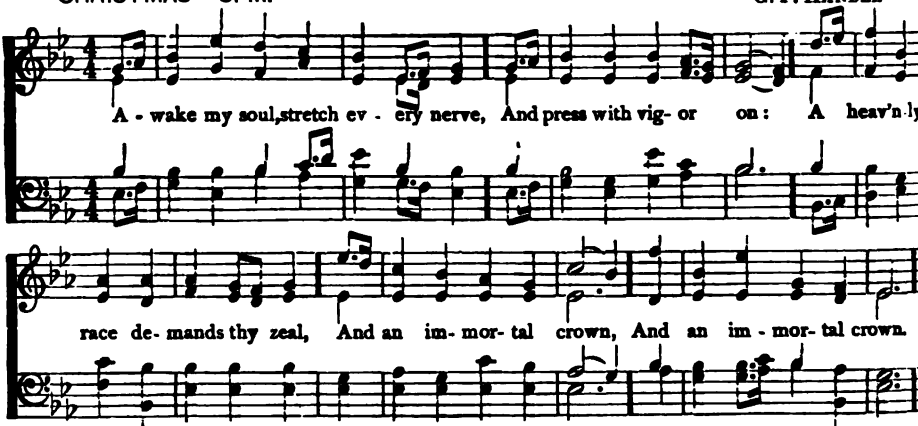
LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass!
 Ye bars of iron, yield!
 And let the King of Glory pass;
 The cross is in the field!
 2 That banner, brighter than the star
 That leads the train of night,
 Shines on the march, and guides from far
 His servants to the fight.

3 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,
 In Jesus' name be strong!
 To Him shall every creature bow,
 And sing the triumph-song:
 4 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
 The bars of iron yield;
 Behold the King of Glory pass!
 The cross hath won the field!

James Montgomery 1853

CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. HANDEL



A - wake my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on: A heav'n - ly

race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

561

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on:
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey:
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;

'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
 Have I my race begun;
 And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge 1749

CUTLER C. M. D

H. S. CUTLER

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain: His blood-red banner
streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri -
- umphant o - ver pain, Who pa-tient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal, by permission.

562

- THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
- 6 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber 1827

563

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts 1723

FRANKLIN SQUARE S. M.

S. B. POND



564

Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed:
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way:
 Wait thou His time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

8 What though thou rulest not,
 Yet heaven and earth and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

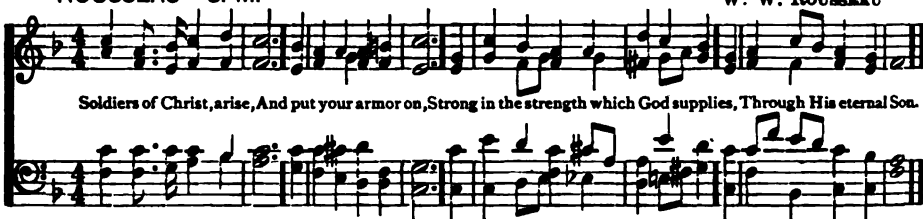
5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to Thee;
 O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee.

6 Let us, in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt 1656
 Tr. by John Wesley 1739

ROUSSEAU S. M.

W. W. ROUSSEAU



From Tucker's Children's Hymnal, by permission.

565

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued,
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may overcome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

Charles Wesley 1749

566

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil:
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live,
 And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley 1764

SYDENHAM No. 2 S. M.

E. A. SYDENHAM

D. C. *FINE*

Rejoice, ye pure in heart! Rejoice, give thanks, and sing! Your glorious banner wave on high! The cross of Christ your King!

3d verse only. *D. C.* *Org.*

At last the march shall end; The wearied ones shall rest; The pilgrims find their Father's house, Jerusalem the blest.

567

REJOICE, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

2 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors, through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

3 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

4 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

Edward Hayes Plumtre 1865

LABAN S. M.

L. MASON

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

568

My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

George Heath 1781

569

My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Leonard Swain 1858

FARMER 7s, 6s. D.

J. FARMER

Go forward, Christian soldier, Beneath His banner true: The Lord Himself, thy leader, Shall all thy foes subdue.

His love foretells thy trials, He knows thine hourly need; He can, with bread of heaven, Thy fainting spirit feed.

From Hutchin's Children's Hymnal, by permission.

570

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord Himself, thy leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call Thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

Lawrence Tuttle 1866

MAITLAND C. M.

G. N. ALLEN

Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

571

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

From Thomas Shepherd 1866

WEBB 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross ; Lift high His royal ban - ner, It must not suffer loss.

From vict'ry un-to vict'ry His army shall He lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

572

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield 1858

BAVARIA 8s, 7s. D.

German

FINE D.C.

573

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings 1836

STOWELL 6s, 5s. 12 lines

J. BARNBY

While the sun is shin- ing Brightly in the sky, Ere his rays declining Tell that night is nigh;

Ere the shadows falling, Lengthen on our way, Hark! a voice is calling, "Work while it is day."

Watch against temptation, Watch, and fight, and pray, Each in his own station, "Work while it is day."

574

While the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere his rays declining
Tell that night is nigh;
Ere the shadows falling,
Lengthen on our way,
Hark! a voice is calling,
"Work while it is day."
CHO.—Watch against temptation,
Watch, and fight, and pray,
Each in his own station,
"Work while it is day."

2 Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;

SCHELL P. M.

He will make it gladness
With His smile of love.
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.—CHO.

3 Happy then the meeting,
When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the throne of grace—
"Good and faithful servant,
Of my Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest."—CHO.

Thomas Alfred Stowell
U. C. BURNAP

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;

On-ward and on-ward still be thine endeav- or; The rest that remaineth, endureth for-ev - er.

ST: GERTRUDE 6s, 5s, 12 lines

A. S. SULLIVAN

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be-fore.

Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward into bat - tle, See, His banner go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, Going on be-fore.
war, With the cross of

575

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.—CHO.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, land, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

Sabine Baring-Gould 1865

576

P. M.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is
strongest; [longest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth, endureth forever.
½ Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;

He who hath promised faltereth never;
O trust in the love that endureth forever.
3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever;
Soon shall thou mount upward to praise Him
forever.

Joseph Stammers 1830

CARSDEN 6s, 5s, 12 lines

H. SMART

Forward! be our watch-word, Step and voices joined, Seek the things before us, Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?
Forward thro' the desert, Thro' the toil and fight, Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.

577

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Step and voices joined,
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight,
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light!

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

4 Glories upon glories,
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech or word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Henry Alford 1871

BONIFACE 6s. 5s. 12 lines

H. R. GADSBY



578

FAR o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers;
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours:
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might;
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light.

2 Into God's high temple
 Onward as we press,
 Beauty spreads around us,
 Born of holiness;
 Arch, and vault, and carving,
 Lights of varied tone,
 Softened words and holy,
 Prayer and praise alone:
 Every thought upraising
 To our city bright,
 Where the tribes assemble
 Round the throne of light.

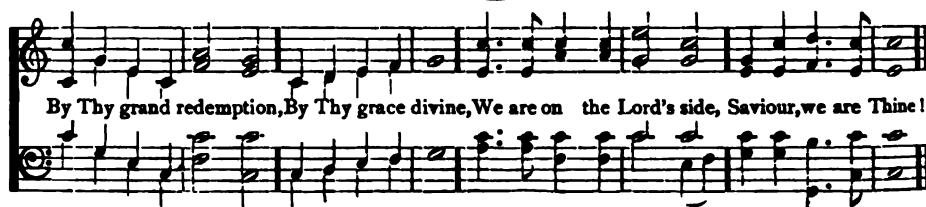
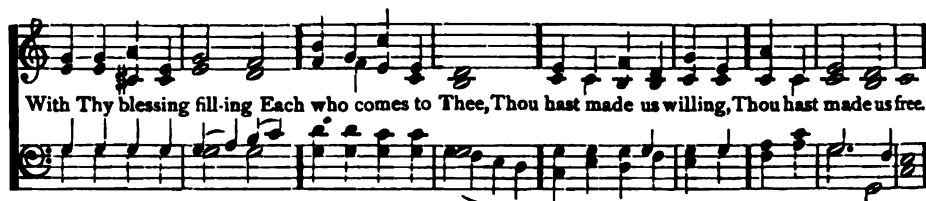
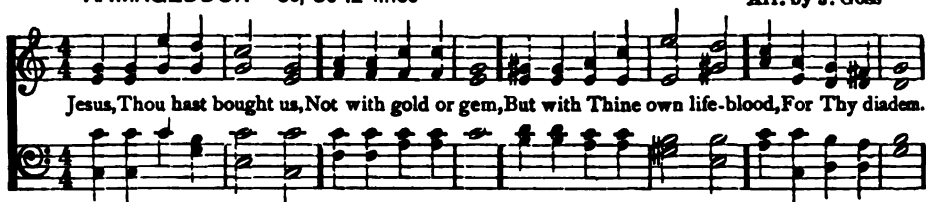
3 Naught that city needeth
 Of these aisles of stone:
 Where the Godhead dwelleth,
 Temple there is none;
 All the saints, that ever
 In these courts have stood,
 Are but babes, and feeding
 On the children's food.
 On through sign and token,
 Stars amid the night,
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light.

4 To the eternal Father
 Loudest anthems raise;
 To the Son and Spirit
 Echo songs of praise;
 To the Lord of glory,
 Blessed Three in One,
 Be by men and angels
 Endless honors done;
 Weak are earthly praises;
 Dull the songs of night;
 Forward into triumph,
 Forward into light!

Henry Alford 1871

ARMAGEDDON 6s, 5s 12 lines

Arr. by J. Goss



579

JESUS, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,

He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side,
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

Frances Ridley Havergal 1877

WORK SONG P. M.

L. MASON

D. C.



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BANNER 6s, 5s, 12 lines

A. S. SULLIVAN, ART.

Brightly gleams our banner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united Take our heavenward way.

CHORUS.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

580

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.
 Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 And with hearts united
 Take our heavenward way.—CHO.

2 All our days direct us
 In the way we go,
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower,
 Pardon, Lord, and save us
 In the last dread hour.—CHO.

3 Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy throne of love;
 When the toil is over,
 Then come rest and peace,
 Jesus in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease.—CHO.

Thomas Joseph Potter 1868

581

P. M.

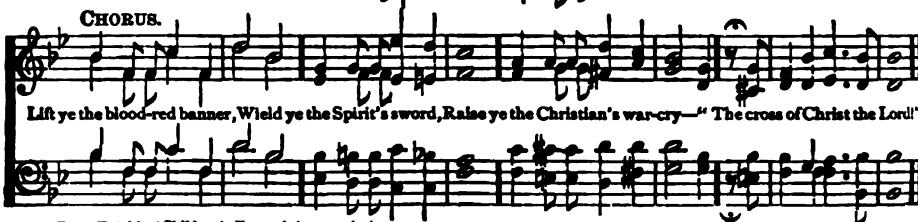
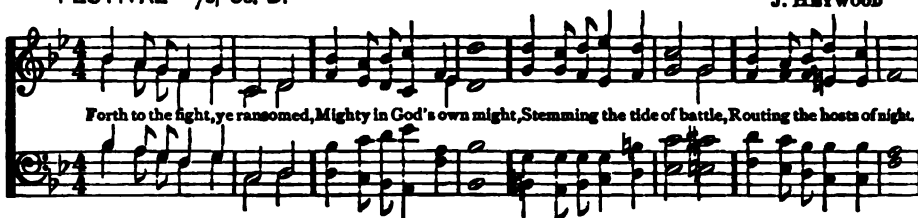
WORK, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid the springing flowers;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon:

Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies:
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more:
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker 1860



From Hutchins' Children's Hymnal, by permission.

582

FORTH to the fight, ye ransomed,
Mighty in God's own might,
Stemming the tide of battle,
Routing the hosts of night.—CHO.

2 Arm ye against the battle,
Watch ye, and fast, and pray,

LAWRENCE P. M.

Peace shall succeed the warfare,
Night shall be changed to-day.—CHO

3 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you,
Fight, for He bids you fight;
There where the fray is thickest
Close with the hosts of night.—CHO.

W. H. Kirby

L. W. BACON, Arr.



583

O Thou best gift of heaven,
Thou who Thyself hast given,
For Thou hast died!
This Thou hast done for me:
What have I done for Thee,
Thou Crucified?

2 I long to serve Thee more;
Reveal an open door,
Saviour, to me;

BACON P. M.

Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in Thy cross,
And follow Thee.

3 Do Thou but point the way,
And give me strength to obey;
Thy will be mine:

Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
Since I am Thine.

Nicholls 1837

W. S. SHEFFINGTON



LOVE DIVINE 8s, 7s. D.

G. F. LE JEUNE



Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy
hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Visit us with Thy salva-tion, En-ter ev-ry trembling heart.

584

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast:
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest:

Take away our love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave,
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley 1747

BEECHER 8s, 7s. D.

J. ZUNDEL



Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
D.S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,
All Thy faithful mercies crown: Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
En-ter ev-ry trembling heart.

MORLEY 6s, 5s, D.

T. MORLEY

Pur-er yet and pur-er, I would be in mind, Dearer yet and dearer Ev-'ry du-ty find;
Hoping still and trusting God without a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear;

585

PURER yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.
2 Calmer yet and calmer,
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light;
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest;
4 Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

Tr. by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1851

BARKWORTH 6s.

R. BARKWORTH

O Love that casts out fear, O Love that casts out sin, Tarry no more without, But come and dwell within.

586

O Love that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.
2 True Sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great Love of God, come in,
Wellspring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.
4 Love of the Living God,
Of Father, and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

Horatius Bonar

WESTWOOD 7s, 6s D.

R. H. MCCARTNEY

O ONE with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might, The brightness of His
glo - ry, E - ter - nal light of light; O'er this our home of dark - ness
Thy rays are streaming now; The shad - ows flee before Thee, The world's true Light art Thou

587

O ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness.

William Walsham How 1871

588

LORD Jesus, by Thy passion,
To Thee I make my prayer;
Thou who in mercy smitest,
Have mercy, Lord, and spare:
O wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side;
O clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified.

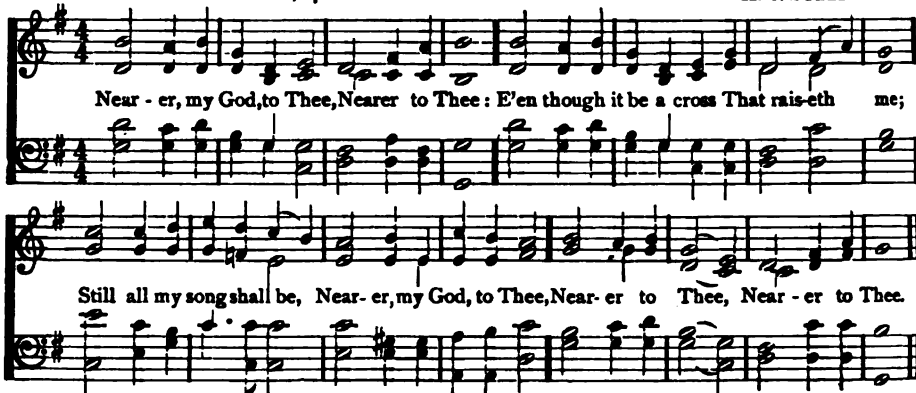
2 O hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto Thee in Zion
I may appear at length.
O make my spirit worthy
To join the ransomed throng;
O teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song.

3 O give that last, best blessing
That even saints can know
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go.
Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above;
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal love!

Johann Heermann 1639

PROPIOR DEO 6s, 4s.

A. S. SULLIVAN



Near - er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee: E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

589

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah Flower Adams 1841

BETHANY 6s, 4s.

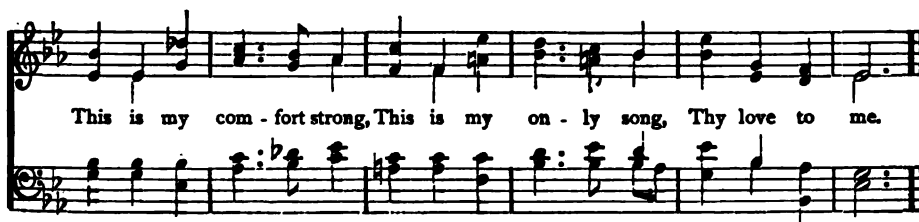
L. MASON



Near - er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee: E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

GATES 6s, 4s.



590

Thy love to me, O Christ,
 Thy love to me,
 Not mine to Thee, I plead,
 Not mine to Thee!
 This is my comfort strong,
 This is my only song,
 Thy love to me.

2 Thy record I believe,
 Thy word to me.
 Thy love I now receive,
 Full, changeless, free.
 Love from the sinless Son,
 Love to the sinful one,
 Thy love to me.

3 Immortal love of Thine,
 Thy sacrifice,
 Infinite need of mine
 Only supplies.
 Streams of divinest power,
 Flow to me, hour by hour,
 Thy love to me.

4 Let me more clearly trace,
 Thy love to me,
 See in the Father's face,
 His love to Thee.
 Know as He loves the Son,
 So dost Thou love Thine own.
 Thy love to me.

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates 1886

591

More love to Thee, O Christ,
 More love to Thee!
 Hear Thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss 1856

TRENTON L. M.

W. SHIELD

Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates, Be-hold the King of glo-ry waits;
The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here.

592

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

3 Redeemer, come, I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

4 So come, my Sovereign, enter in;
Let new and nobler life begin:
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown is won.

George Weissel 1670
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1855

G. C. WELLESLEY

MORNINGTON S. M.

Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see, And what I do in an-y-thing, To do it as for Thee.

593

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee;

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;

Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

George Herbert 1633

594

BLESSED are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble 1867

TROYTE 108.

Arr. by A. H. D. TROYTE

Abide in me, O Lord, and | I in | Thee, || From this good hour, O leave me | nev - er - | more;

Then shall the discord cease, the | wound be | healed, || The life-long bleeding of the | soul be | o'er.

595

ABIDE in me, O Lord, and I in Thee,
From this good hour, oh leave me never-
more; [healed,

Then shall the discord cease, the wound be
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

2 Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin;

Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

3 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,

So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around
it thrown.

4 Abide in me: there have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt
Thy power;

Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

5 These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;

Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer,
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe 1855

FERGUSON S. M.

G. KINGSLEY

Dear Lord and Master mine, Thy happy servant see; My conqueror, with what joy divine, Thy captive clings to Thee.

596

DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see:
My conqueror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee.

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own.
And ask of Thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast:

The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My guardian and my guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

5 My conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,
When Thou return'st to reign.

Thomas Hornblower Gill 1859

BEATITUDE C. M.

J. R. DYKES

O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

597

- O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper 1772

598

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley 1742

CHERITH C. M.

L. SPOHR

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace.

599

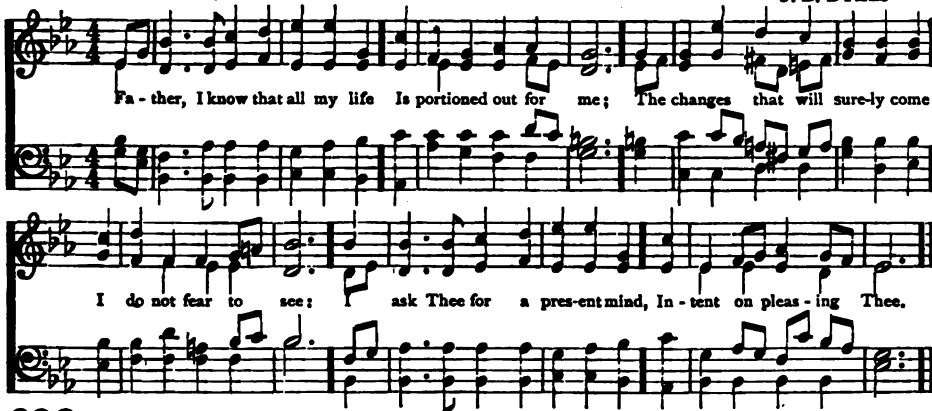
- As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase;
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none so blest as I.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find Him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady 1696
Henry Francis Lyte 1836

ST. BEDE C. M. 6 lines

J. B. DYKES



Fa-ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; The changes that will sure-ly come

I do not fear to see: ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee.

600

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,

Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

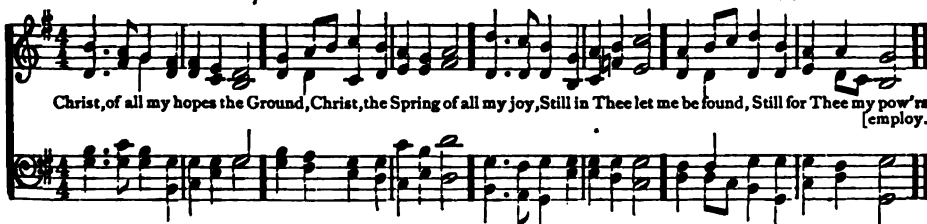
4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly.

Anna Lætitia Waring 1850

NEW CALABAR 7s.

J. D. FARBER



Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy, Still in Thee let me be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ.

601

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee let me be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

4 Thus, O thus, an entrance give,
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "Gain to die."

Ralph Wardlaw 1827

{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace;
Rise from tran-sit-o-ry things Toward heaven, thy native place: } Sun and moon and stars decay;

Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.

602

Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:

So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave 1742

W. B. BRADBURY

EVEN ME P. M.

{ Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; } Even me, Even me,
{ Showers, the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me. } Let some droppings fall on me.

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603

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;

I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner 1860

JESU PASTOR 8s, 7s, 7.

J. H. WILCOX

Jesus wept! those tears are over, But His heart is still the same; Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His ev - er - last - ing Name, Saviour, who can love like Thee, Gracious One of Beth-a - ny?

604

Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting Name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize me,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

John Ross Macduff 1859

ST. GODRIC 8s, 4.

605

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,— it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

4 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

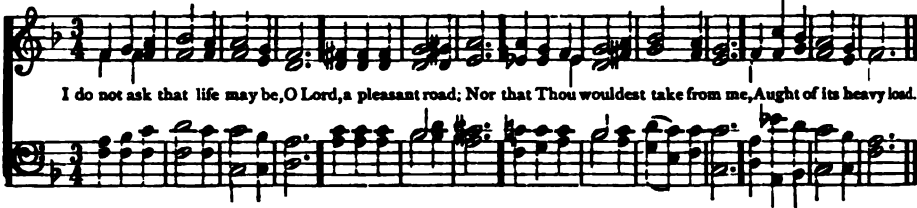
5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done!"

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore.
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott 1834

LYNDHURST C. M.

F. C. MAKER



I do not ask that life may be, O Lord, a pleasant road; Nor that Thou wouldest take from me, Aught of its heavy load.

606

I do not ask that life may be,
O Lord, a pleasant road;
Nor that Thou wouldest take from me,
Aught of its weary load.

2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,
Dear Lord, lead me aright: [bleed,
Though strength should fail, and heart should
Lead me through peace to light.

3 I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;
Let me, in darkness, feel Thy hand,
And simply follow Thee.

4 Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night:
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

Adelaide Anne Proctor

607

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,

So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done.

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven.

John Hampden Gurney 1834

LANGTON S. M.

ATT. C. STREETFIELD



608

How tender is Thy hand,
O Thou beloved Lord:
Afflictions come at Thy command,
And leave us at Thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin:
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been.

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;

With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found His word was true.

4 We told Him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in His strength confide;
Forever be His name adored,
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings 1834

VAUGHAN C. M.

J. B. DYKES



609

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele 1760

610

WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

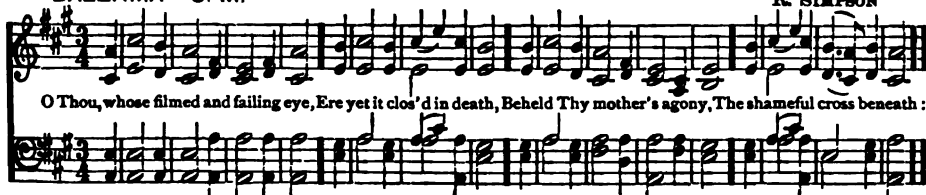
2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

3 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon 1860

BALERMA C. M.

R. SIMPSON



611

O Thou, whose filmed and failing eye,
Ere yet it closed in death,
Beheld Thy mother's agony,
The shameful cross beneath:

2 Remember them, like her, through whom
The sword of grief is driven,
And O, to cheer their cheerless gloom,
Be Thy dear mercy given.

3 Let Thine own word of tenderness
Drop on them from above;

Its music shall the lone heart bless,
Its touch shall heal with love.

4 O Son of Mary, Son of God,
The way of mortal ill,
By Thy blest feet in triumph trod,
Our feet are treading still.

5 But not with strength like Thine, we go
This dark and dreadful way;
As Thou wert strengthened in Thy woe,
So strengthen us, we pray.

Alexander Ramsay Thompson 1869

ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 6 lines

D. BORTNIANSKI

When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean Who not in vain

Ex - perience ev - 'ry hu - man pain; He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

612

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant 1866

FOR EVERMORE 7s, 5.

R. B. BORTHWICK

In the dark and cloudy day, When earth's riches flee away, And the last hope will not stay, Saviour, comfort me.

613

In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me.

2 When the secret idol's gone,
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me.

3 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide:
Saviour, comfort me.

4 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bids me trust His faithfulness:
Saviour, comfort me.

5 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive
Let me humbly still believe;
Saviour, comfort me.

6 So shall it be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me.

George Rawson 1853

MARY MAGDALENE 6s, 5s. D.

J. B. DYKES



In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me; Lest, by base de -
ni - al, I de - part from Thee. When Thou seest me wa - ver,
With a look re - call; Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.

614

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee.
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall;
Nor for fear or favor,
Suffer me to fall.

2 If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Freely on Thine altar
I will lay my will,
And, though flesh may falter,
Bless and praise Thee still.

3 When my lamp low burning,
Sinks in mortal pain;
Earth to earth returning,
Dust to dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
In that hour of strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery 1834

615

O let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind:
Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes:
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know,
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above
Crowns us with His favor,
Fills us with His love.

Heinrich Oswald
Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox 1842

HENLEY 118, 106.

L. MASON

Come un- to Me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father; Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

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616

Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly
Father,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;

Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
hymn.

8 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely
pressed;

Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

Catherine Harrison Ealing 189

SELVIN S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON

If, through unruffled seas, Tow'rd heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale; With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

617

If through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

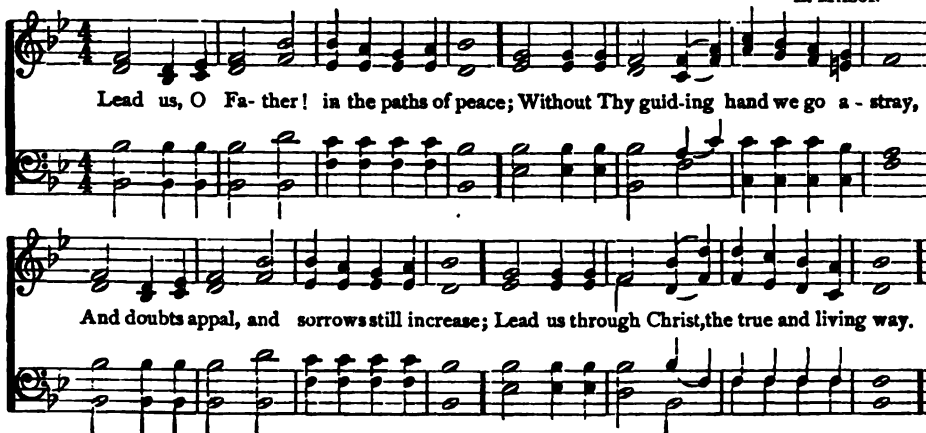
3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Augustus Montague Toplady 177

ERNAN 108.

L. MASON



Lead us, O Fa-ther! in the paths of peace; Without Thy guid-ing hand we go a - stray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase; Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.

618

LEAD us, O Father! in the paths of peace;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.

2 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

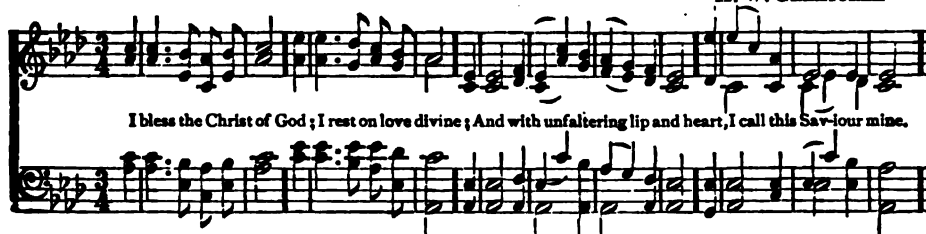
8 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father! to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William Henry Burleigh 1871

H. W. GREATORREX

LEIGHTON S. M.



I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love divine; And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call this Sav-iour mine.

619

I BLESS the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

4 In Him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.

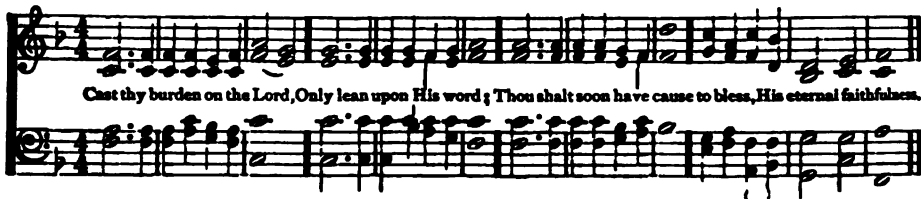
5 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

6 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar 1862

DIJON 7a

J. G. BITTNAUER



620

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless,
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid;
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by His power,
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean then, loving, on His word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

John Cennick 1745
George Rawson 1857

621

WARR, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar, still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

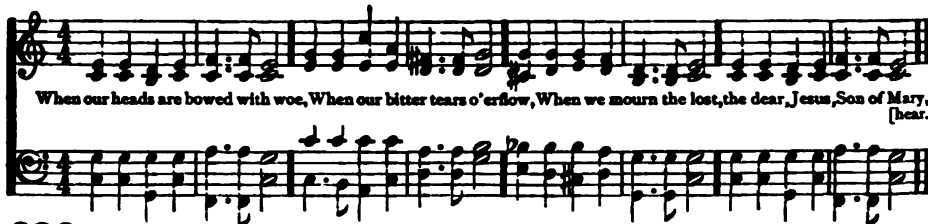
3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

William Freeman Lloyd 1835

REDHEAD 7a.

R. REDHEAD



622

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Henry Hart Milman 1857

Shad - ow of a might - y rock, Stretch - ing o'er a wea - ry land,

Hide me from the tem - pest's shock, Let me in Thy shel - ter stand.

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623

SHADOW of a mighty rock,
Stretching o'er a weary land,
Hide me from the tempest's shock,
Let me in Thy shelter stand.

2 When Thy presence, O my God,
Brighter is than eye can see,
Shadow on the heavenward road,
Let me find my shade in Thee.

3 When life's passions o'er me break,
Like a storm against the wall,

Let me find for mercy's sake,
Shelter where Thy shadows fall.

4 Out of Thee are shades of death,
Weary ways, and hours unblest;
Shadow of the rock, beneath
Thee alone are joy and rest.

5 Till the race of life be run,
Till my soul in rest be laid,
God of gods, Thou art my sun;
Son of God, be Thou my shade!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1864

H. W. BAKER

STEPHANOS P. M.

Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed? Come to Me, 'saith One, 'and coming, Be at rest.'

624

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

'Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.'

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.'

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.'

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'

Joseph of the Studium Ab. 750
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1864

HE LEADETH ME L. M. with chorus

W. B. BRADBURY

He leadeth me: O blessed thought, O words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-

CHORUS.

- e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, He leadeth me,

By His own hand He leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

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625

He leadeth me: O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.—CHO.
2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—CHO.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—CHO.
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—CHO.

Joseph Henry Gilmore 1859

DENNIS S. M.

H. G. NAGELI

626

How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care."
2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Hasten to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge 1740

MYLES P. M.

Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is His favor; All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that heal'd us, Perfect is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us; All must [be well.]

627

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well:
 Free and changeless is His favor:
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that healed us,
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us,
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation
 All will be well:
 Ours is such a full salvation
 All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.

Mary Bowly Peters 1846

GORTON S. M.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want beside?

628

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
 I shall be well supplied:
 Since He is mine and I am His,
 What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows;
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim;
 And guides me, in His own right way,
 For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
 My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Isaac Watts 1719

INVITATION C. M. D.

From L. SPOHR

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble, and in joy, The praises of my God shall still
D.S.—From my ex-ample com-fort take,

FINE **D.S.**
My heart and tongue employ. Of His de-liverance I will boast, Till all that are dis-tressed
And charm their griefs to rest.

629

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succor trust.
5 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
6 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye His service your delight,—
He'll make your wants His care.

Tate and Brady 166

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from W. V. WALLACE

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie In pastures green; He leadeth me The quiet waters by.

630

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the Copyright.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;

For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Ross 164

MARGUERITE C. M.

E. C. WALKER



631

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
O be that refuge mine!

- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
- 4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.
- 3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude,
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;
- 4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;
- 5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name.

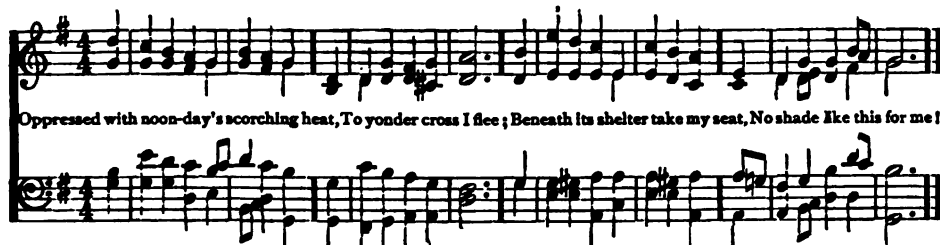
Horatius Bonar 1857

632

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Soft resting on Thy breast;

FERNshaw C. M.

J. BOOTH



633

- OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!
- 2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst—
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst;
No spring like this for me!

- 3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!
- 4 For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

Horatius Bonar 1856

PAX TECUM 10, 10.

C. F. CALDWELL



634

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?

To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?

Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

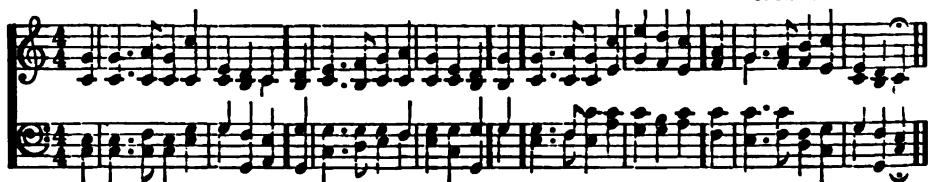
7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward Henry Bickersteth 1870

ALSTONE L. M.

C. E. WILLING



635

COMPLETE in Thee, no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine:
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.

2 Complete in Thee, no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee.

3 Complete in Thee, each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more, complete in Thee.

4 Dear Saviour, when before Thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among Thy chosen may I be
At Thy right hand, complete in Thee.

5 Complete in Thee, forever blest,
Of all Thy fulness, Lord, possessed,

Thy praise throughout eternity,
Thy love I'll sing, complete in Thee.

Aaron Roberts Wolfe 1851

636

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

James Edmonston 1844

QUEBEC L. M.

H. BAKER

O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bitt-'rest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care: We smile at pain while Thou art near!

637

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care:
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear;
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes 1859

T. J. PROUT

GUIDANCE 8s, 7s.

All unseen the Master walketh By the toiling servant's side; Comfortable words He speaketh, While His hands uphold and guide.

638

ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

2 Grief nor pain nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen;
Long endurance wins the crown:
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

Thomas MacKella. 1852

Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

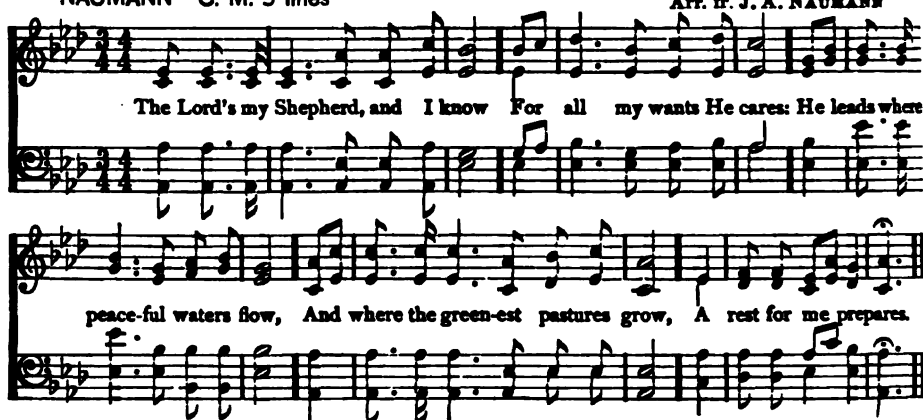
Edwin Henry Nevins 1857

639

ALWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer and words of love.

NAUMANN C. M. 5 lines

ATT. fr. J. A. NAUMANN



The Lord's my Shepherd, and I know For all my wants He cares: He leads where
peace-ful waters flow, And where the green-est pastures grow, A rest for me prepares.

640

THE Lord's my Shepherd, and I know
For all my wants He cares:
He leads where peaceful waters flow,
And where the greenest pastures grow,
A rest for me prepares.

2 If e'er I faint with noonday heat,
He pities my distress;
Revives my soul with cordial sweet,
And, for His name's sake, leads my feet
In paths of righteousness.

3 Yea, though I walk death's valley drear,
My Shepherd at my side

Will bid me naught of evil fear,
And with His rod and staff be near
To comfort and to guide.

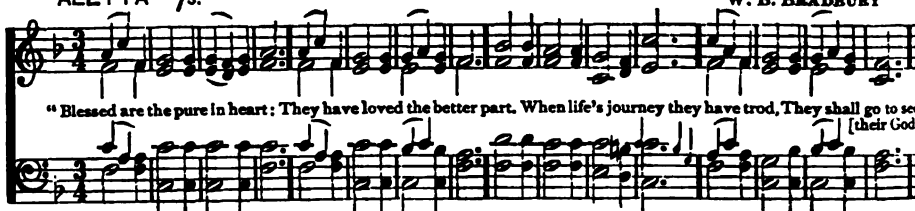
4 For me He has a table spread
In spite of all my foes;
His oil of grace perfumes my head,
And, with His blessings on me shed,
My cup of joy o'erflows.

5 Through all my life His love and grace
Will surely follow me;
And in His holy dwelling place,
Where I shall see Him face to face,
My home shall ever be.

Edward A. Collier 1887

ALETTA 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY



"Blessed are the pure in heart: They have loved the better part. When life's journey they have trod, They shall go to see [their God]."

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641

"BLESSED are the pure in heart"
They have loved the better part.
When life's journey they have trod,
They shall go to see their God.

2 Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here;
And His grace shall learn to know
In His glorious works below.

3 When the sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness through the skies,

They will love to praise and bless
Christ, the Sun of righteousness.

4 In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
"Thus the just shall shine," they say,
"In the Resurrection day."

5 God in everything they see:
First in all their thoughts is He:
They have loved the better part;
"Blesséd are the pure in heart!"

John Mason Neale 1844

ELTON C. M. 5 lines

F. C. MAKER

Dear Lord and Father of mankind, For-give our fev-'rish ways! Re-clothe us in our

right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep - er rev'rence, praise.

642

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways!
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
 As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress;
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier 1873

MIZPAH 7s.

Arr. fr. L. VAN BEETHOVEN

Let my life be hid with Thee, Gracious Saviour, Lord of might: Saved from sin, from dangers free, Lighten'd by Thy perfect

light.

643

LET my life be hid with Thee,
 Gracious Saviour, Lord of might:
 Saved from sin, from dangers free,
 Lightened by Thy perfect light.

2 Let my life be hid with Thee,
 When my soul is vexed below;

Let me still Thy mercy see,
 When bowed down by grief and woe.

3 Let my life be hid with Thee,
 Bound within Thy life above,
 Living through eternity
 In the realms of peace and love.

JEWETT 6s. D.

C. M. VON WERNER

My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

Arr. by E. P. Mela, 1880.

644

My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolke 1716
Tr. by Jane Borthwick 1853

J. BARNEY

AD LUCEM 6s.

My spirit longs for Thee Within my troubled breast, Unworthy though I be Of so divine a guest.

BEEHCROFT 6s. D.

T. G. REED

Unison.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.

645

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.
 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine: so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness, or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great, or small;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar 1859

646

6s.

My spirit longs for Thee
 Within my troubled breast,
 Unworthy though I be
 Of so divine a guest.

2 Of so divine a guest
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet has my heart no rest
 Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,
 In vain I look around;
 In all that I can see
 No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
 But in Thy blessed love:
 O let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above.

John Byrom 1773

MELFORD 5s, 4s, D.

M. A. PALMER



Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad; Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end; Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

647

Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad;
Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end;
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

2 Pillow where lying, Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

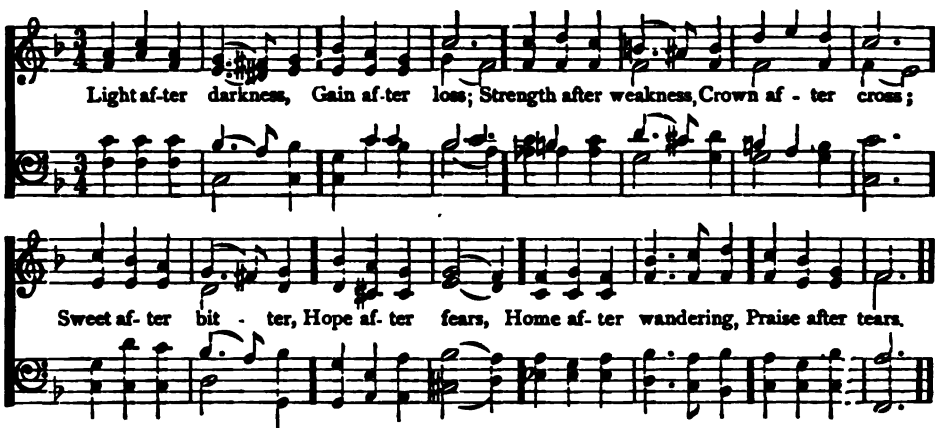
8 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble, Cross of the high;
When my steps wander, Over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, Glory, and praise;
All my endeavor, World without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend!

John Samuel Bewley Moncell 1863

HYDE PARK 5s, 4s, D.

E. C. WINCHESTER



Light after darkness, Gain after loss; Strength after weakness, Crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter, Hope after fears, Home after wandering, Praise after tears.

648

Light after darkness, Gain after loss;
Strength after weakness, Crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter, Hope after fears,
Home after wandering, Praise after tears.

2 Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, Peace after pain;

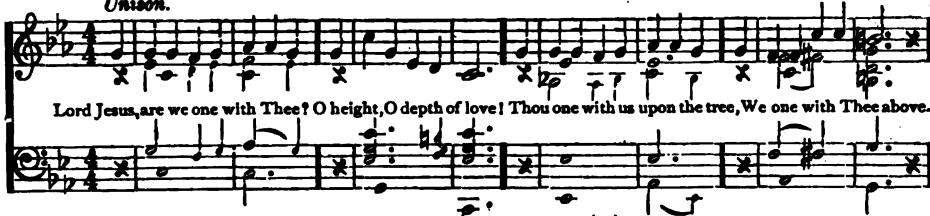
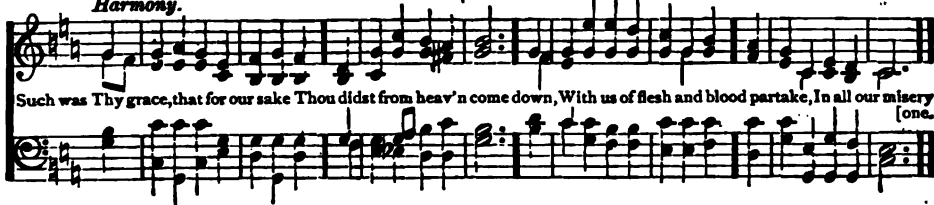
Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant, Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;
After long agony, Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway Leading to this.

Frances Ridley Havergal 1879

IONA C. M. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

Unison.*Harmony.*

649

Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us upon the tree,
We one with Thee above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine
Confessed and borne by Thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

James George Deck 1837

G. M. GARRETT

ANNUNCIATION C. M.



650

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,

Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

Bernard Barton 1880

ADESTE FIDELES 118.

M. A. PORTOGALLO

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to

you He hath said, You who un-to Jesus for refuge have fled? You who un-to Jesus for refuge have fled.

651

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be Thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

R. Keene? 1787

GOSHEN 118.

German

Wie fest ein Fundament, ihr Heiligen des Herrn, Ist für dein Glauben in sein Wort gelegt! Was mehr kann er sagen als zu dir er gesagt, Du der zu Jesus um Schutz geflohen? Du der zu Jesus um Schutz geflohen.

2 "Fürchte dich nicht, ich bin mit dir, O bleibe nicht erschrocken,
Denn ich bin dein Gott, und will dir noch Hilfe geben;
Ich will dich stärken, dir helfen, und dich erheben
Auf meine rechte, allmächtige Hand.

3 "Wenn ich durch tiefe Wasser dich rufen will gehn,
Die Flüsse der Noth werden dich nicht überfließen;
Denn ich will mit dir sein, dein Leid zu segnen,
Und heiligen dir dein tiefstes Leid.

4 "Wenn durch feurige Proben dein Pfad sich zeigt,
Mein Erbarmen, das reicht, wird dein Bedarf sein;
Die Flamme wird dich nicht verletzen: Ich will allein
Dein Schmutz verbrennen, dein Gold reinigen.

5 "Bis in dein Alter, alle mein Volk soll es zeigen,
Mein Herrschaft, ewig, unveränderliche Liebe;
Und wenn weißes Haar soll ihre Tempel zieren,
Wie Lämmer sollen sie noch in meinem Arm sein.

6 "Die Seele, die sich an Jesus gelehnt hat zur Ruh
Ich will nicht, ich will nicht verlassen zu Feindes;
Diese Seele, die alle Hölle bestreben soll erschüttern,
Ich will nie, nie, nie, nie verlassen."

ROBINSON 11a.



652

Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our leader, His word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be
near, [fear?
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their
complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps
He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from
the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God
is our light; [our might;
Though storms rage around us, our God is
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our
home.

653

The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I
know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems
when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er; [head;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy
kingdom of love.

BLESSED HOME 6s, D.

J. STAINER

There is a blessed home Beyond this land of woe, Where trials never come, Nor tears of sorrow flow;

Where faith is lost in sight, And patient hope is crowned, And everlasting light Its glory throws around.

654

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;

To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry Williams Baker 1861

OLNEY S. M.

L. MASON

Behold what wondrous grace, The Father hath bestowed On sinners of a mortal race, To call them sons of God.

655

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,

May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts 1707

PAULINA 118.

DONIZETTI ARR. L. W. BACON

O eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore, Look off un-to Je - sus, now sor - row no more!

The light of His countenance shin-eth so bright, That here, as in heav-en, there need be no night.

656

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no
fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that His presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith

3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in His presence to be;
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

John Nelson Darby? 1853

CHISELHURST S. M.

J. BARNEY

Here I can firmly rest, I dare to boast of this, That God, the highest and the best, My friend and Father is.

657

HERE I can firmly rest,
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My friend and Father is.

2 From dangerous snares He saves:
Where'er He bids me go,
He checks the storms and calms the waves,
That naught can work me woe.

3 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he who seeks in God his rest
Shall ever find Him near.

4 How God hath built above,
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

5 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

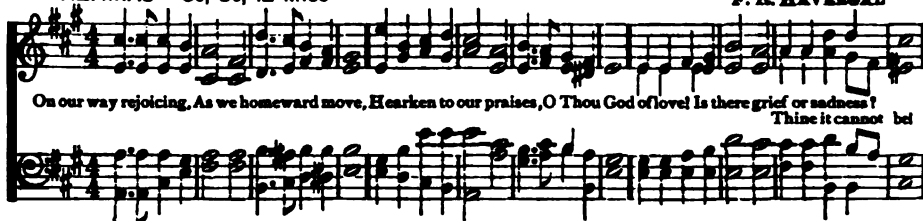
6 The Sun that glads mine eyes,
Is Christ the Lord I love:
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

Paul Gerhardt 1694

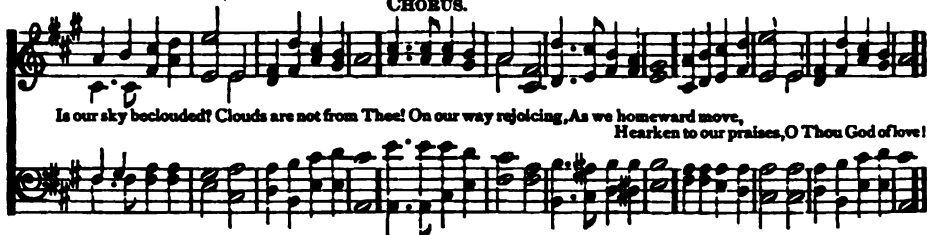
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1857

HERMAS 6s, 5s, 12 lines

F. R. HAYES



CHORUS.



658

On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Harken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!—CHO.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.—CHO.

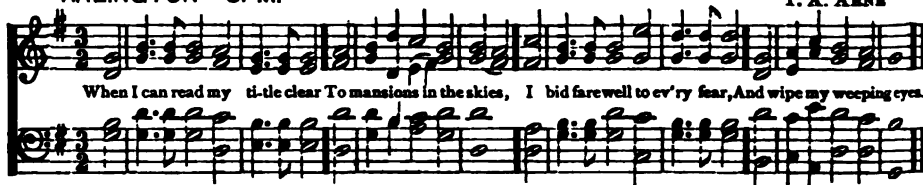
3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader;
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?—CHO.

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore.—CHO.

John Samuel Bewley Moncell 1866

T. A. ARNE

ARLINGTON C. M.



659

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts 1707

HEAVEN IS OUR HOME 6s, 4s.

A. S. SULLIVAN

We are but strangers here, Heav'n is our home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is our home:
Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round us on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is our Father-land, Heav'n is our home.

660

We are but strangers here,
Heaven is our home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is our home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our Father-land,
Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home:
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
Heaven is our home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home;
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own right hand,
Jesus, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our home!

Thomas Rawson Taylor 1834

OAK 6s, 4s.

L. MASON

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

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661

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Catherine Jane Bonar 1845

ASTLEY IIS, IOS.

O for the peace which floweth as a riv - er, Mak - ing life's desert places bloom and smile!

O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever," Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

662

O for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright
"for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

2 "A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the har-
vest song.

3 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to
trim;

And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,

To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

4 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver.
The future glory and the present smile, [ever,"
With the bright promise of the glad "for
Will light the shadow of the "little while."

Jane Fox Crewdson 1860

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. BOOTH

O what, if we are Christ's, is earthly shame or loss? Bright shall the crown of glory be, When we have borne the cross.

663

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,

Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

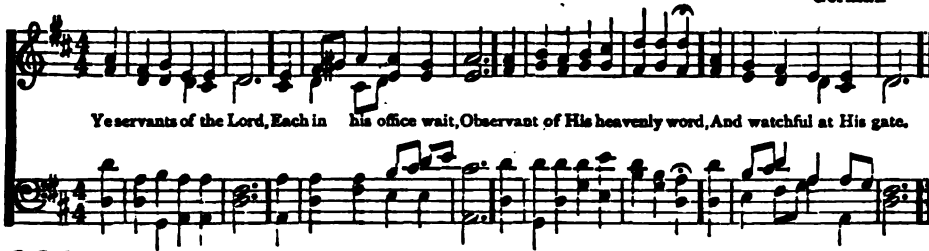
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Henry Williams Baker 1852

SWABIA S. M.

German



664

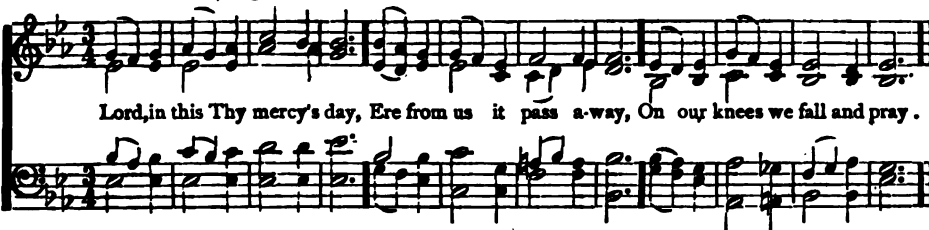
Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:

Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.
5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Philip Doddridge 1740

MAUNDERS 7s, 3 lines

J. A. MAUNDERS



665

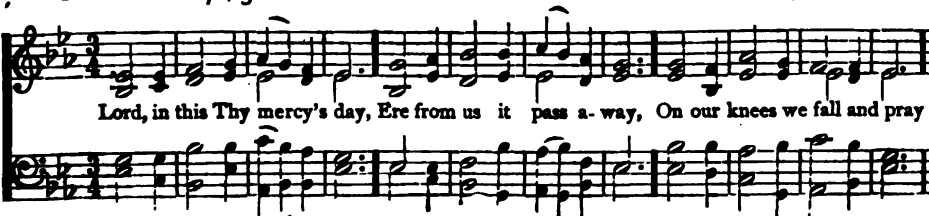
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.
3 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

4 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
5 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

Isaac Williams 1841

ST. PHILIP 7s, 3 lines

W. H. MONK



I hun-ger and I thirst; Je-sus, my Man-na be: Ye liv-ing wa-ter,
 burst Out of the rock for me. Thou bruised and brok-en Bread, My
 life-long wants sup-ply; As liv-ing souls are fed, O feed me, or I die!

666

1 I HUNGER and I thirst;
 Jesus, my Manna be:
 Ye living waters, burst
 Out of the rock for me.
 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
 My life-long wants supply;
 As living souls are fed,
 O feed me, or I die!

2 Thou true life-giving Vine,
 Let me Thy sweetness prove;
 Renew my life with Thine,
 Refresh my soul with love.
 For still the desert lies
 My thirsting soul before;
 O living waters, rise
 Within me evermore!

John Samuel Bewley Moncell 1866

T. HASTINGS

RETREAT L. M.

667

From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads:
 A place than all beside more sweet:
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend:

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And time and sense seem all no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O may my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Sawvell 1848

ST. CHRYSOSTOM L. M. 6 lines

W. C. FILBY

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown, Whom still I hold, but can not see; My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee; With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

668

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
2 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,

I see Thee face to face, and live;
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature, and Thy name, is love.
3 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend!
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature, and Thy name, is love.

Charles Wesley 1740

ST. ALBAN L. M.

I. PLATEAU

Je - sus, wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
Wher - e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hal - lowed ground.

669

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper 1760

ELVET C. M.

J. B. DYKES



670

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,

And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge 1737
Michael Bruce 1767

671

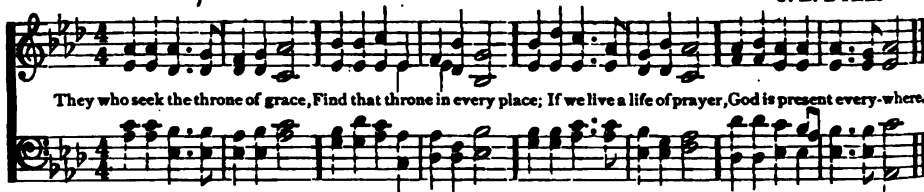
O Thou, who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown,

2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.

3 Through all the dangerous paths of life
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips, and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford 1844
J. B. DYKES

ST. BEES 7s.



672

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every-where.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every-where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every-where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present every-where.

From Oliver Holden ab. 1800

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. DYKES

Ap-proach, my soul, the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer;

There hum-bly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per-ish there.

673

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,

By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

John Newton 1779

L. MASON

NAOMI C. M.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign hand denies, Accepted at Thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:

674

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Anne Steele 1760

Joseph Dacre Carlyle 1804

675

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,

ST. ANDREW 6s, 5s, D.

J. B. DYKEN

Christian, dost thou see them On the holy ground, How the pow'rs of darkness, Rage thy steps around?

Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the ho-ly cross.

676

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle;
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Andrew of Crete, ab. 750
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1866

J. BARNBY

GOLDEN. S. M.

Behold the throne of grace, The promise calls me near There Jesus shows a smiling face, And waits to answer prayer.

677

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

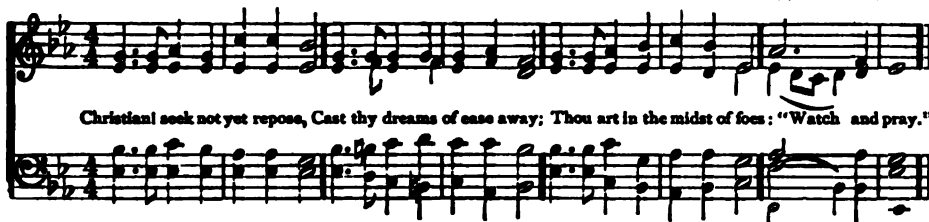
3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton 1779

VIGILATE P. M.

W. H. MONK



678

CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away,
Thou art in the midst of foes:
"Watch and pray."

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
"Watch and pray."

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;

All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

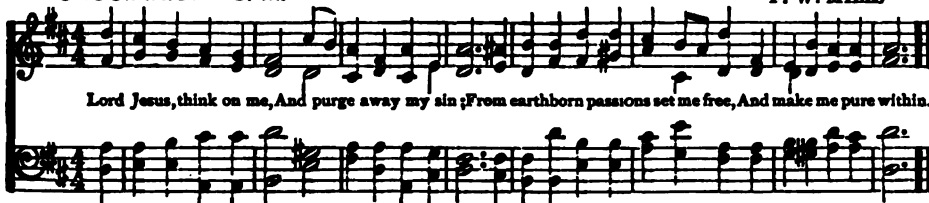
4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
"Watch and pray."

Charlotte Elliott 1836

F. W. MILLS

CRUCIFIXION S. M.



679

Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me
With many a care oppressed,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

The soul, which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Midst raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature streams are dry;
I have the Fountain still.

5 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One,
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

Charles Wesley 1740

Synodus ab. 400
Tr. by Allen W. Chatfield 1874

680

Thou very present aid
In suffering and distress!

ALMSGIVING 8s, 4.

J. B. DYKES

My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to
even - ing star, As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer?

681

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott 1834

HISPANIA 10, 10.

O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high, Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

682

O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high,
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.
2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.
3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.
4 Thou art the bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.
6 O come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face!
7 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and guide.
8 O guide us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above!

Thomas Rawson Birds

PRAYER 11s, 10s.

Fa-ther, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

683

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling, And we will ever trust each unknown mor-
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling row;
love; [ing Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
For we are weak, and need some deep reveal- 3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from kneeling,
above. Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
2 Lord, we have wandered forth through Now make us strong; we need Thy deep
doubt and sorrow, [one; revealing [above.
And Thou hast made each step an onward Of trust, and strength, and calmness from

Samuel Johnson 1846

ST. CYPRIAN 6s.

R. R. CHOPÉ

When the world is brightest, And our hearts are lightest, Blessed Jesus, hear us! Let Thy hand be near us!

684

WHEN the world is brightest,
And our hearts are lightest,
Blesséd Jesus, hear us!
Let Thy hand be near us!
2 When life's scene is shaded;
All its bright hopes faded,
Blesséd Jesus, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!
3 When with blessings sated
Or by praise elated,
Blesséd Jesus hear us!
Let Thy cross be near us!
4 When the night of sorrow
Makes us dread to-morrow,
Blesséd Jesus, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

5 When our foes surround us,
When our sins have bound us,
Blesséd Jesus, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!
6 When our hearts are grieving
O'er the grave bereaving,
Blesséd Jesus, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!
7 When in sickness lying,
Dark with fear of dying,
Blesséd Jesus, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!
8 When life, slowly waning,
Shows but heaven remaining,
Blesséd Jesus, hear us!
Light of all, be near us!

C. K. S. "Church Hymns" 1898

FERMAIN 6s, 4s. D.

ART. ST. J. BARNET

Thine is the pow-er, Lord, Hum-bly we crave, Thou wilt Thyself re-veal, Might-y to save.

Thine is the pow-er, Lord, Help us to win, Hard are we now be-set, Striv-ing with sin.

685

Thine is the power, Lord,
Humbly we crave,
Thou wilt Thyself reveal,
Mighty to save.
Thine is the power, Lord,
Help us to win,
Hard are we now beset,
Striving with sin.

2 Thine is the power, Lord,
Lowly we bend,
Trusting Thy gracious word,
Kinsman and friend.
Thine is the power, Lord,
Grant us Thy peace;
Now, from the tempter, Lord,
Grant us release.

3 Thine is the power, Lord,
Keep us in sight;
Let us not wander, Lord,
Lost in the night.
Thine is the power, Lord,
Shield us from ill;
Yet in the evil day,
Trust Thee we will.

4 Thine is the power, Lord,
Ours is the need;
'Tis in Thy gracious word,
Dare we to plead.
Thine is the power, Lord,
Are we not Thine?
Be Thou our watch and ward,
Saviour divine.

Margaret K. Sangster 189

AMBROSE 7s, 5

H. J. GAUNTLETT

Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Maker, teacher in-fi-nite, Je-sus, hear and save.

686

Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, teacher, infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Mighty monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

Reginald Heber 1847

LUX BENIGNA 10s, 4s.

J. B. DYKES

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

687

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years!

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

John Henry Newman 1833

PETITION 7s, 5

E. MINSHALL

God of pity, God of grace, When we humbly seek Thy face, Bend from heav'n, Thy dwelling-place; Hear, forgive and save.

688

God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling place;
Hear, forgive and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive and save.

Eliza Fanny Morris 1838

ORTHWAITE 78, 6 lines

J. B. POWELL

Son of God, to Thee I cry: By the ho - ly mys - te - ry Of Thy dwelling here on earth,

By Thy pure and ho - ly birth, Lord, Thy presence let me see, Man-i - fest Thy-self to me.

689

Son of God, to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

Richard Mant 1831

T. HASTINGS

BYEFIELD C. M.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Un-utter'd or expressed; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

690

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

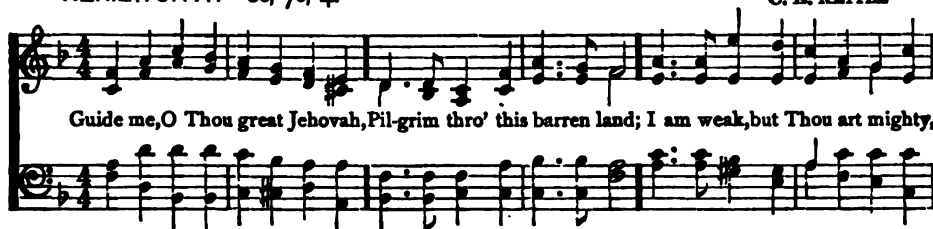
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery 1839

KENILWORTH 8s, 7s, 4.

C. E. KETTLE



691

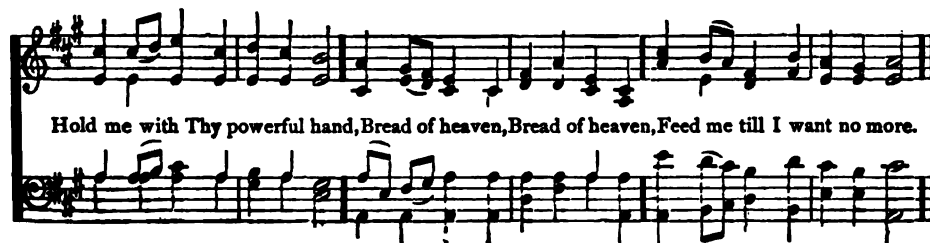
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream doth flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar

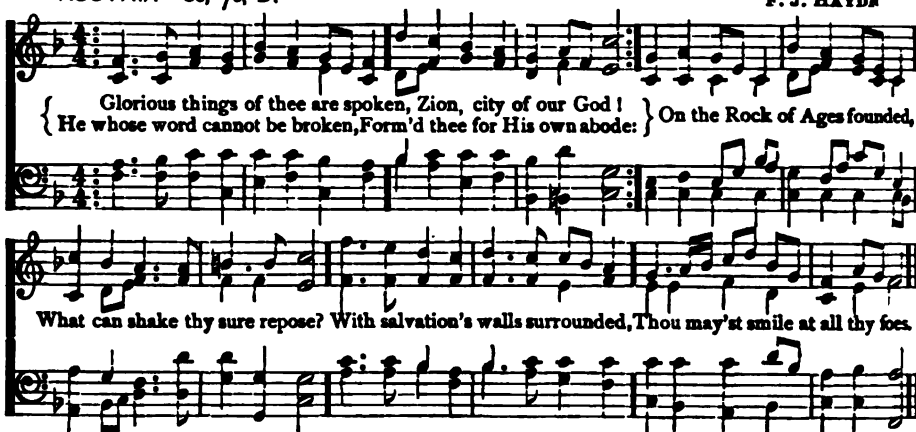
Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams 1772

DISMISSAL 8s, 7s, 4.

W. L. VINEY





Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God! { He whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for His own abode: } On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

692

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
 2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:

SHIRLAND S. M.

Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near:
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the Manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

John Newton 1779

S. STANLEY



693

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious blood.
 2 I love Thy Church, O God:
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
 3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise
 5 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight 1800

FORMOSA 8s, 7s, D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

Praise the Rock of our salvation, Laud His Name from zone to zone; On that Rock the Church is builded,
D.S. Christ is in her midst; against her

Christ Himself the Corner-Stone; Vain against our rock-built Zion Winds and waters, fire and hail,
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

694

PRaise the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the Corner-Stone;
Vain against our rock-built Zion
Winds, and waters, fire and hail;
Christ is in her midst; against her
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2 Framed of living stones, cemented
By the Spirit's unity,
Based on prophets and apostles,
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,
May Thy Church, O Lord incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love;
Emblem of the heavenly Zion,
The Jerusalem above.

3 Stands four-square that heavenly city;
Paved with gold like crystal bright;
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
Emerald and chrysolite;
Broad and lofty tower its ramparts;
At its gates twelve angels stand;
On its walls twelve names are graven,
Of the apostles' chosen band.

4 Where Thou reignest, King of glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
'Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night:
Soon may we those portals enter,
When this earthly strife is o'er,
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

Benjamin Webb 1871

ST. ANN'S C. M.

W. CROFT

O, where are kings and empires now Of old that went and came? But, Lord, Thy church is praying yet, A thousand years the same.

O, where are kings and empires now Of old that went and came? But, Lord, Thy church is praying yet, A thousand years the same.

695

O, WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe 1839

TRIUMPH 8s, 7s. 6 lines

H. J. GAUNTLETT

Christ is made the sure Foundation, Christ the Head and Corner-Stone, Chosen of the Lord and precious

Binding all the Church in one, Ho - ly Zi - on's Help for-ev-er, And her Con-fidence a-lone.

696

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
 Christ the Head and Corner-Stone,
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one,
 Holy Zion's Help forever,
 And her Confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody;
 God the One in Three adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
 Hear Thy servants as they pray;
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee to gain,
 What they gain from Thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,

And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

697

ZION stands by hills surrounded,
 Zion kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion!

What a favored lot is thine!
 2 Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in His sight:
 God is with thee,
 God thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly 1864

GLORY S. M.

R. HARRISON

Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great; He makes His churches His abode, His most delightful seat.

"EIN' FESTE BURG" P. M.

M. LUTHER

{ A mighty for-tress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing; }
 { Our helper He a- mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre- vail - ing; } For still our ancient foe, Doth
 seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great, And armed with cruel hate; On earth is not his equal.

698

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing;
 For still our ancient foe,
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And armed with cruel hate;
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing,—
 Were not the right Man on our side,
 The Man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He!
 Lord Sabaoth, His name,
 From age to age the same;
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure;
 For lo, his doom is sure;
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them— abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill,
 God's truth abideth still;
 His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther 1529
 Tr. by Frederick Henry Hedge 1852

699

S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great;
 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
 How beautiful they stand,
 The honors of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
 A refuge in distress;

How bright has His salvation shone
 Through all her palaces.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold,
 Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair;
 We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts 1719

CLOISTERS 115, 5.

J. BARNEY

Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, And hope of ev - ry
na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God al - might - y.

700

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation, Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin
Star of our night, and hope of every nation, assaileth,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication, Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell
Lord God almighty. prevai-leth;

Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows
curling;

See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are
Thou canst preserve us. [hurling,

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward
driven,

Grant them Thy truth, that they may be
forgiven,

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor
faileth,

Grant peace on earth, and, after we have
Peace in Thy heaven. [striven.

DIX 7s. 6 lines

German

{ God of mercy, God of grace, Show the brightness of Thy face: } And Thy saving health extend
{ Shine upon us, Saviour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light divine; } Unto earth's remotest end.

701

God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,

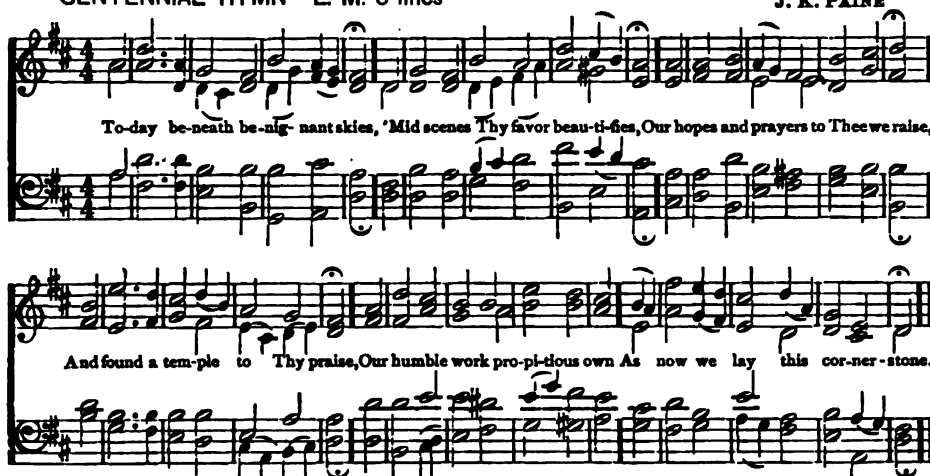
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

CENTENNIAL HYMN L. M. 6 lines

J. K. PAINE



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702

TO-DAY beneath benignant skies,
'Mid scenes Thy favor beautifies,
Our hopes and prayers to Thee we raise,
And found a temple to Thy praise,
Our humble work propitious own,
As now we lay this corner-stone.

2 Except the Lord the house do build,
Except with grace the work be filled,
All labor's vain. O, Christ, impart
Thy loving spirit to each heart:
By Thee, to Thee, on Thee alone,
We build, Thou fairest Corner-stone!

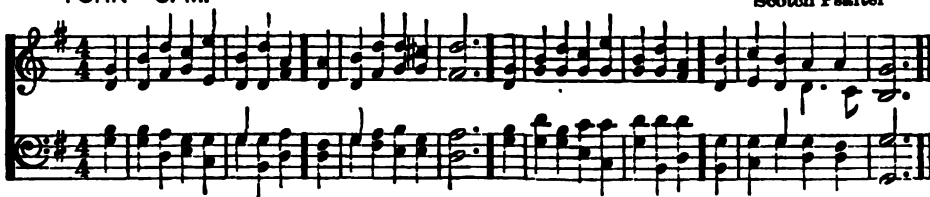
3 Here may the truth and right grow strong,
Here love prevail Thy saints among,
Here sinners feel Thy quickening grace,
And seek with hasting joy Thy face;
And thousands gladly make Thee known
As their eternal Corner-stone.

4 Build Thou the walls! Make them so glow
With glory, we on earth below
The eternal splendors shall foresee;
Grandeur than Salem's may they be,
All luminous with grace Thine own,
From topmost peak to corner-stone!

Denis Wortman 1882

YORK C. M.

Scotch Psalter



703

O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant 1835

Christ is our Corner-stone; On Him a-lone we build; With His true saints a-lone

The courts of heaven are filled: On His great love, our hopes we place Of present grace, and joys above.

704

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On His great love, our hopes we place
Of present grace, and joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long, that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Tr. by John Chandler 1837

J. MAINZER

MAINZER L. M.

705

Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where Thy redeemed behold Thy face,
Enter this temple, now Thine own,
And let Thy glory fill the place.

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us—'tis ours for Thee;
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;
O wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

5 When round this board Thine own shall
And keep the feast of dying love, [meet,
Be our communion ever sweet,
With Thee, and with Thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep:
In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till Thy full glory we behold.

Ray Palmer 1875

THANKSGIVING L. M.

J. B. LYKES



706

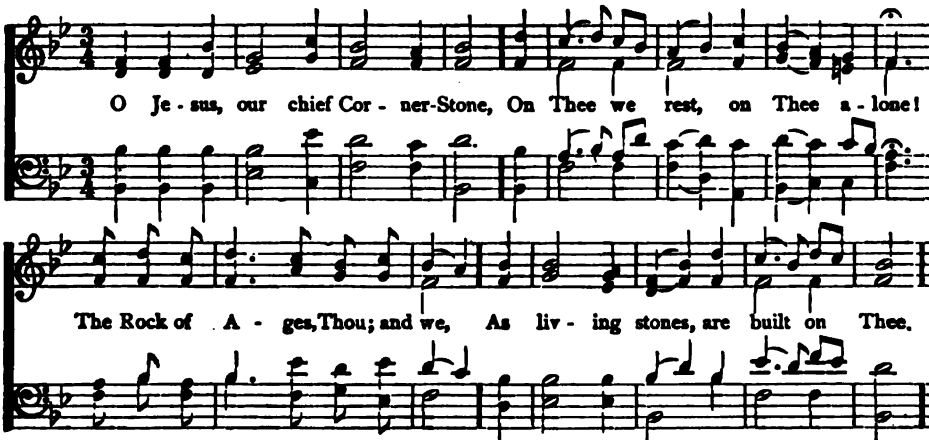
O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;
2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And, when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.
5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
6 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blesséd Trinity!

John Mason Neale 1844

MIGDOL L. M.

L. MASON



707

O JESUS, our chief Corner-Stone,
On Thee we rest, on Thee alone!
The Rock of Ages, Thou; and we,
As living stones, are built on Thee.
2 In the beginning, Thou wast God;
The heavens, by Thee, were spread abroad;
By Thee, was earth's foundation laid;
Thy power upholds whate'er was made.
3 We bless Thee, O Immanuel!
Who dost in our own likeness dwell:

Thy human nature, temple true,
Wherein the Father's face we view.
4 On hearts in faith confessing Thee,
The Christ, the Son of God, to be,
Thy living Church, Thou dost maintain,
And gates of death resist in vain.
5 O Lord, accept our offering free,
And may this house be reared for Thee:
On Thee we build, on Thee alone,
O Jesus, Thou our Corner-Stone.

Philip Phelps 1879

ALLERTON L. M.

S. REAY



708

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
When'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery 1825

NEBO S. M.

709

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a Servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a Shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

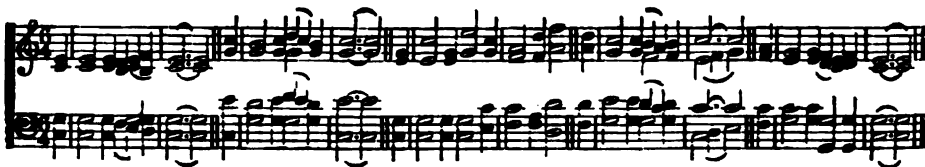
3 Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as a Teacher: sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

5 Come as a Messenger of peace:
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery 1825

W. B. BRADBURY



710

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest Lord, is truly great,
The laborers are few.

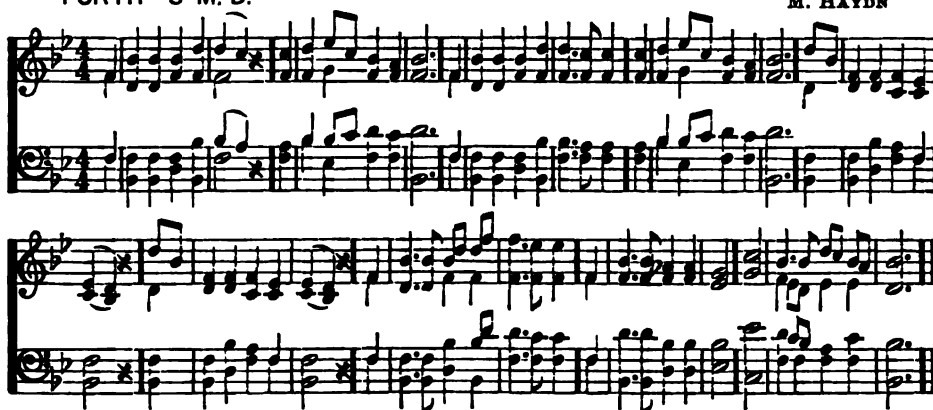
3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

Charles Wesley 1748

FURTH S. M. D.

M. HAYDN



711

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold Thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts 1707

AZMON C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON



712

Lord, Thou hast taught our hearts to glow
With love's undying flame;
But more of Thee we long to know,
And more would love Thy name.

2 Thy life, Thy death, inspire our song,
Thy Spirit breathes through all;
And here our feet would linger long,
But we obey Thy call.

3 Thou bid'st us go, with Thee to stand
Against hell's marshalled powers;
And heart to heart, and hand to hand,
To make Thine honor ours.

4 With Thine own pity, Saviour, see
The thronged and darkening way:
We go to win the lost to Thee,
O help us, Lord, we pray.

5 Teach Thou our lips of Thee to speak,
Of Thy sweet love to tell;
Till they who wander far shall seek
And find and serve Thee well.

6 O'er all the world Thy Spirit send,
And make Thy goodness known,
Till earth and heaven together blend
Their praises at Thy throne.

Ray Palmer 1865

GOUDIMEL 108.

Arr. by C. GOUDIMEL.

God of the Prophets! Bless the prophets' sons: E - li-jah's man - tie o'er E - li-sha cast;

Each age its sol-emn task may claim but once; Make each a nobler, stronger than the last!

713

God of the Prophets! Bless the prophets' sons:
Elijah's mantle o'er Elisha cast;
Each age its solemn task may claim but once:
Make each a nobler, stronger than the last!

Anoint them with the Spirit of Thy Son:
Their's, not a jeweled crown, a blood-stained
sword;
Their's, by sweet love, for Christ a king-
dom won.

2 Anoint them Prophets! Make their ears
attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

5 Make them Apostles! Heralds of Thy
cross,
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy
grace;

3 Anoint them Priests! Strong intercessors
they

Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

4 Anoint them Kings! Aye, kingly kings,
O Lord!

Dennis Wortman 1884

WINCHESTER L. M.

German

714

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all.

Bourne Hall Draper 1809

CŒLI ENARRANT GLORIAM 7s, 6s. D.

R. P. STEWART



715

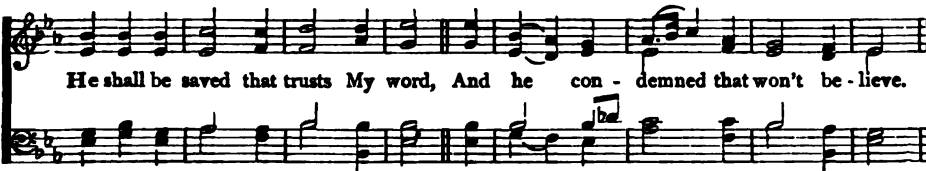
LORD of the living harvest,
That whiten's o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1866

LUTON L. M.

G. BURDER



716

"Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord,
Bid the whole earth My grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts My word,
And he condemned that won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Go, heal the sick; go, raise the dead;
Go, cast out devils in My name;

Nor let My prophets be afraid, [pheme.
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-

4 Teach all the nations My commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to My hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode:
They, to the farthest nations, spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts 1706

WILLINGTON L. M.

F. W. WILLIAMS



O sweet-ly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an - gels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Im - man - uel's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing.

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the copyright.

717

- O, SWEETLY breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing.
- 2 And sweet on earth the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.
- 3 Jesus, Thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us Thine -
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For Thy dear sake we now resign.
- 4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept Thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow and give ourselves away.

Ray Palmer 1843

ST. OSWALD 8s, 7s.

718

- FATHER, in these reveal Thy Son,
In these for whom we seek Thy face;
Adopt and seal them as Thine own,
By Thy regenerating grace.
- 2 Jesus, with us Thou always art,
Now ratify the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless Thy sacrament divine.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou!
The purifying grace apply
And witness with the water now.
- 4 Pour forth Thine energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal each child, a child of God.

Charles Wesley 1707

J. B. DYKES



SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.

1 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

719

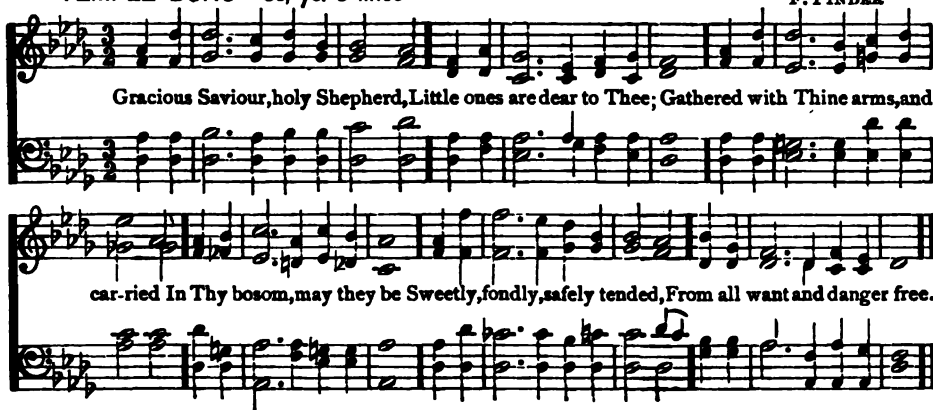
- SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.
- 1 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg 1864

TEMPLE BORO 8s, 7s. 6 lines

F. PINDER



Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd, Little ones are dear to Thee; Gathered with Thine arms, and
car-ried In Thy bosom, may they be Sweetly, fondly, safely tended, From all want and danger free.

720

GRACIOUS Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.
2 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them,

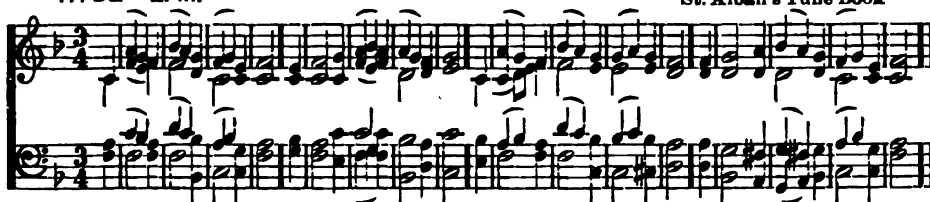
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With, both lips and hearts, unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then with all Thy saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson and J. Whittemore 1860

St. Alban's Tune Book

HYDE L. M.



721

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

Alice Bradley Hyde 1824

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear, sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,

722

HE who, a little Child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

2 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water, name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now!

3 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand!

W. Robertson

SHARON C. M.

H. F. HENY

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows! How
sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

723

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,

MONSELL S. M.

In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Reginald Heber 187

724

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek His face;
And fly, with transport, to receive
The blessings of His grace.

Philip Doddridge 1740

J. BARNEY

To Thee, O God, in heaven, These little ones we bring, Giving to Thee what Thou hast given, Our dearest offering.

725

To Thee, O God in heaven,
These little ones we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

2 To Thee, O God, whose face
Their angels do behold,

We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep; Thine arms enfold.

3 To Thee, who children blessed
And suffered them to come,
To Thee, who took them to Thy breast,
We bring these infants home.

James Freeman Clarke 1844

Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spirit's sword; Forth to the battle may they go, And boldly fight against the foe With banner of the cross unfurl'd, And by it overcome the world; And so at last receive from Thee The palm and crown of victory.

726

ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home,
May each a living temple be
Hallow'd forever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.

Christopher Wordsworth 1862

STEIBELT S. M.

D. STEIBELT

Stand, soldier of the cross, Thy high allegiance claim, And vow to hold the world but loss For thy Redeemer's name.

727

STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,

Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet!

Edward Henry Bickersteth 1870

LACHRYMAE 7s. 3 lines

A. S. SULLIVAN

Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread.

728

Jesus, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide,
There our sins and sorrows hide.

4 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

Robert Hall Baynes 1871

J. S. B. HODGES

EUCCHARIST 9s, 8s.

Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spok - en; And in whose death our sins are dead.

729

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken;
And in whose death our sins are dead.

2 Look on the hearts by sorrow broken;
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber 1827

E. J. HOPKINS

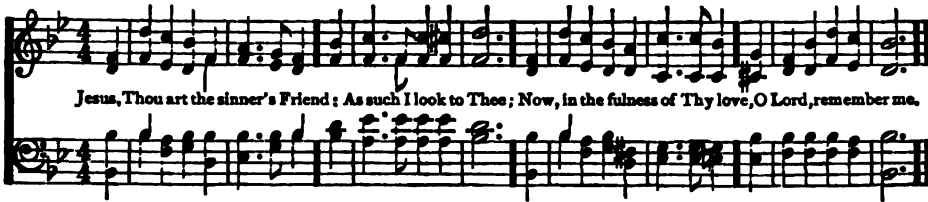
SACRAMENT 9s, 8s.

Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spo - ken; And in whose death our sins are dead.

HOLY CROSS C. M.

F. MENDELSSOHN



730

JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me.

Richard Burnham 1783

731

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

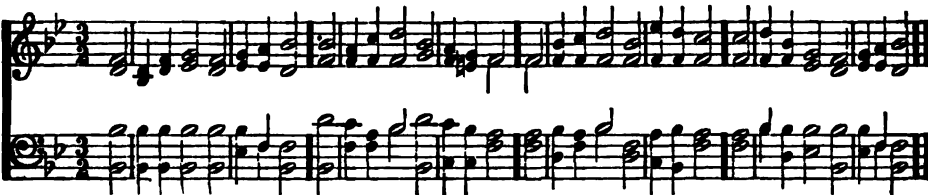
4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Isaac Watts 1709

HEBRON L. M.

L. MASON



732

At Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

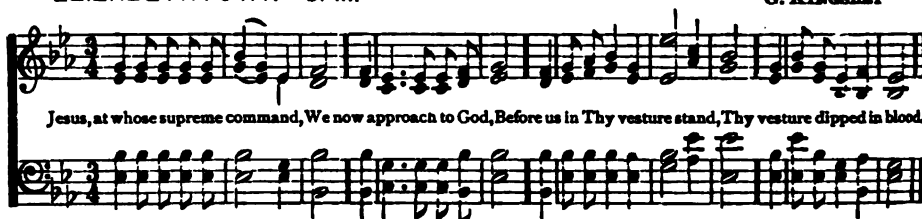
3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on Thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

Isaac Watts 1709

ELIZABETHTOWN C. M.

G. KINGSLEY



733

Jesus, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in Thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 The tokens of Thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

3 The cup of blessing, blessed by Thee,
Let it Thy blood impart;
The bread Thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

4 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by Thee.

Charles Wesley 1745

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be,
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

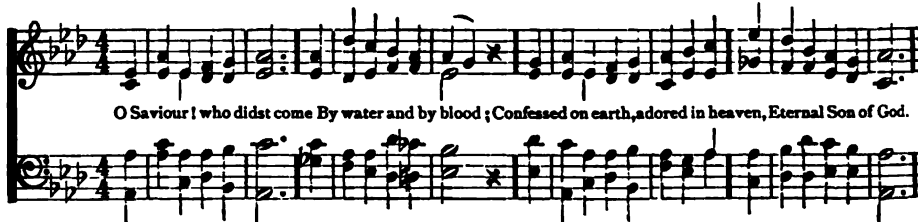
James Montgomery 1845

734

According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

SCHUMANN S. M.

R. SCHUMANN



735

O SAVIOUR! who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!

2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same!
We plead Thy gracious promises,
And rest upon Thy name.

3 By faith in Thee we live,
By faith in Thee we stand,
By Thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord! increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm.

Edward Ouler 1856

BREAD OF LIFE 6s, 4s. D.

W. F. SHERWIN

Here, at Thy ta-ble, Lord, This sa-cred hour O let us feel Thee near In lov-ing power;
Call-ing our thoughts away, From self and sin, As to Thy banquet hall, We en-ter in.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent. By per.

736

HERE at Thy table, Lord,
This sacred hour,
O let us feel Thee near
In loving power;
Calling our thoughts away
From self and sin,
As to Thy banquet hall,
We enter in.

2 Sit at the feast, dear Lord,
Break Thou the bread;
Fill Thou the cup that brings
Life to the dead:
That we may find in Thee,
Pardon and peace;
And from all bondage win
A full release.

3 So shall our life of faith
Be full, be sweet;
And we shall find our strength
For each day meet;
Fed by Thy living bread,
All hunger past,
We shall be satisfied
And saved at last.

4 Come, then, O Holy Christ,
Feed us, we pray;
Touch with Thy pierced hand
Each common day,
Making this earthly life
Full of Thy grace,
Till in the home of heaven
We find our place.

THACHER S. M.

May P. Hoyt 1889
G. F. HANDEL

Blest feast of love divine! 'Tis grace that makes us free To feed upon this bread and wine, In mem'ry, Lord, of Thee.

737

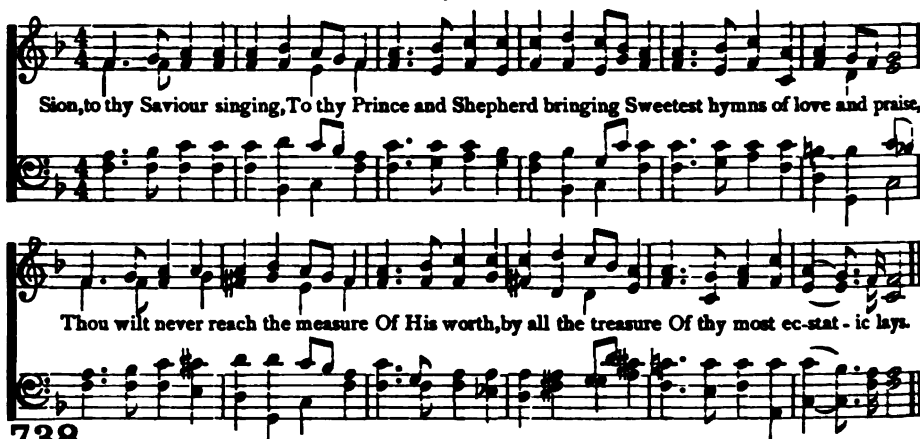
BLEST feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee!
2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of Thee.

3 O if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet!
4 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

Edward Denny 1839

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM 8, 8, 7. D.

G. CORB



738

SION, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Thou wilt never reach the measure
Of His worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays.

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee,
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be!
That Himself to thee He giveth;
He that eateth ever liveth,
For the bread of life is He.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, His mercy showing,
Who this heavenly table spread.
On this day so glad and holy,
To each longing spirit lowly,
Giveth He the living bread.

4 Here the King hath spread His table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Christ our passover to trace.
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

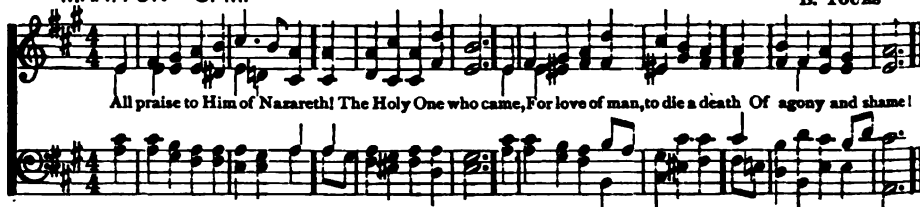
5 Lo, this angels' food descending,
Heavenly love is hither sending,
Hungry lips on earth to feed.
So the Paschal Lamb was given,
So the manna came from heaven,
Isaac was His type indeed.

6 O good Shepherd, bread life-giving,
Us, Thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore!
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with Thee abiding,
With all saints will Thee adore!

Tr. by Alexander Ramsay Thompson 1883

B. TOURS

MARITON C. M.



739

ALL praise to Him of Nazareth!
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame!

2 In tender memory of His grave,
The mystic bread we take,

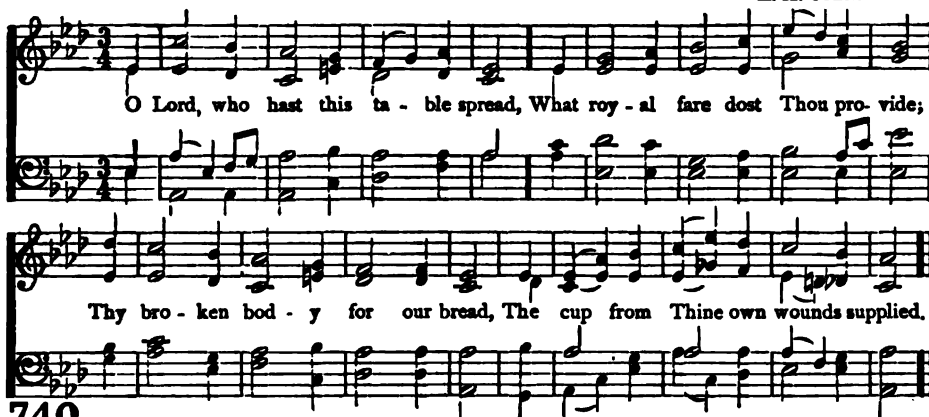
And muse upon the life He gave
So freely, for our sake.

3 A boundless love He bore mankind;
O may at least a part
Of that strong love descend, and find
A place in every heart!

William Cullen Bryant 1864

MARCHFIELD L. M.

E. A. COLLIER



O Lord, who hast this ta - ble spread, What roy - al fare dost Thou pro - vide;
Thy bro - ken bod - y for our bread, The cup from Thine own wounds supplied.

740

O Lord, who hast this table spread,
What royal fare dost Thou provide;
Thy broken body for our bread,
The cup from Thine own wounds supplied.

2 But e'en this bread will be a stone,
This cup of blessing mock our thirst,
Unless Thy gracious hand alone
Shall bless and give them as at first.

3 O come then, Lord, and here preside;
Give Thine own welcome to each guest;
Nor let it be to love denied
To lean confiding on Thy breast.

4 Then rich the portion Thou wilt give;
No more the hungering heart can need;
Thyself the bread by which we live,
Thy precious blood our drink indeed.

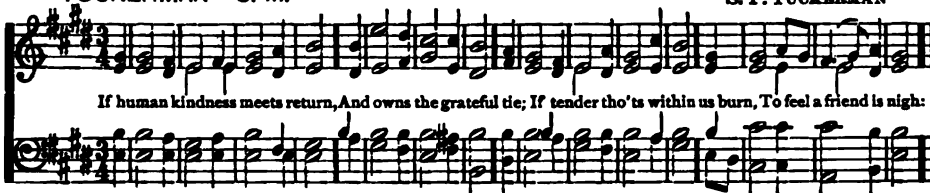
5 Thus shall Thy cross be lifted up,
Till Thou return, the King confessed,
To call Thine own with Thee to sup
Within Thy Father's kingdom blest.

6 O Lord, on high now glorified,
When wilt Thou come to bring us home?
Hear Thou Thy Spirit and Thy Bride,
And come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Edward A. Collier 1839

S. P. TUCKERMAN

TUCKERMAN C. M.



If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie; If tender tho'ts within us burn, To feel a friend is nigh:

741

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,
"Meet, and remember Me."

4 Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

Gerard Thomas Noel 1839

742

PREPARE US, Lord, to view Thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on Thee whom we have pierced,
To look on Thee, and, and, mourn.

2 While thus we mourn we would rejoice,
And as Thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
The Saviour died for me!

Thomas Cotterill 1830

PENITENCE 7s, 6s, 8.

W. H. OAKLEY

Oth-er knowledge I dis- dain; 'Tis all but van - i - ty: Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
D.S.— On - ly Je - sus will I know,
He tast - ed death for me. Me to save from endless woe The sin - a - ton - ing Vic - tim died:
And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

743

OTHER knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-aton-ing Victim died.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in His grace to grow,
And ever in His faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley 1747

GLASTONBURY 7s, 6 lines

J. B. DYKES

“Till He come,” O let the words Linger on the trembling chords: Let the “little while” between
In their golden light be seen; Let us think how heaven and home Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

744

“TILL He come,” O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords:
Let the “little while” between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that “Till He come.”
2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,

All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, “Till He come.”
3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board:
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, “Till He come.”

Edward Henry Bickersteth 1861

LUDWIG 7s, 6s, 8.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

Lamb of God, whose bleeding love We now recall to mind, Send the answer from above, And let us mercy find ;

Think on us who think on Thee ; Every struggling soul release ; O remember Calvary, And bid us go in peace.

745

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us who think on Thee ;
Every struggling soul release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away ;

Burst our bonds and set us free,
From iniquity release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal ;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and trouble cease ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Charles Wesley 1745
R. REDHEAD

GETHSEMANE 7s. 6 lines

Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed, For Thy flesh is meat indeed ; Ev- er may my soul be fed

With this true and living bread ; Day by day with strength supplied, Through the life of Him who died.

746

BREAD of heaven, on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give ;
To Thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life, O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Josiah Conder 1822

O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side ; 'T is only there in safety And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears within ! The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.

747

O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side ;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.
2 'T is only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure ;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure :

Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe ;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.
3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face ;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace ;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

James George Deck 1857

HALLE 7s.

P. RITTER

748

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;
'T is Thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me ?
2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5 " Thou shalt see My glory soon
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me ?"
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore :
O for grace to love Thee more !

William Cowper 1768

O bread to pilgrims giv-en, O food that angels eat, O manna sent from heaven, For heaven-born natures meet;

Give us, for Thee long pining, To eat till rich-ly filled; Till, earth's delights resigning, Our every wish is stilled.

749

O BREAD to pilgrims givén,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heavén,
For heaven-born natures meet;
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:

O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee:
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Tr. by Ray Palmer 1858

HAVERLAND 7s.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our victorious King, Who hath washed us in the tide, Flowing from His pierced side.

750

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from His pierced side.

2 Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast:
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

3 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love,
Eat we manna from above.

5 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou has brought us life and light.

6 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be!

Tr. by Robert Campbell 1850

In the name of God, the Father, In the name of God, the Son, In the name of God, the Spirit,
D.S. Crying, "Ho- ly, ho- ly, ho- ly!"

FINE.

One in Three, and Three in One, In the name which highest angels Speak not, ere they veil their face,
Come we to this sacred place.

D.S.

751

In the name of God, the Father,
In the name of God, the Son,
In the name of God, the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One,
In the name, which highest angels
Speak not, ere they veil their face,
Crying, "Holy, holy, holy!"
Come we to this sacred place.

2 Here, in figure represented,
See the passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most holy,
As for our redemption slain;

Here the Saviour's body broken,
Here the blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic food of life eternal,
See, for our refreshment spread.
3 Here shall highest praise be offered;
Here shall meekest prayer be poured;
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God incarnate be adored:
Holy Jesus! for Thy coming,
May Thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, Lord! and tarry there.

John William Hewett 1899

SICILY 8s, 7s, 6 lines

Sicilian Melody

{ Sing, my tongue, the Sav- iour's glo- ry, Of His cross the mys- tery sing; }
{ Lift on high the won- drous tro- phy, Tell the tri- umph of the King; }

He, the world's Re- deem- er, con- quers Death, thro' death now van- quish- ing.

752

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His cross the mystery sing;
Lift on high the wondrous trophy,
Tell the triumph of the King:
He, the world's Redeemer, conquers
Death, through death now vanquishing.
2 Word made flesh! His word life-giving,
Gives His flesh our meat to be,
Bids us drink His blood, believing

Through His death, we life shall see:
Blesséd they who, thus receiving,
Are from death and sin set free.
3 Low in adoration bending
Now our hearts our God revere;
Faith, her aid to sight is lending,
Though unseen the Lord is near:
Ancient types and shadows ending,
Christ our paschal Lamb is here.

Thomas Aquinas

ALTHORP 8s, 7s, D.

G. LOMAS

Jesus spreads His banner o'er us, Cheers our famish'd souls with food; He the banquet spreads before us Of His mystic flesh and blood. Precious banquet; bread of heaven; Wine of gladness, flowing free: May we taste it, kindly given, In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.

753

JESUS spreads His banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of His mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free:
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.

2 In Thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang Thy birth;
In Thy fasting and temptation;
In Thy labors on the earth;
In Thy trial and rejection;
In Thy sufferings on the tree;
In Thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember Thee.

Roswell Park 1835

WELTON L. M.

C. H. A. MALAN

Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts, Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men, From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.

754

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;

We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

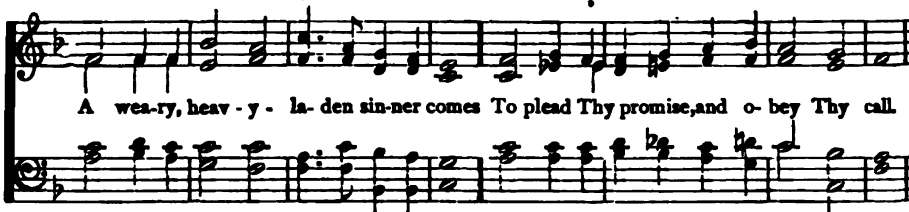
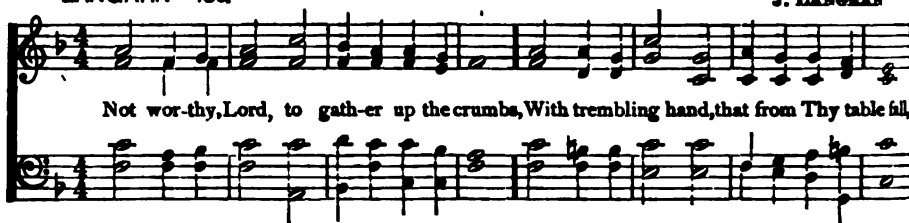
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux
Tr. by Ray Palmer 1858

LANGRAN 108.

J. LANGRAN



755

Nor worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs,
With trembling hand, that from Thy
table fall,

A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise, and obey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy
child,

Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and
rest;

I come; I kneel; I clasp Thy pierced feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat

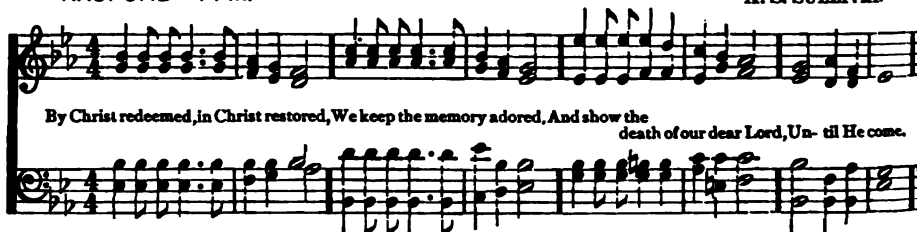
4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer;
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee.

Dwell Thou forever in my heart; and there,
Lord, I shall sup with Thee, and Thou with
me.

Edward Henry Bickersteth 1870

NAUFORD P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN



756

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come!

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread:
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come!

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:

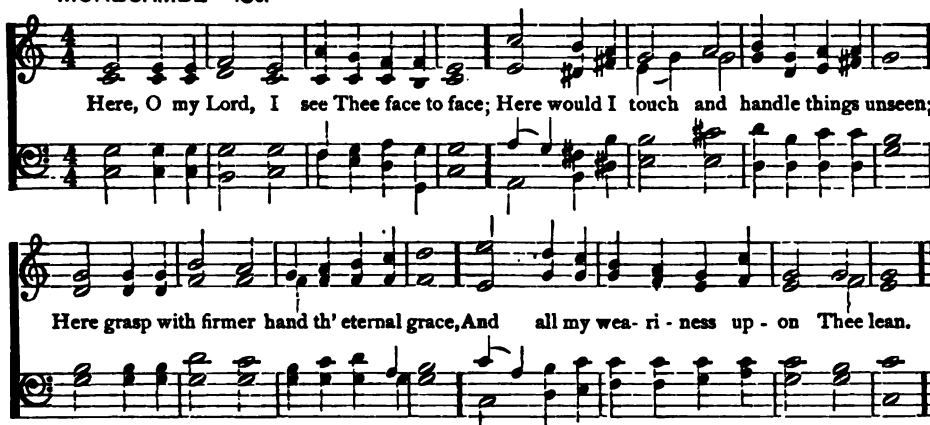
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come!

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent, we unite,
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come!

5 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come!

George Rawson 1857

MORECAMBE 10s.



Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace, And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

757

- HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
Here would I touch and handle things The brief, bright hour of fellowship with
unseen; Thee.
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of
God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me,
- 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed
and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss and
love.

Horatius Bonar 1857

CŒNA DOMINI 10. 10.

A. S. SULLIVAN



758

- DRAW nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.
- 2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to
God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, God's only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory
won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and Himself the priest.
- 5 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sin-
cere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 6 He, that His saints in this world rules and
shields,
To all believers, life eternal yields.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1859

DENNIS S. M.

H. G. NAGELI



759

A PARTING hymn we sing
Around Thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here,
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

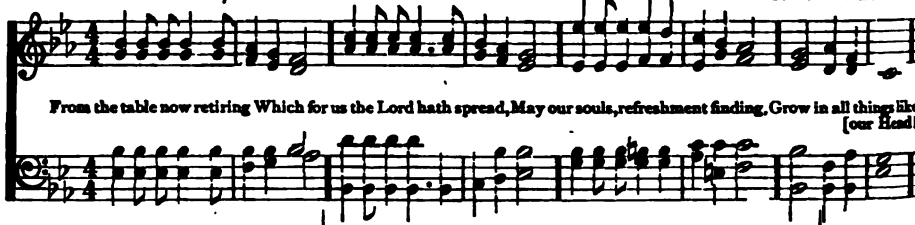
3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we, rejoicing, tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be Christian union shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

Aaron Roberts Wolfe 1851

ARUNDEL 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES



From the table now retiring Which for us the Lord hath spread, May our souls, refreshment finding, Grow in all things like
(our Head)

760

From the table now retiring
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;

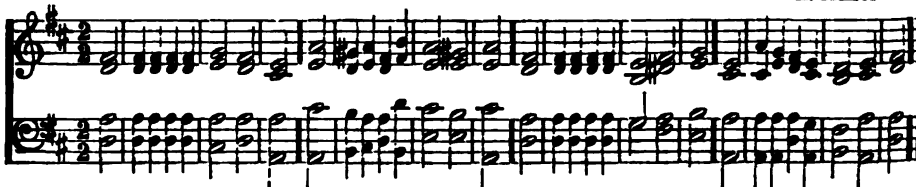
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

John Rowe 1812

ASHWELL L. M.

E. MASON



761

Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart 1764

GOLDEN CHAIN P. M.

J. BARNBY

We come unto our fathers' God: Their rock is our salvation: Th' eternal arms, their dear abode, We make our habi-
 - tation: We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they bro't; We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought in every generation.

762

We come unto our fathers' God:
 Their rock is our salvation:
 Th' eternal arms, their dear abode,
 We make our habitation:
 We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
 We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
 In every generation.

2 The cleaving sins that brought them low
 Are still our souls oppressing;
 The tears that from their eyes did flow
 Fall fast, our shame confessing;
 As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry
 So our strong prayer ascends on high,
 And bringeth down Thy blessing.

3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
 Their song to us descendeth:
 The Spirit who in them did sing
 To us His music lendeth.
 His song in them, in us, is one;
 We raise it high, we send it on—
 The song that never endeth!

4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain—
 The same sweet theme endeavor!
 Unbroken be the golden chain!
 Keep on the song for ever!
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver,

Thomas Hornblower Gill 1869

INGARSBY 9s, 8s.

C. J. DICKENSON

763

O Rock of Ages, one Foundation,
 On which the living Church doth rest,—
 The Church, whose walls are strong salvation,
 Whose gates are praise,—Thy name be
 blest!

2 Son of the living God! O call us
 Once and again to follow Thee;
 And give us strength, what'e'r befall us,
 Thy true disciples still to be.
 3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,
 Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,

"Why doubt?"—and in Thy love prevailing
 Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
 In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
 Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
 But with a look subdue us, Lord.

5 O strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
 Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
 To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
 And find Thee with us to the end.

Henry Arthur Martin 1832

What are these in bright array, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng, Round the altar night and day,
Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain,
Hymning one triumphant song: "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,
New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour."

764

Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."
2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name;

HEBER C. M.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery 1819
G. KINGSLEY

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfil His word.

765

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
1. one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word.
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,

Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;
4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.
5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain 1799

ELLACOMBE C. M. D.

German

Forth to the Land of Promise bound, Our desert path we tread; God's fiery pil-lar for our guide,
And the bright City's gleaming spires

FINE. D.S.

His Cap-tain at our head. E'en now we faintly trace the hills, And catch their distant blue;
Rise dim-ly on our view.

766

- FORN to the Land of Promise bound,
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.
- 2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright City's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.
- 3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.
- 4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

STEPHENS C. M.

Henry Alford 1830

768

- HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we, in hymns below.

767

- LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley 1759

W. JONES

- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The Holy to the Holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley 1745

ZEBULON H. M.

L. MASON

One sole bap-tis-mal sign, One Lord be-low, a - bove, Zi - on, one faith is thine, One
on-ly watchword, love: From different temples though it rise, One song as-cend-eth to the skies.

769

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword, love:
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson 1845

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. MASON

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.

770

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

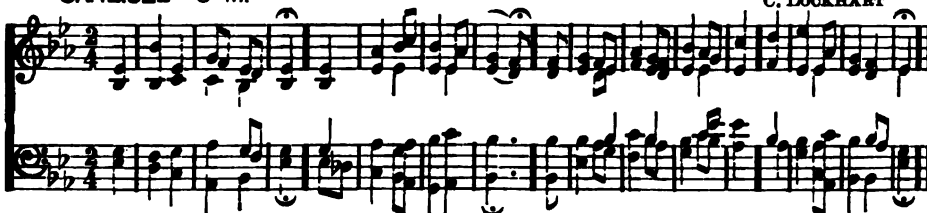
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett 1775

CARLISLE S. M.

C. LOCKHART



771

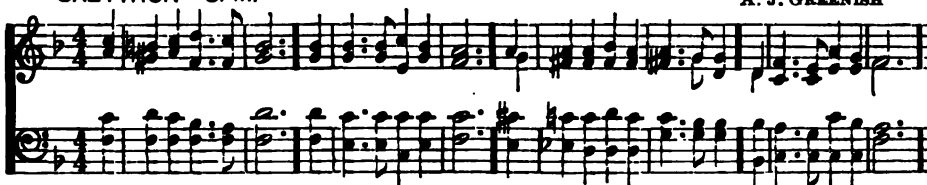
For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Richard Mant 1837

A. J. GREENISH

SALTWICK S. M.



772

Far down the ages now,
Her journey well nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still.
Old, and yet ever new.

3 'Tis the same story still
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.

4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day,

5 Thus onward still we press
Through evil and through good,
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood.

6 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,

We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

Horatius Bonar

773

DEAR Saviour, we are Thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls, into Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail!

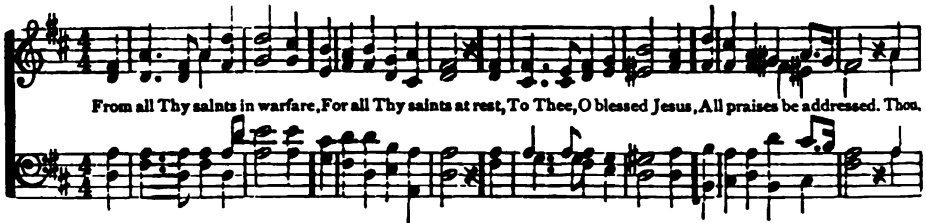
3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Philip Doddridge 1740

MARTYRS 7s, 6s. D.



774

From all Thy saints in warfare,
For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessed Jesus,
All praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle
That they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory
Are lit with rays from Thee.
2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;

For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.
3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson 1867

W. GARDNER

DEDHAM C. M.



775

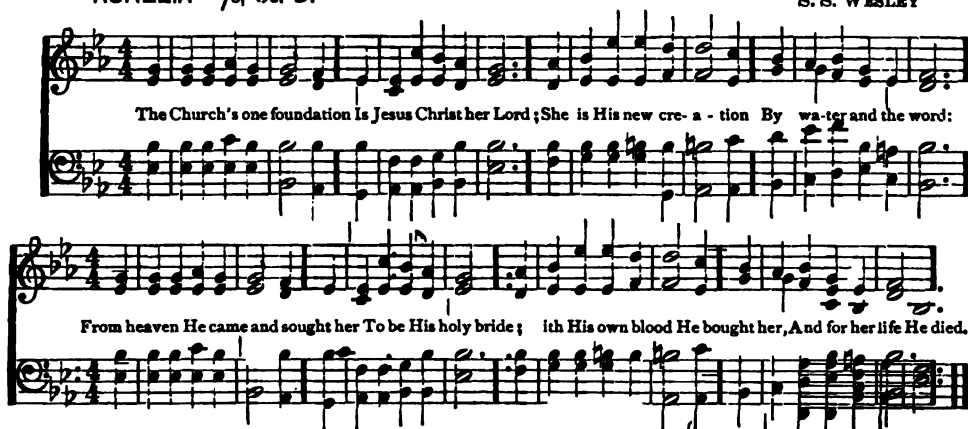
Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts 1709

AURELIA 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY



The Church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre-a-tion By wa-ter and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her To be His holy bride; ith His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

776

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

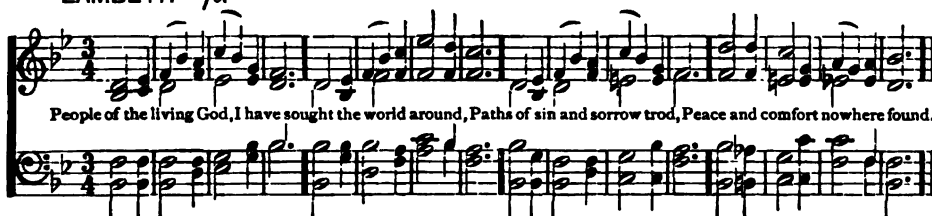
2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone 1865

LAMBETH 7s.



People of the living God, I have sought the world around, Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found.

777

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery 1825

ST. ASAPH 8s, 7s. D.

W. S. BAKBRIDGE

Through the night of doubt and sor-row, On-ward goes the pilgrim band, Sing-ing songs of
 ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the Prom-ised Land. And be - fore us, through the darkness,
 Gleaming clear the guiding light; Brother clasps the hand of brother, And steps fearless thro' the night

778

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,

Onward goes the pilgrim band,

Singing songs of expectation,

Marching to the Promised Land.

And before us, through the darkness,

Gleaming clear the guiding light;

Brother clasps the hand of brother,

And steps fearless through the night.

2 One the strain which mouths of thousands

Lift as from the heart of one;

One the conflict, one the peril,

One the march in God begun;

One the gladness of rejoicing

On the resurrection shore,

With one Father o'er us shining

In His love for evermore.

3 Go we onward, pilgrim brothers,

Visit first the cross and grave,

Where the cross its shadow flingeth,

Where the boughs of cypress wave.

Then, a shaking as of earthquakes,

Then, a rending of the tomb,

Then, a scattering of all shadows,

And an end of toil and gloom.

Bernhard Ingemann 1825

Tr. by Sabine Baring-Gould 1867

German

ALL SAINTS 8s, 7s, 7.

Who are these like stars appearing, These, before God's throne who stand? Each a golden crown is wearing,
 Who are all this glorious band? Hal-le - lu - jah! hark, they sing, Praising loud their heavenly King.

DEERHURST 8s, 7s. D.

J. LANGRAN

Hail! Thou God of grace and glo - ry, Who Thy name hast mag - ni - fied, By redemption's
wondrous sto - ry, By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied; Thanks to Thee for ev - 'ry bless - ing,
Flowing from the fount of love; Thanks for present good unceasing, And for hopes of bliss above.

779

HAIL! Thou God of grace and glory,
Who Thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to Thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near Thy bright and burning throne,
We invoke Thee, God most holy,
Through Thy well-beloved Son;

Send the baptism of Thy Spirit,
Shed the pentecostal fire;
Let us all Thy grace inherit,
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let Thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

Thomas William Aveling 1844

780 8s, 7s, 7.

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

4 Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds them,
On Mount Zion's pastures fair;
From His central throne He leads them
By the living fountain there:
Lamb and Shepherd, One God Supreme,
Free He gives

SARUM P. M.

J. BARREY

For all the saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

781

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might; [fight;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes Thy rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, [host,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

William Walsham How 1854

I. B. WOODEBURY

SILOAM C. M.

Beneath the shadow of the cross, As earthly hopes remove, His new commandment Jesus gives, His blessed word of love.

782

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove.
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!

Not e'en the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow 1866

MIRFIELD C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Daught - er of Zi - on, from the dust Ex - alt thy fal - len head;

A - gain in thy Re - deem - er trust: He calls thee from the dead.

783

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust:
He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North."
- 4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

James Montgomery 1855

HERMON C. M.

L. MASON

O still in accents sweet and strong, Sounds forth the ancient word, "More reapers for white harvest fields, More laborers for the Lord!"

More reapers for white harvest fields, More laborers for the Lord! (Lord!)

785

O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred!
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow 1864

ANVERN L. M.

ART. BY L. MASON

Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and dark- ness, and the dead: Though humbled
long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

786

TRUMPHANT ZION, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge 1740

CORONA 75.

787

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

William Shrubsole 1795

J. B. CALKIN

Wake the song of jubilee; Let it echo o'er the sea: Now is come the promised hour; Jesus reigns with glorious power.

788

WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King:

Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark, the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice:
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Leonard Bacon 1823

WATCHMAN 78. D.

L. MASON

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are: Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glo-ry-beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or
hope fore-tell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

789

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

LINDFIELD S. M.

Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

John Bowring 1825

J. GOS

The harvest dawn is near, The year delays not long; And he who sows with many a tear, Shall reap with many a song.

790

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess 1830

COLLIER L. M.



Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;

In pit - y look on those who stray, Be-night - ed, in this land of light.

791

Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,

A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

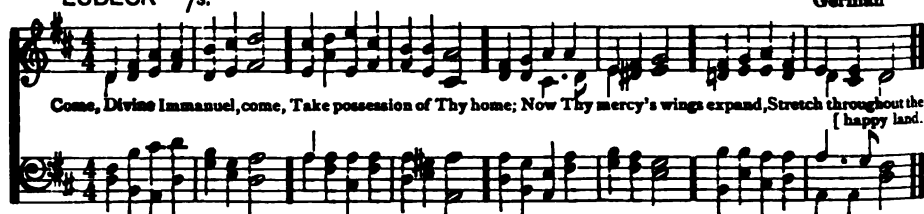
4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant 1840

LUBECK 7s.

German



Come, Divine Immanuel, come, Take possession of Thy home; Now Thy mercy's wings expand, Stretch throughout the [happy land.]

792

Come, Divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of Thy home;
Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

2 Carry on Thy victory,
Spread Thy rule from sea to sea;
Rescue all Thy ransomed race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

3 Take the purchase of Thy blood,
Bring us to a pardoning God:
Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts the gospel truth to obey:

4 Ears to hear the gospel sound,
Grace doth more than sin abound;
God appeared, and man forgiven,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

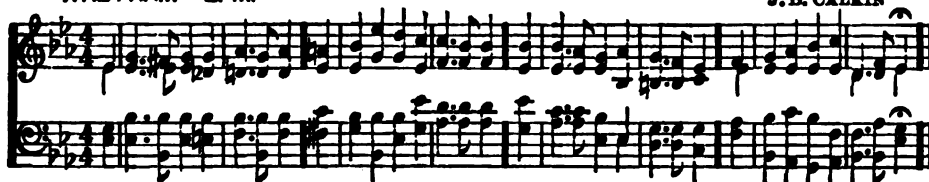
5 O that every soul might be
Perfectly subdued to Thee!
O that all in Thee might know
Everlasting life below!

6 Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land:
Take possession of Thy home;
Come, Divine Immanuel, come!

Charles Wesley 1749

WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. CALKIN



793

Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner: angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner: heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Fling out the banner: wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;

Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George Washington Doane 1848

794

Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

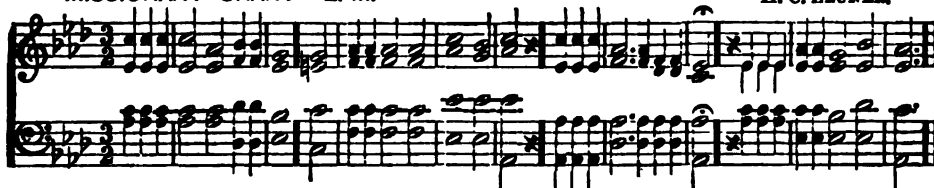
2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee; [be
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Voke 1826

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



795

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made;
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

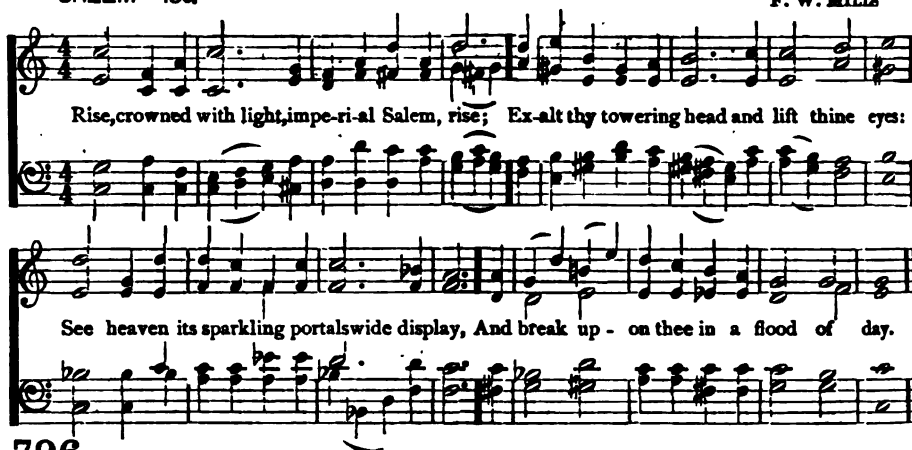
5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts 1719

SALEM 108.

F. W. MILLIS



796

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
rise;

Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,

And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,

While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke
decay,

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope 1720

DORT 6s, 4s.

L. MASON



797

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

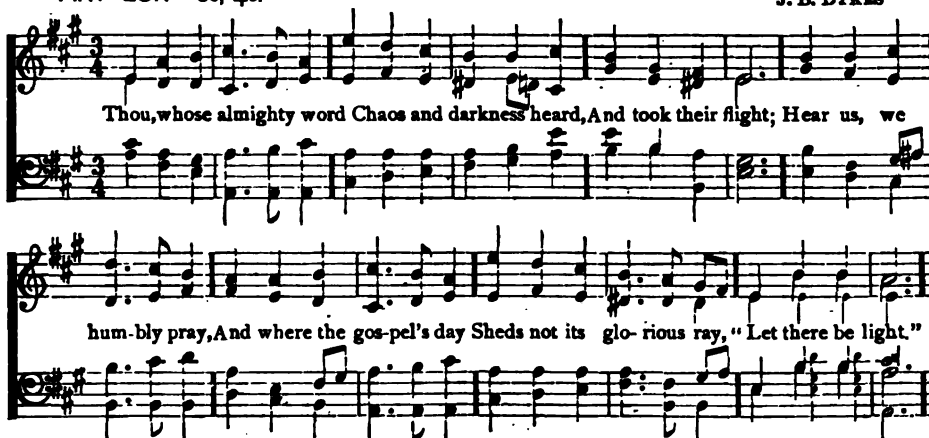
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Walcott 1869

FIAT LUX 6s, 4s.

J. B. DYKES



798

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light."

John Marriot 1813

H. J. GAUNTLETT

NEWLAND S. M.



799

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth Thine;

Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade, like brothers, rest,
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise the glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
When God shall bless His own.

John Johns 1837

YARMOUTH 7s, 6s, D.

C. W. BARNES



800

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All "Hallelujah" swelling
In one eternal sound.

James Edmeston 1868

The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.

8 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough 1865

801

How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace.

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"

802

O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.
How long the holy City
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte 1834

EXCELSIOR 7s, 6s, 12 lines

E. C. ROWLEY

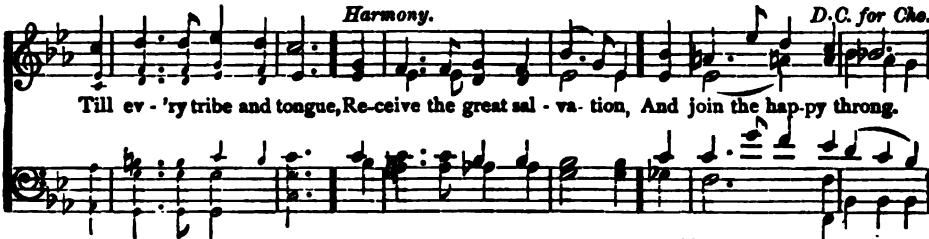


FINE. Unison.



Harmony.

D.C. for Cho.



And join the happy throng.

803

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.—Cho.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:

Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace;
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.—Cho.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.—Cho.

Thomas Hastings 1828

GOSPEL BANNER 7s, 6s, D.

T. HASTINGS



WEBB 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB

Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

804

- Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery 18c

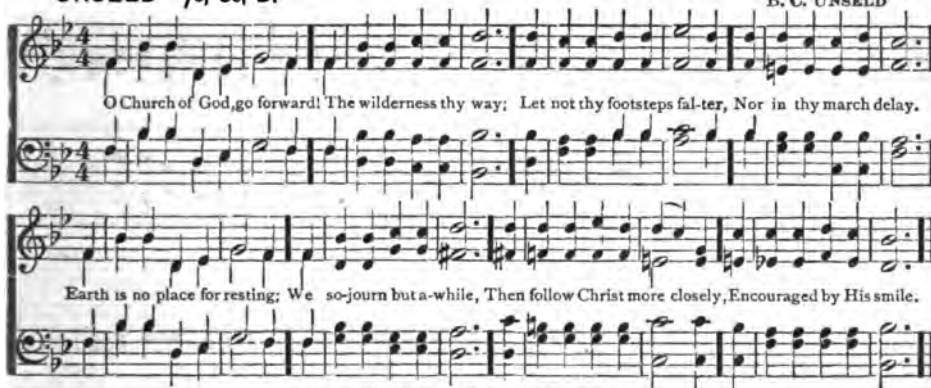
805

- The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith 1832

UNSELD 7s, 6s, D.

B. C. UNSELD



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806

1 O CHURCH of God, go forward!
The wilderness thy way;
Let not thy footsteps falter,
Nor in thy march delay.
Earth is no place for resting;
We sojourn but awhile,
Then follow Christ more closely,
Encouraged by His smile.

2 O Church of God, go forward;
The Land of Promise see,
Soon will we cross the Jordan,
And in fair Canaan be.

The heavenly home before us,
Why should we tarry here?
Although the way seems tedious,
Eternal joy is near.

3 'Tis God who says "Go forward"
Thy pathway through the sea,
Beside the smoking Sinai,
Along the flowery lea.
Soon thou wilt stand on Nebo,
Thy weary wanderings o'er;
Then spring from earth to heaven,
With Christ forevermore.

Peter Stryker 1890

G. LOMAS

VERBUM PACIS P. M.



807

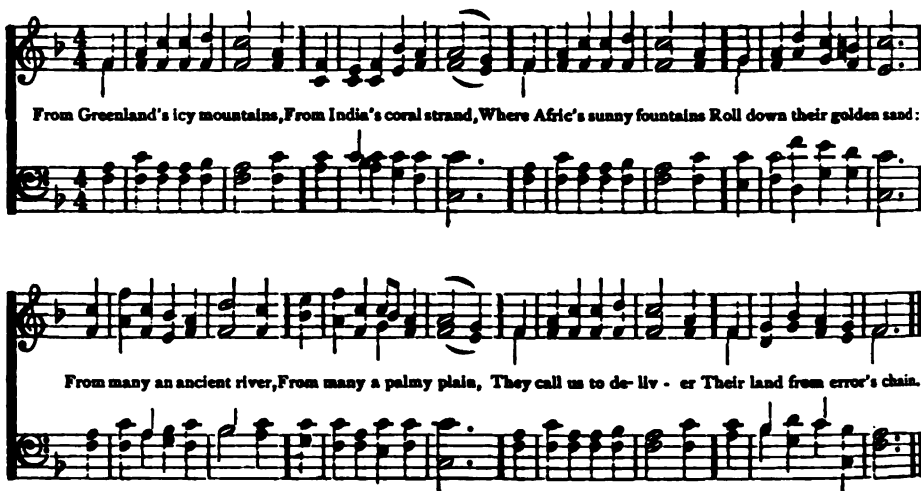
With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.
2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!
3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee:
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.
5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.
6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till He, whose home is ours above,
Unite us there!

George Watson

MISSIONARY HYMN 7s, 6s. D.

L. MASON



808

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber 1819

809

Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blessed.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey!

Maria Frances Anderson 1866

ELMHURST 8s, 6.

E. D. DEWEITT



810

SEND Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King;
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in;
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name!
And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come.

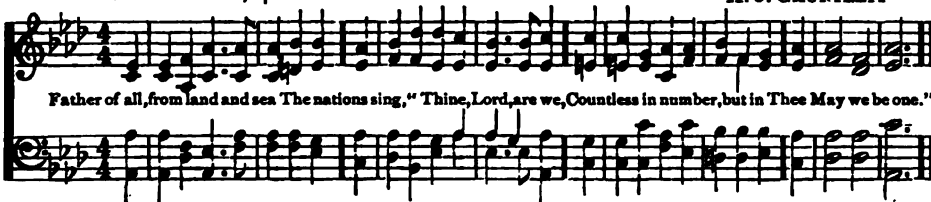
5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering Lord,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates : 839

RISEHOLME 8s, 4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT



811

FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one."

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee,
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own

Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.

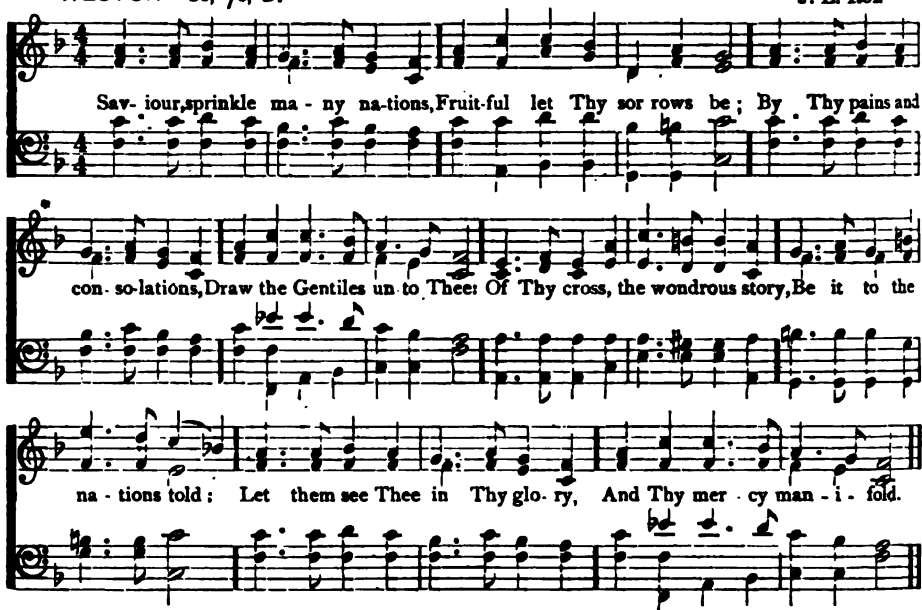
4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

5 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We are all one."

Christopher Wordsworth : 1869

WESTON 8s, 7s, D.

J. E. ROE



Sav- iour, sprinkle ma - ny na- tions, Fruit- ful let Thy sor rows be; By Thy pains and
con- so- la- tions, Draw the Gen- tiles un- to Thee: Of Thy cross, the won- drous story, Be it to the
na- tions told: Let them see Thee in Thy glo- ry, And Thy mer- cy man- i- fold.

812

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee:
Of Thy cross, the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing;
Human hearts in Thee would rest,

Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, we seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.
3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting, [sight,
Stretched the hand, and strained the
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light:
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe 1851

ZION 8s, 7s, 4.

T. HASTINGS



On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sa- cred herald stands, Welcome news to Zi- on bearing, Zi- on
long in hostile lands: Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.

REX GLORIAE 8s, 7s, D.

H. SMART

Christians, up! the day is breaking, Gird your ready armor on; Slumbering hosts around are waking, Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong! While ye sleep or idly linger, Thousands sink, with none to save; Hasten! Time's unerring finger Points to many an open grave.

813

CHRISTIANS, up! the day is breaking,
 Gird your ready armor on;
 Slumbering hosts around are waking,
 Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong!
 While ye sleep or idly linger,
 Thousands sink, with none to save;
 Hasten! Time's unerring finger
 Points to many an open grave.
 2 Hark! unnumbered voices crying,
 "Save us, or we droop and die!"
 Succor bear the faint and dying,
 On the wings of mercy fly:

Lead them to the crystal fountain
 Gushing with the streams of life;
 Guide them to the sheltering mountain,
 For the gale with death is rife.
 3 See the blest millennial dawning!
 Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star:
 Eastern lands, behold the morning;
 Lo! it glimmers from afar:
 O'er the mountain-top ascending,
 Soon the scattered light shall rise,
 Till, in radiant glory blending,
 Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.
 Elbert S. Porter 1846

814 8s, 7s, 4.

On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive,
 God, Himself will loose thy bands.
 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,

By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He Himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
 Thomas Kelly 1806

WESLEY 118, 108.

L. MASON

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning; Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.

815

- HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning; Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourn- Zion in triumph begins her mild reign. [ing;
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning; Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing; Streams ever copious are gliding along; Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing; Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean, Praise to Jehovah ascending on high; Fallen are the engines of war and commotion; Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings 1832

ONIDO. 7s, D.

I. PLEYEL

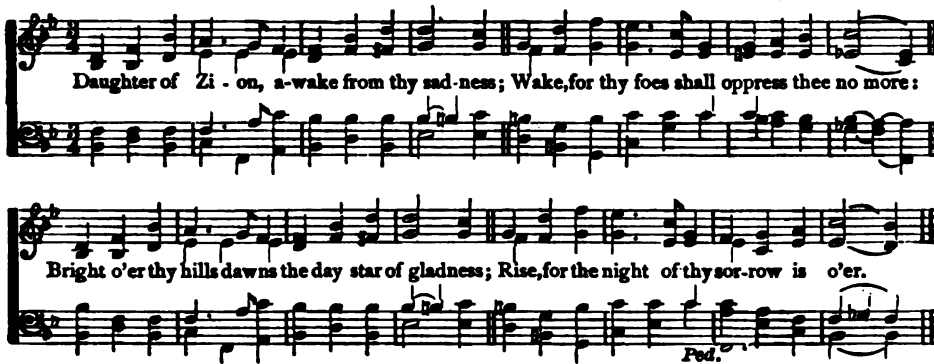
Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the ful - ness of the sea,

When it breaks up - on the shore: Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God Om - ni - po -

- tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

STOCKTON 118, 108.

E. C. ROWLEY



816

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that
Wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no pursued them; [of war.
more: [gladness; Vain were their steeds and their chariots
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath
Rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er. saved thee, [should be;
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
subdued them, [far: thee; [free.
And scattered their legions, was mightier The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
Anon. 1830

817

7s. D.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar.
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled, [done,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end; beneath His rod

Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery 1819

818

7s. D.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of heaven.

Harriet Auber 1829

REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s, 4.

H. SMART

Christian, see, the orient morning Breaks along the heathen sky; Lo! the expected day is dawning,

Glorious day-spring from on high: Hallelu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!

819

CHRISTIAN, see, the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious dayspring from on high:
Hallelujah!
Hail the dayspring from on high!
2 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,

All the world Thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!
Hail the dayspring from on high!
3 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread Thy truth from pole to pole!
Spread the light of Thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!
Hail the dayspring from on high!

Anon. 1823

TOMLINSON 8s, 7s 4.

J. TOMLINSON

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no celestial ray, Sun of righteousness, a - ris - ing,

Bring the bright, the glorious day: Send the gospel, Send the gospel To the earth's remotest bound.

820

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day:
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western

May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!
3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

William Williams 1772

HOSANNA L. M. with chorus

J. B. DYKES

Ho-san-na to the liv-ing Lord! Hosan-na to th' Incarnate Word To Christ, Cre-a - tor,
Saviour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Hosannasing! Hosan-na, Lord! Hosanna in the high - est!

After each Stanza.

821

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word:
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:

Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim!
4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber 1811

GRANGE 8s, 7s, 7.

R. B. BORTHWICK

ALLELUIA! Fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.
2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness

822

ALLELUIA! Fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.
2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness

From thy blessed moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.
3 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That, at last, Thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

Jonathan Krause
Tr. by Jane Borthwick 1853

CANITZ P M.

J. STAINER

Come, my soul, thou must be wak- ing, Now is breaking O'er the earth an-oth - - er day:

Come, to Him who made this splendor, See thou ren- der All thy fee-ble strength can pay.

823

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
 Now is breaking
 O'er the earth another day:
 Come, to Him who made this splendor,
 See thou render
 All thy feeble strength can pay.
 2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers:
 For the night is safely ended;
 God hath tended
 With His care thy helpless hours.
 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth.
 He unfoldeth
 Every fault that lurks within;

He the hidden shame glossed over
 Can discover,
 And discern each deed of sin.
 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
 Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet;
 And, released from death's dark sadness,
 Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter Sun to greet.
 5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
 Light refuse not,
 But His Spirit's voice obey;
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
 Light unfolding
 All things in unclouded day.

Frederich Rudolph Louis, Baron Von Canitz 1630
 Tr. by Thomas Arnold 1838, and Henry James Buckoll 184-

WILLINGHAM 11S, 10S.

F. ABT

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:

Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM 8, 8, 7. D.

G. F. COBB

Casting down their crowns before Thee, White-rob'd Elders, Lord, adore Thee! Cherubim with lips of flame,
With them in the worship vie-ing, "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly" cry-ing, Laud and mag-ni- fy Thy name!

824

CASTING down their crowns before Thee,
White-robed Elders, Lord, adore Thee!
Cherubim with lips of flame,
With them in the worship vieing,
"Holy, holy, holy" crying,
Laud and magnify Thy name!

2 Lamb once slain, and Judah's Lion,
Throned upon the heavenly Zion,
Root of David, Thee they praise!
Singing: Glory, honor, power
Are Thy wasteless, rightful dower,
Throughout everlasting days!

3 And like mighty thunderings o'er us,
Rolls the grand angelic chorus,
In its awful majesty.
Myriad rapturous tongues confessing:
"Wisdom, riches, glory, blessing,
Lamb of God, belong to Thee!"

4 King of kings! and may our lowly
Mortal lips, the worship holy
Dare to join, in faith and love!
Us on earth Thy life enfolding,
They in heaven Thy face beholding,
Thy one Church below, above.

Alexander Ramsay Thompson 1890

825

11s, 10s.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh [flee:
When the bird waketh, and the shadows
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
light, [Thee.
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the
morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er-
shadowing, [there.
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee

4 So shall it be at last in that bright
morning [flee;
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
O! in that hour, and fairer than day's
dawning, [Thee!
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with

Harriet Beecher Stowe 1855

GERMANY L. M.

L. VAN BETHOVEN



826

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.
3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;

The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
O dawn of God, we cry for Thee.
5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis Turner Palgrave 1867

MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. BARTHOLOMEW



827

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
3 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;

That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken 1697

828

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought.
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven
3 If, on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Kells 1867

LOVE 7s. 6 lines

E. J. HOPKINS

Ev-ery morning mercies new Fall as fresh as morning dew; Ev-ery morn-ing let us pay
Tribute with the ear-ly day; For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure; Thy compassion doth endure.

829

EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.
2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sin remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.
3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin,
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the bread of life;
Fit us for our daily strife.
4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,

With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Greville Phillimore 1868

830

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

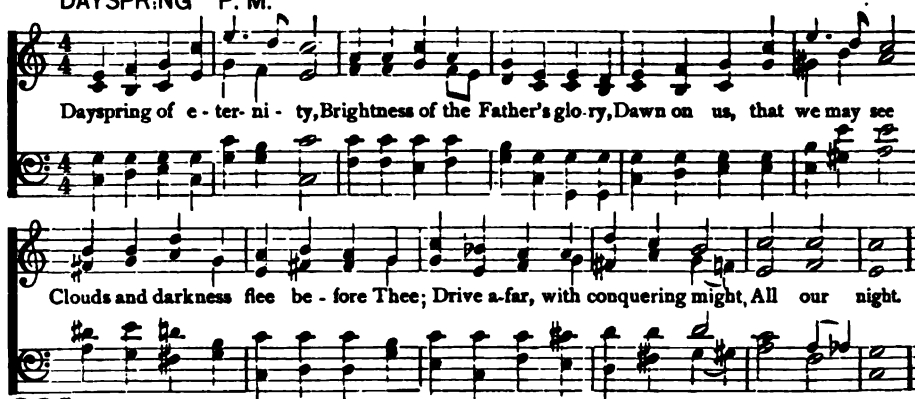
3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiance divine,
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day

Charles Wesley 1740

ROSEFIELD 7s. 6 lines

C. H. A. MALAN

DAYSPRING P. M.



Dayspring of e - ter - ni - ty, Brightness of the Father's glo - ry, Dawn on us, that we may see
Clouds and darkness flee be - fore Thee; Drive a - far, with conquering might, All our night.

831

DaySpring of eternity,
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Dawn on us, that we may see
Clouds and darkness flee before Thee.
Drive afar, with conquering might,
All our night.

2 Let Thy grace, like morning dew,
Fall on hearts in Thee confiding,
Thy sweet comfort, ever new,

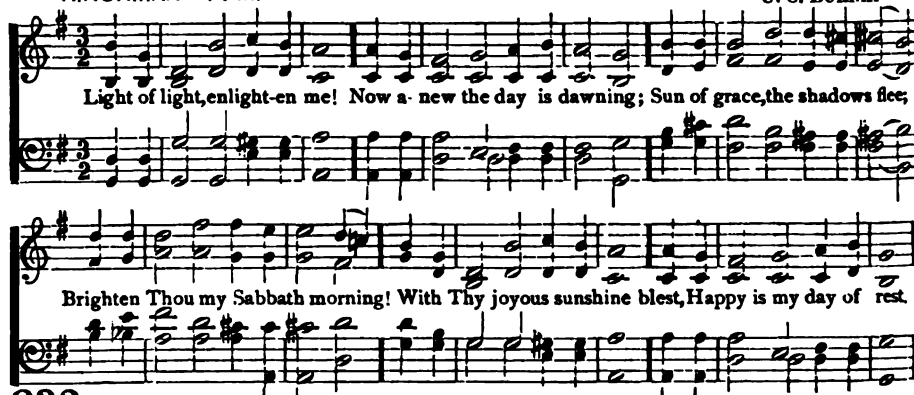
Fill our souls with strength abiding;
And Thy quickening eyes behold
Thy dear fold.

8 Lead us to the golden shore,
O Thou rising Sun of morning,
Lead where tears shall flow no more,
Where all sighs to songs are turning,
Where Thy glory sheds alway
Perfect day.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth 1684
Tr. Ly Catherine Winkworth 1861

U. C. BURNAP

HINCHMAN P. M.



Light of light, enlight-en me! Now a - new the day is dawning; Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning! With Thy joyous sunshine blest, Happy is my day of rest.

832

Light of light, enlighten me!
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning!
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.
2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,

And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
3 Let me with my heart to-day,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Benjamin Schmolck 1715
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1851

MORNING PRAISE IIS, IOS.

J. STAINER

Now, when the dusk-y shades of night retreating Be-fore the sun's red banner swift - ly flee;

Now, when the ter- rors of the dark are fleeting, O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee.

833

Now, when the dusky shades of night retreat- ing
 Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
 Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
 O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee:
 2 Look from the height of heaven, and send
 to cheer us [still;
 Thy light and truth, and guide us onward

Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
 And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.
 3 So, when that morn of endless light is wak- ing,
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
 Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale
 forsaking, [with Thee.
 Through all the long bright day to dwell

Hedge & Huntington's Coll. 1853

F. MENDELSSOHN

PRINCE IIS, IOS.

O Strength and Stay upholding all crea - tion, Who ev- er dost Thyself unmoved abide,

Yet day by day the light in due gra- dation From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

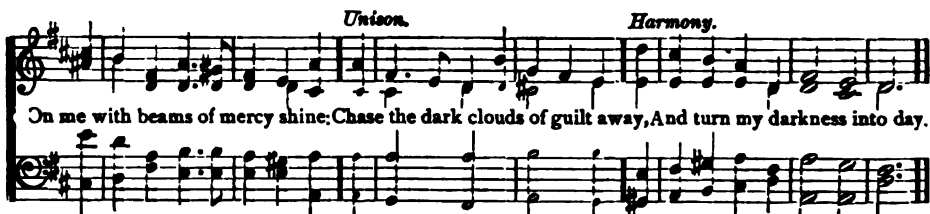
834

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation, 2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
 Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
 Yet day by day the light in due gradation An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
 From hour to hour through all its changes The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
 guide; With dawning glories of the eternal day.

Tr. by John Ellerton 1872

MAGDALEN L. M. 6 lines

J. STAINER



835

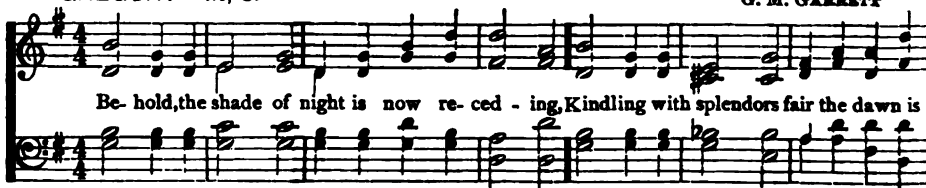
WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine:
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,

Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

William Shrubsole 18.3

G. M. GARRETT

GREGORY 115, 5.



836

BEHOLD, the shade of night is now receding,
Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is glow-
ing,

With fervent hearts, O let us all implore Him,
Ruler almighty:

2 That He, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us His
salvation,

And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.

3 This grace O grant us, Godhead ever-
blessed,

Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most dis-
tant regions

Ever resounding.

Tr. by Ray Palmer 186

TWILIGHT Hs. 5.

J. BARNEY

Now God be with us, for the night is closing; The light and darkness are of His disposing,

And 'neath His sha - dow we to rest may yield us, For He will shield us.

837

Now God be with us, for the night is closing; 3 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us;
 The light and darkness are of His disposing, Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast
 And 'neath His shadow we to rest may made us; [lonely,
 yield us, But Thy dear presence will not leave them
 For He will shield us. Who seek Thee only.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us; 4 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom
 Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us; given;
 In soul and body Thou from harm defend us; Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven;
 Thine angels send us. Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us, now and ever. Bohemian Brethren ab. 1530
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1858

PALMER Hs. 5.

F. MENDELSSOHN

'Mid eve - ning shadows let us all be watching, Ev - er in psalms our deep devotion

wak - ing, And, with one voice, hymns to the Lord, the Sav - iour, Sweetly be sing - ing.

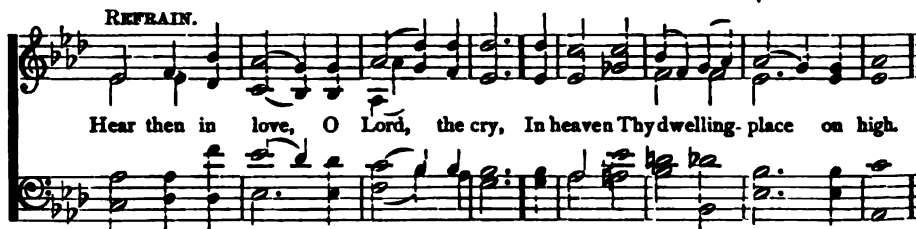
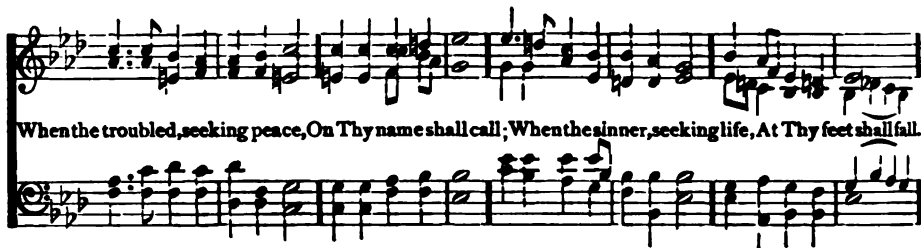
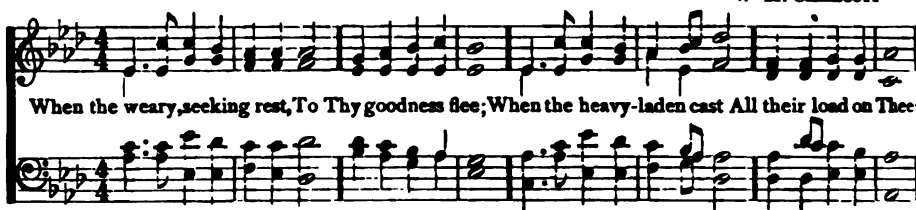
838

Mid evening shadows let us all be watching, 2 That to the holy King our songs ascending
 Ever in psalms our deep devotion waking, We worthily, with all His saints, may
 And, with one voice, hymns to the Lord enter
 the Saviour, The heavenly temple, joyfully partaking
 Sweetly be singing. Life everlasting.

Tr. by Ray Palmer 1864

INTERCESSION P. M.

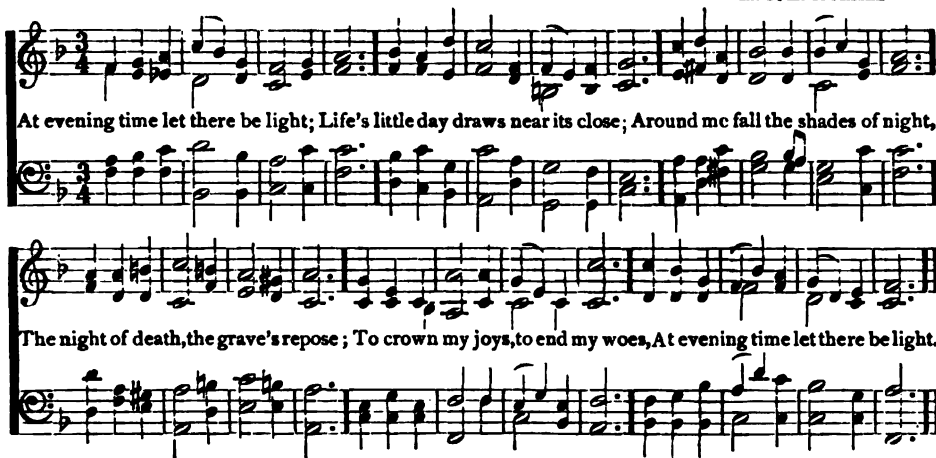
W. H. CALLOOTY



839

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy name shall call;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall.—REF.
 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love;
 When the proud man, in his pride,
 Stoops to seek Thy face;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace:—REF.
 3 When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee;
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee:—REF.

4 When the man of toil and care
 In the city crowd;
 When the shepherd on the moor
 Names the name of God;
 When the learned and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
 Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed name:—REF.
 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
 Youth or maiden fair;
 When the aged, weak and grey,
 Seek Thy face in prayer;
 When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low;
 When the orphan brings to Thee
 All his orphan woe:—REF.
 6 When creation, in her pangs,
 Heaves her heavy groan;
 When Thy Salem's exiled sons
 Breathe their bitter moan;
 When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
 Looking for a home,
 Sendeth up her silent sigh—
 "Come, Lord Jesus, come:—REF.
 Horatius Bonar 1866



At evening time let there be light; Life's little day draws near its close; Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose; To crown my joys, to end my woes, At evening time let there be light.

840

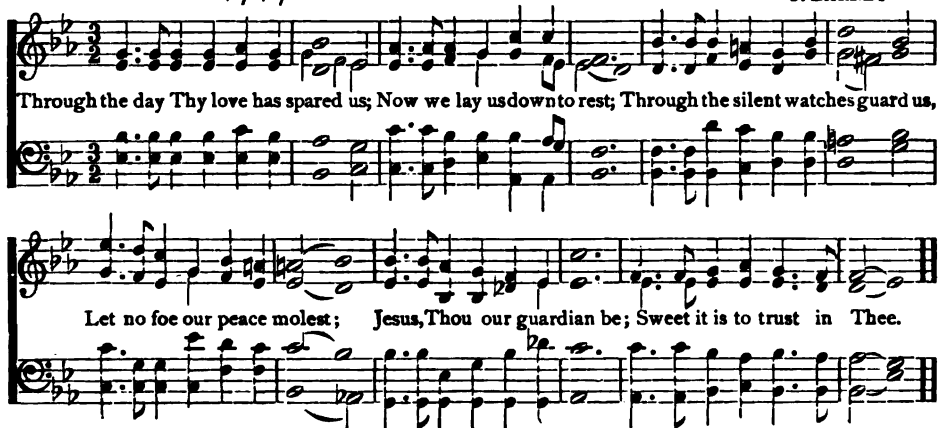
At evening time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.
2 At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright,

Dews, birds, and flowers cheered all the way;
O for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.
3 At evening time there shall be light;
For God hath said,—“So let it be!”
Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall His salvation see;
’Tis evening time, and there is light.

James Montgomery 1828

J. BARNBY

KIRKDALE 8s, 7s, 7.



Through the day Thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest; Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest; Jesus, Thou our guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

841

Through the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly 1806

Father, by Thy love and power Comes a-gain the even-ing hour; Light has vanished, la-bors cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace. Thou, whose genial dews distil On the lowliest weed that grows, Father, guard our bed from ill,
 Lull Thy children to re- pose. We to Thee ourselves re- sign, Let our lat- est thoughts be Thine.

842

FATHER, by Thy love and power
 Comes again the evening hour;
 Light has vanished, labors cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace.
 Thou, whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
 Father, guard our bed from ill,
 Lull Thy children to repose.
 We to Thee ourselves resign,
 Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
 This our feeble evening prayer;
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day
 We like sheep have gone astray;
 Worldly thoughts, and schemes of pride,
 Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
 Secret faults, and undescried
 Meet Thy spirit-searching view.
 Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee,
 Grant that these may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, let Thy balm,
 Fall on us in evening's calm;
 Yet awhile, before we sleep,
 We with Thee will vigils keep.
 Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Give us truest penitence;
 Then the love of God infuse,
 Breathing humble confidence;
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 In our solitude be near,
 Through the hours of darkness drear;
 Then when shrinks the lonely heart,
 Thou, O God, most present art.
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Watch o'er our defenceless head;
 Let Thy angels' guardian host
 Keep all evil from our bed;
 Till the flood of morning rays
 Wakes us to a song of praise.

Joseph Austice 1834

H. S. IMBORN

EVENING SACRIFICE P. M.

The sun is sinking fast, The day-light dies; Let love awake, and pay Her evening sacri-fice.

JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. DYKES



843

The hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;
For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

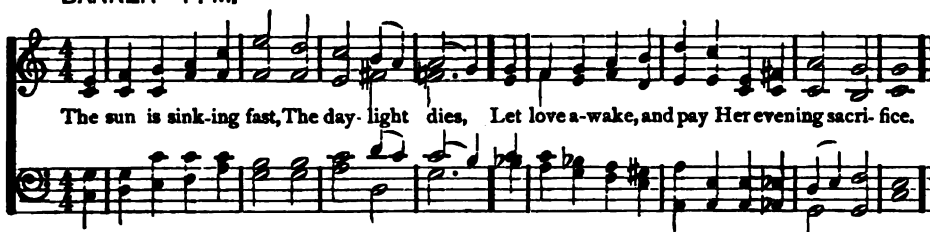
2 For this O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most,
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;

BARKER P. M.

The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

3 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come!

John Ellerton 1871



The sun is sink-ing fast, The day- light dies, Let love a-wake, and pay Her evening sacri- fice.

844

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies,
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands,
His parting soul resigned;
3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;
5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

Tr. by Edward Caswall 1858

EVENTIDE 10s.

W. H. MONK

A-bide with me! Fast falls the ev-en- tide; The darkness deep- ens; Lord, with me a-bide:
When oth-er help- ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.

845

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

3 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies; [shadows flee;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte 1847

J. B. DYKES

VESPERI LUX 7s. 5.

When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run, Father, grant Thy wearied one Rest for ev-er - more!

846

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore!

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore!

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray;—
Light for evermore!

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore!

John Ellerton 1871

CAPETOWN 7s, 5.

F. FILITE

Ho - ly Father, cheer our way With Thy love's perpetual ray; Grant us ev'ry closing day Light at evening-time.

847

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

Richard Hayes Robinson 1871

MERRIAL 6s, 5s.

J. BARNEY

Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh; Shadows of the even - ing Steal across the sky;

848

Now the day is over
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;
2 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.
5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould 1865

CASTLE EDEN 6s, 5s.

R. W. DIXON

Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh; Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky;

KUCKEN 7s. 6 lines

Fr. F. KUCKEN

{ Soft the dews of even - ing fall, Twi - light, with its friend - ly pall }
 { Folds a - bout earth's beat - ing heart, Bids the wea - ry day de - part. }

Through the cool and dark - ling air, Fa - ther! hear our even - ing prayer.

849

Soft the dews of evening fall,
 Twilight, with its friendly pall
 Folds about earth's beating heart,
 Bids the weary day depart.
 Through the cool and darkling air,
 Father! hear our evening prayer.

2 All the long, bright, busy day,
 Toil has worn our strength away;
 Trembling limbs and furrowed brow,
 At the mercy-seat we bow.
 Thou canst lift each weight of care,
 Father! hear our evening prayer!

3 We are faint! Temptations strong,
 In a vast and rapid throng,
 Oft our sinking souls assail—
 Let them not, O Lord, prevail.
 Be our guard in every snare—
 Father! hear our evening prayer!

4 Keep us till morn's rosy gleam
 Wakens us from happy dream;
 Give us daily strength and peace,
 Till life's days and nights shall cease—
 Then—Thy final rest to share—
 Father! hear our evening prayer!

Mary Virginia Terhune :189

HINSDALE C. M.

W. LOCKETT

850

I love to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
 The penitential tear;
 And all His promises to plead
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore;

And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown :188

STEELE 7s. 6 lines

Now from la-bor and from care Evening hours have set me free, In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with Thee: O be-hold me from a-bove, Fill me with a Saviour's love.

351

Now from labor and from care
Evening hours have set me free,
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with Thee:
O behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.
2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,

But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord, forgive, Thy grace restore,
Make me Thine for evermore.
3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to Thee I raise:
O accept my song of praise.

Thomas Hastings 1831

J. HATTON

DUKE ST. L. M.

Great God, to Thee my even - ing song With hum - ble grat - i - tude I raise;
O let Thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

852

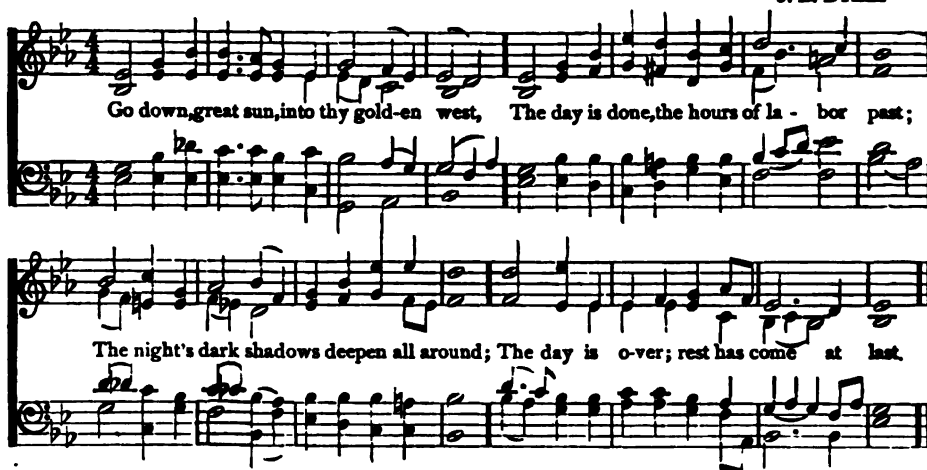
GREAT God, to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.
4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

Anne Steele 1760

PAX DEI 108.

J. B. DYKES



Go down, great sun, into thy gold-en west, The day is done, the hours of la - bor past;
The night's dark shadows deepen all around; The day is o-ver; rest has come at last.

853

Go down, great sun, into thy golden west,
The day is done, the hours of labor
past;

The night's dark shadows deepen all around;
The day is over; rest has come at last.

2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have
almost run;

And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting
sun.

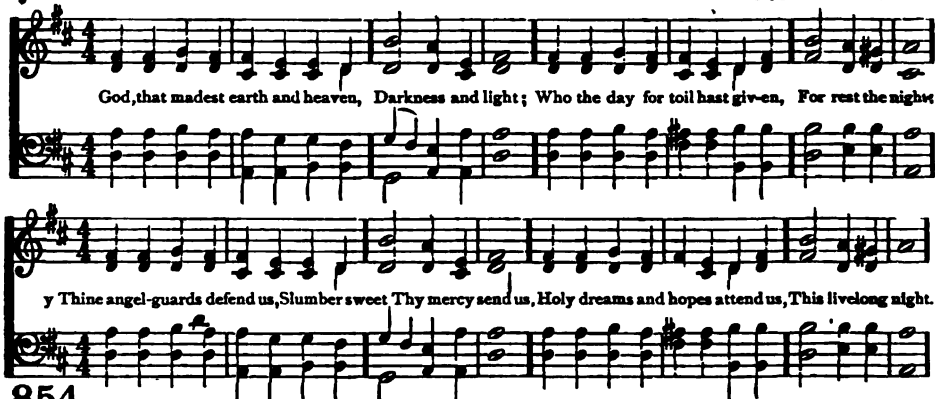
3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to
tell [rest.

How great the joy of that pure heavenly

Edward Husband 1871

E. J. HOPKINS

TEMPLE P. M.



God, that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light; Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night;
Thy angel-guards defend us, Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night.

854

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night.

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

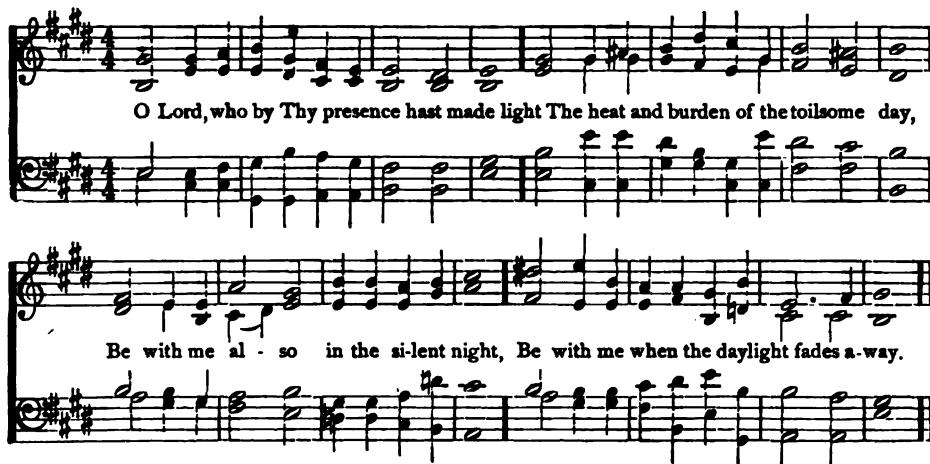
2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:

When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, Our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

v. 1 Reginald Heber 1827
v. 2 Richard Whately 1860

MEDITATION 108.

J. BARNEY



O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made light The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me al - so in the si-lent night, Be with me when the daylight fades a-way.

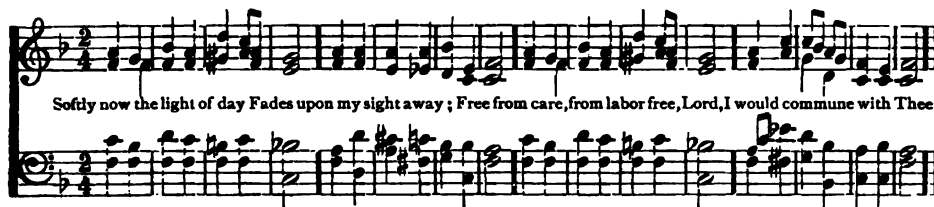
855

- O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.
- 2 As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my guest;
As Thou hast shared the labors of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.
- 3 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast;
- If Thou be with me when my labors close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.
- 4 Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!
- 5 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me, on a Father's loving heart,
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta 1856
Tr. by Richard Massie 1859

SEYMOUR 78.

C. M. VON WEBER



Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.

856

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George Washington Doane 1824

NACHTLIED 10s, 6 lines.

H. SMART

The day is gen- tly sink- ing to a close, Faint- er, and yet more faint, the sunlight glows;
O Bri- ghtness of Thy Father's glo- ry, Thou, E- ter- nal Light of light, be with us now;
Where Thou art pre- sent, darkness can- not be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

857

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter, and yet more faint, the sunlight glows:
O Brightness of thy Father's glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking, didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms
assail,
And earthly hopes, and human succors fail:
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth 1862

PEARCE 8s.

J. PEARCE

858

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my Shield, and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

Augustus Montague Toplady 1774

ST. ANATOLIUS 7s, 6s, 8s.

J. B. DYKES

The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee: We pray Thee that offence-less,

The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

859

The day is past and over:
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee:
 We pray Thee that offenceless,
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And save us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over:
 We lift our hearts to Thee;
 And call on Thee, that sinless
 The hours of gloom may be.
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save us through the coming night.

8 The toils of day are over;
 We raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be:
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls' preserver,
 For Thou alone dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which we have to go.
 O loving Jesus, hear our call,
 And guard and save us from them all.

Anatolius ab. 45f
 Tr. by John Mason Neale 1862

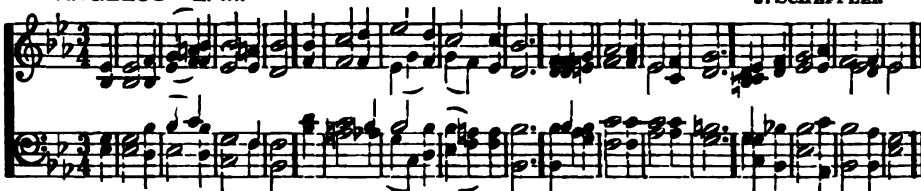
A. H. BROWN

ANATOLIUS 7s, 6s, 8s.

The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee:

We pray Thee that of - fence - less, The hours of dark may be.

O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us through the com - ing night.



860

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met,
O with what joy they went away.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

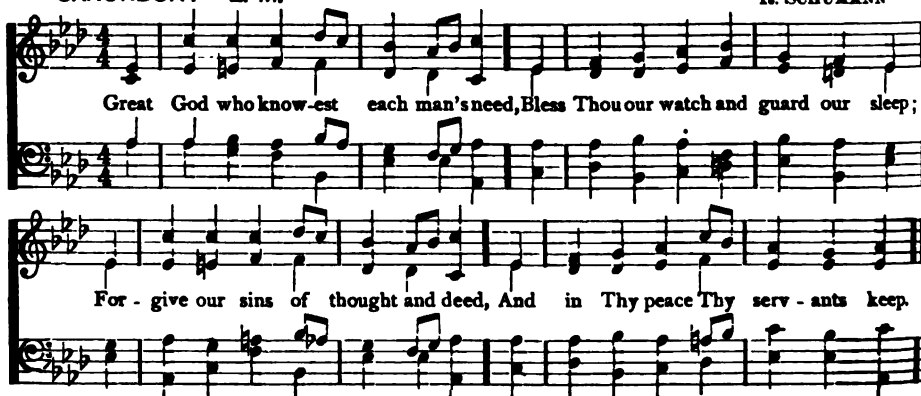
5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells 1868

CANONBURY L. M.

R. SCHUMANN



861

GREAT God who knowest each man's need,
Bless Thou our watch and guard our sleep;
Forgive our sins of thought and deed,
And in Thy peace Thy servants keep.

2 We thank Thee for the day that's done,
We trust Thee for the days to be;
Thy love we learn in Christ Thy Son—
O may we all His glory see!

Emily Tennyson

And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts 1709

862

MY God, how endless is Thy love:
Thy gifts are every evening new;

God of the sun - light hours, how sad Would even - ing shad - ows be,
Or night, in deep - er sa - ble clad, If aught were dark to Thee.

863

God of the sunlight hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,
If, aught were dark to Thee.

2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw Thy love depart.

3 But though the sunset hours may hide,
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in Thy house abide,
Shall ever share Thy smile.

4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright;
On Thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

Maria Grace Saffery 1834

T. HASTINGS

WICKLIFFE C. M.

Hail, tran - quil hour of clos - ing day, Be - gone, dis - turb - ing care;
And look, my soul, from earth a - way To Him who hear - eth prayer.

864

Hail, tranquil hour of closing day,
Begone, disturbing care;
And look, my soul, from earth away
To Him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before His throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows His smiling face.

3 How sweet, thro' long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,

And pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust His love for all.

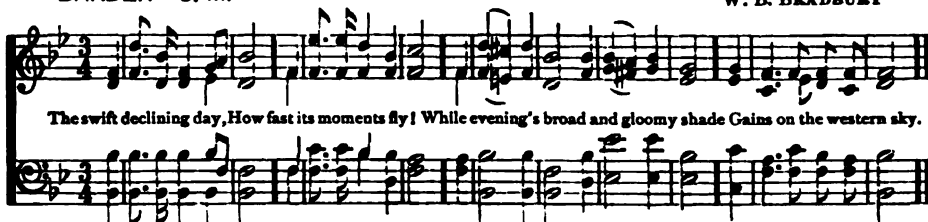
4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear Him call His children up
To His fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

Leonard Bacon 1845

BRADEN S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY



865

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere:
Submissive at His footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In your celestial home.

Philip Doddridge 1740

And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge 1740

866

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN L. M.

T. TALLIS



867

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace, may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed;

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day

4 O may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken 1697

J. BARNBY

The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more.

868

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;

Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring :866

J. W. HUMMEL

RENOVATION S. M.

The day, O Lord, is spent, Abide with us, and rest; Our hearts' desires are fully bent On making Thee our guest.

869

THE day, O Lord, is spent,
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.
2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

John Mason Neale :844

O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near

2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 And when I early rise,
To view the unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

4 And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
O may I in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

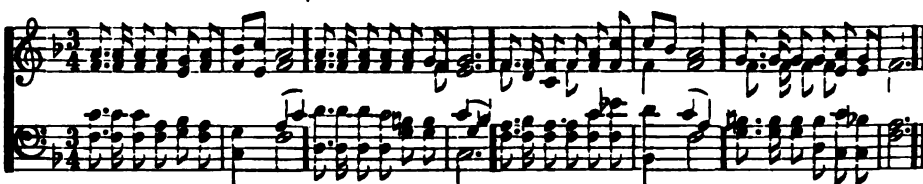
John Leland :179a

870

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;

ST. SYLVESTER 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKE



871

HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,
 While we breathe our evening prayer;
 Save us from all harm and danger,
 Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.
 2 Shield us from the wiles of Satan,
 From the perils of this night;
 Safely may Thy guardian angels
 Keep us in their watchful sight.
 3 Gentle Jesus! look in pity
 From Thy glorious throne above;
 Though we sleep, Thy heart is wakeful,
 Still for us it beats with love.
 4 Shades of evening fast are falling,
 Day is fading into gloom;
 When our earthly life is ended,
 Lead Thy ransomed children home.

872

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
 For the day is passing by;
 See! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.
 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west,
 Swift the night of death advances;
 Shall it be the night of rest?
 3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
 Tarry with me through the darkness;
 While I sleep, still watch by me.
 4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
 Lay my head upon Thy breast,
 Till the morning; then awake me,
 Morning of eternal rest!

Caroline S. Smith 1852

AUBER 8s, 7s, D.

W. H. MONK



873

VAINLY through night's weary hours,
 Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
 Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
 But for God's protecting arm.
 2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
 Did not God that labor bless;
 Vain, without His grace and favor,
 Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
 That on human strength relies;
 But to him shall help be given,
 Who in humble faith applies.
 4 Seek we, then the Lord's Anointed;
 He will grant us peace and rest:
 Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
 Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

Harriet Auber 1820

HURSLEY L. M.

Arr. by W. H. MONK



874

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;

Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble 1807

875

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

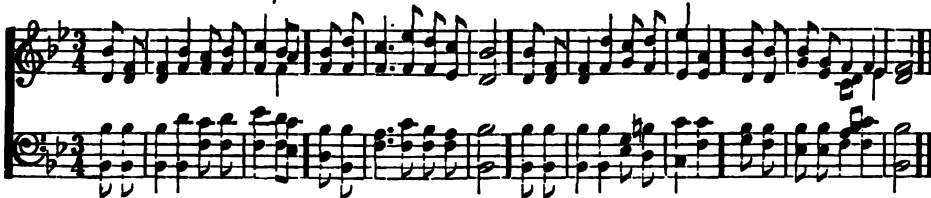
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

Isaac Watts 1709

STOCKWELL 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES



876

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

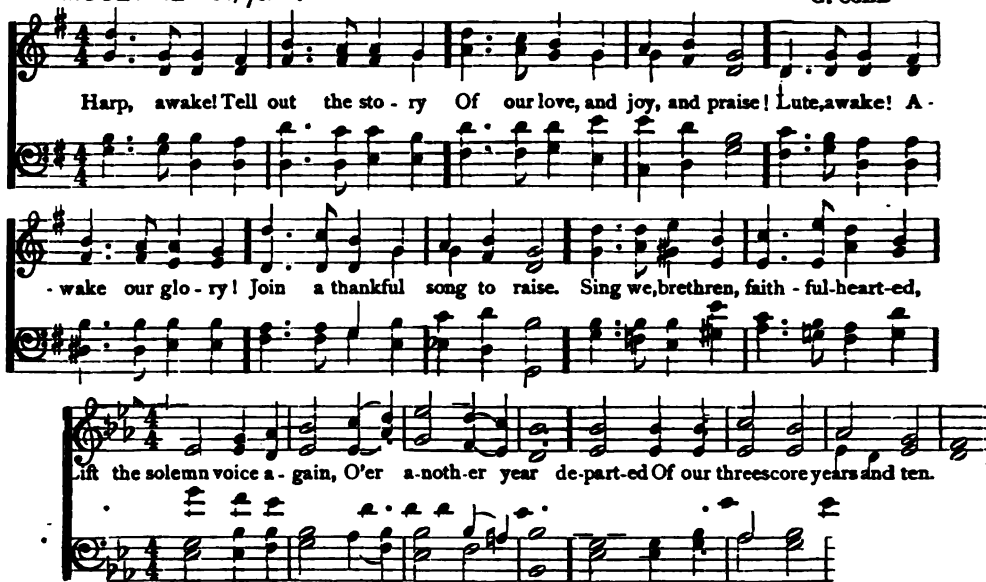
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston 1820

MOULTRIE 8s, 7s. D.

G. CORB



Harp, awake! Tell out the sto - ry Of our love, and joy, and praise! Lute, awake! A -
wake our glo - ry! Join a thankful song to raise. Sing we, brethren, faith - ful - heart - ed,
Lift the solemn voice a - gain, O'er a - noth - er year de - part - ed Of our threescore years and ten.

877

HARP, awake! Tell out the story
Of our love, and joy, and praise!
Lute, awake! Awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise.
Sing we, brethren, faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again,
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten.

2 Gracious Saviour, Thou hast lengthened,
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened,
What Thy grace alone began:

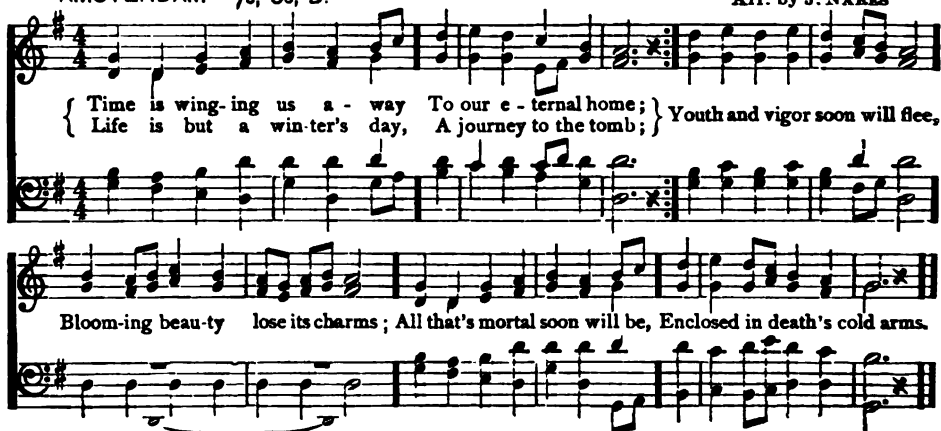
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy word.

8 Let Thy favor and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee.

Henry Downton 1851

ATT. by J. NARES

AMSTERDAM 7s, 6s. D.



{ Time is wing-ing us a - way To our e - ternal home; } Youth and vigor soon will flee,
{ Life is but a win-ter's day, A journey to the tomb; }
Bloom-ing beau-ty lose its charms; All that's mortal soon will be, Enclosed in death's cold arms.

DEVA 6s, 5s. 12 lines

E. J. HOPKINS

Standing at the portal Of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us, Hushing every fear;
Spoken thro' the silence By our Father's voice, Tender, strong, and faithful, Making us rejoice.

CHORUS.
Onward then, and fear not, Children of the day! For His word shall never, Never pass a way.

878

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.—CHO.
2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand!
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."—CHO.

3 For the year before us,
O, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.—CHO.
4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.—CHO.

Frances Ridley Havergal 1872

879

7s, 6s, D.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon, above.
Far beyond the world's annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

John Burton 1815

NEW YEAR'S HYMN P. M.

S. WEBER

Come, let us a-new our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand
still till the Mas-ter ap-pear. His a-dor-a-ble will let us glad-ly ful-fil,
And our ta-lents im-prove, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la-bor of love.

880

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

FESTUS L. M.

The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
3 O, that each in the day of His coming may
"I have fought my way through: [say,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me
to do!]" [glad word,
O, that each from his Lord may receive the
"Well and faithfully done! [throne!]"
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my

Charles Wesley 1749

From a German Choral

881

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God:
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Philip Doddridge 1740

BENEVENTO 7s. D.

S. WEBER

While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run,
D.S.—We a lit - tle long - er wait,

Nev-er more to meet us here: Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;
But how lit-tle none can know.

882

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun,
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton 1779

CHIMES C. M.

L. MASON

883

BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! Thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
2 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.
3 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!

O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!
4 Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou wouldst take us home.
5 O golden then the hours must be!
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

Thomas Hornblower Gill 1855

RUTH 6s, 5s, D.

S. SMITH



Summer suns are glowing O- ver land and sea, Hap- py light is flow- ing Bounti- ful and free.

Ev- ery thing rejoic- es In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.

884

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

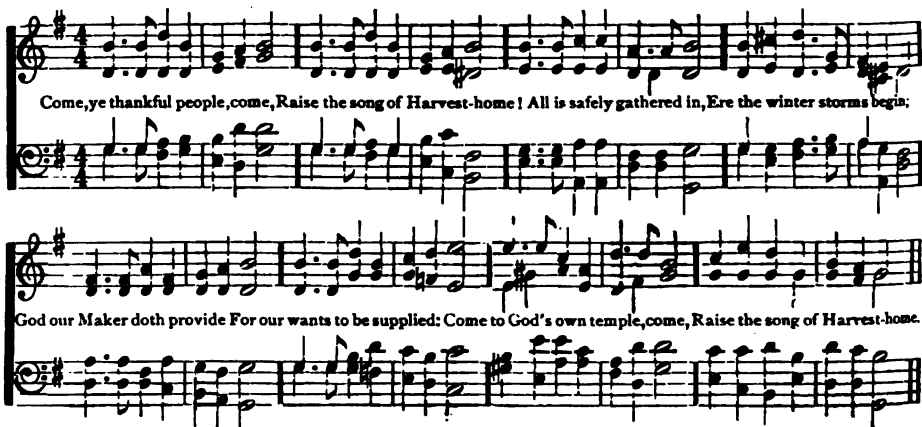
3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky.
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

William Walsham How 1864

ST. GEORGE'S 7s. D.

G. J. ELVEY



Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home! All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin.

God our Maker doth provide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home.

SEASONS L. M.

I. PLEINEL



E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em - ploy,
While in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail Thee, Sovereign of the year.

885

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
To hail Thee, Sovereign of the year.
2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge 1790

886

73. D

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come:
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come:
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

Henry Alford 1844

GOLDEN SHEAVES 8s, 7s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of a - dor - a - tion, To Thee bring sac - ri -
fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The
hills with joy are ring - ing, The valleys stand so thick with corn That even they are singing.

887

To THEE, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation:
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

4 O, blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

William Chatterton Dix 1871

CAIRNBROOK P. M.

E. PROUT

Praise, O praise the Lord of harvest, Providence and Love! Praise Him in His earthly temples, And above!

ST. ALBAN'S 6s, 5s, 12 lines

F. J. HAYDN

Earth be-low is teeming, Heaven is bright above; Every brow is beaming In the light of love;
Ev-ery eye re-joices, Every thought is praise; Happy hearts and voices Gladden nights and days.

REFRAIN.
O Al-migh-ty Giv-er! Bounti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest Joy we be-fore Thee.

888

EARTH below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above;
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love;
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days.

REF.—O Almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
As the joy in harvest
Joy we before Thee.

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and Summer knew;

For the golden Autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—REF.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.

REF.—O Almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
Then as joy in harvest
We shall joy in Thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1869

889

P. M

PRAISE, O praise the Lord of harvest,—
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above!

2 Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious hand,
Smiling peace and welcome plenty,
O'er our land.

3 Now the Church of God in patience
Waits her Harvest-home,
Till, with angels for His reapers,
Christ shall come.

4 May we all be safely gathered,
At the Master's word,
In the everlasting garner,
With the Lord.

James Hamilton 1865

SELBORNE L. M.

R. REDHEAD



890

HERE we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain.

2 To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of Autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn.

3 Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold,
Once more, with harvest song and shout,
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

4 O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent

5 We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

6 Then let these altars wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

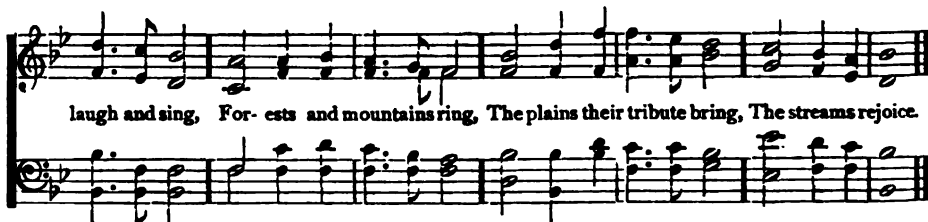
John Greenleaf Whittier

SWANTON 6s, 4s.

L. MASON



The God of Har-vest praise, In loud thanksgivings, raise Hand, heart, and voice; The valleys



laugh and sing, For-ests and mountains ring, The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

891

THE God of Harvest praise,
In loud thanksgivings raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;

To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of Harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery

TULFORD 7s, D.

E. J. HOPKINS

Christ, by heavenly hosts adored, Gracious, Mighty, Sovereign Lord, God of nations, King of kings, Head of all created things,

By the Church with joy confessed, God o'er all forever blest; Pleading at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy people, bless our land.

892

CHRIST, by heavenly hosts adored,
 Gracious, Mighty, Sovereign Lord,
 God of nations, King of kings,
 Head of all created things,
 By the Church with joy confessed,
 God o'er all forever blest;
 Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
 Save Thy people, bless our land.

2 On our fields of grass and grain
 Drop, O Lord, the kindly rain;
 O'er our wide and goodly land
 Crown the labors of each hand;

Let Thy kind protection be
 O'er our commerce on the sea;
 Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
 Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
 Men that love and honor Thee;
 Let the powers by Thee ordained,
 Be in righteousness maintained:
 In the people's hearts increase
 Love of piety and peace;
 Thus, united, we shall stand
 One wide, free, and happy land.

Henry Harbaugh 1860

JUSTIN 7s

J. H. KNECHT

Praise, O praise our God and King, Hymns of adoration sing; For His mercies still endure Ever faithful, ever sure.

893

PRAISE, O praise our God and King,
 Hymns of adoration sing;
 For His mercies still endure
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
 Day by day his course to run;
 And the silver moon by night,
 Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
 To mature the swelling grain;

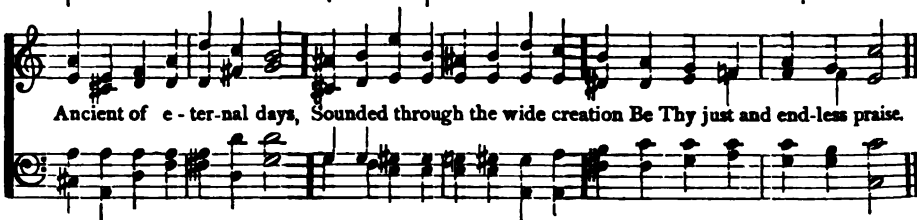
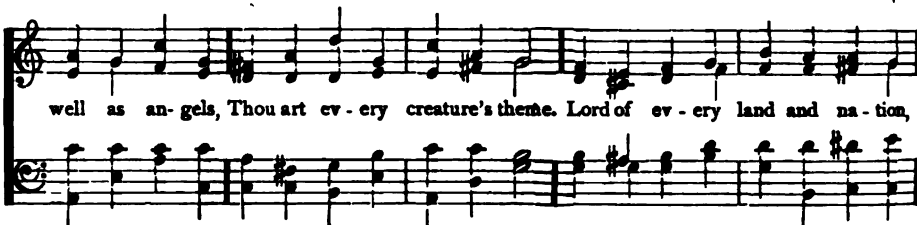
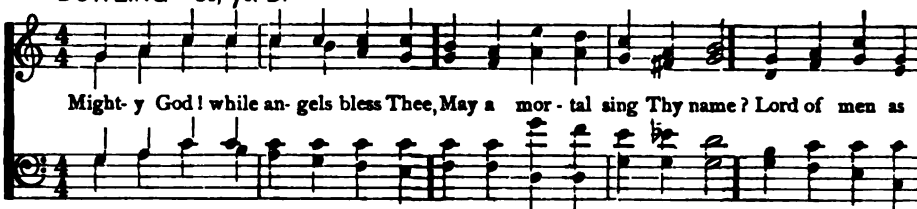
And hath bid the fruitful field
 Crops of precious increase yield.

4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
 He hath filled the garner-floor;
 And for richer food than this,
 Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5 Glory to our bounteous King;
 Glory let creation sing;
 Glory to the Father, Son,
 And blest Spirit, Three in One.

Henry Williams Baker 1861

DOWLING 8s, 7s. D.



894

MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
 May a mortal sing Thy name?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and endless praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;
 For Thy providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blesséd be Thy gentle reign.

3 For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
 Thought is poor, and poor expression;
 Who can sing that wondrous song?
 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow:
 Re-ascend, Immortal Saviour!
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.

Robert Robinson 1774

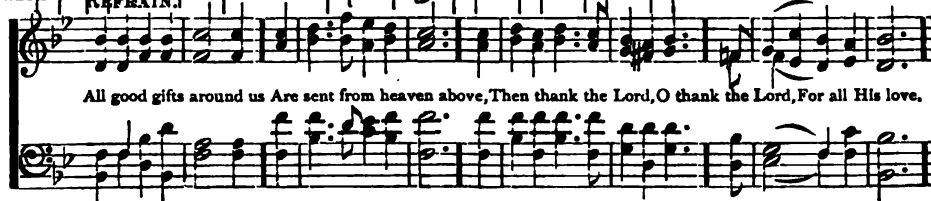
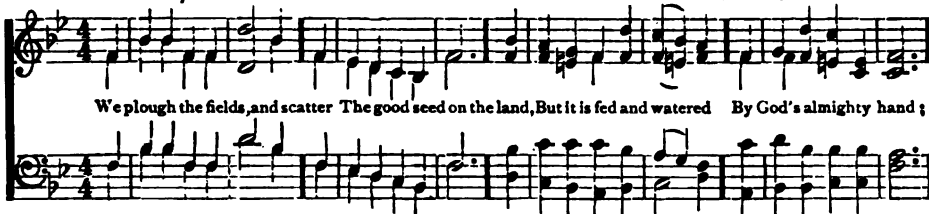
MONKLAND 7s.

J. P. WILKES



ARATOR 7s, 6s. 12 lines

J. A. P. SCHULTZ



895

We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
REF.—All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;

He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.—REF.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.—REF.

Mathias Claudius

Tr. by Jane Montgomery Campbell 1868

896

7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;
3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld 1778

AMERICA 6s, 4s.

Arr. by H. CARRY

My coun-try 'tis of Thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fath - ers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring.

897

My country 'tis of Thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith 1832

REESE 8s, 7s.

898

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

C. F. 1844

Unison.

God bless our na - tive land: Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night;

When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might.

899

God bless our native land:
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Charles Timothy Brooks 1834
John S. Dwight 1844
J. CHETHAM

MARLOW C. M.

Great King of na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall,

And hum - bly with u - ni - ted cry To Thee for mer - cy call;

900

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own;
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

3 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,

To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

4 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

5 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

John Hampden Gurney 1828

RUSSIAN HYMN P. M.

A. LWOFF

God, the All-Ter-ri-ble! Thou who ordain-est Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword!

Show forth Thy pit-y on high where Thou reignest; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

901

God, the All-Terrible! Thou who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy
sword!

Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2 God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard!
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3 God, the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word:
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken:
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord!

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and
sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord!

Henry Fothergill Chorley 1854

WILLIAMS L. M.

G. L. WILLIAMS

902

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped
Thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the
prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their
graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon 1856

BELGRAVIA 125

A. S. SULLIVAN

When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleam- [ing,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor sailors to cherish, They fly to their Master, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

903

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, [is gleaming, billow, [pillow,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor sailors to cherish, Now seated in glory, the poor sinner cherish,
 cherish, [perish." Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or
 They fly to their Master, "Save, Lord, or we we perish."

Reginald Heber 1827

WAVE P. M.

Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY

Star of peace, to wanderers weary! Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,

Far, far at sea. Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion dreary, Far, far at sea.

904

STAR of peace, to wanderers weary!
 Bright the beams that smile on me;
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
 Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
 All his toil, he flies to Thee;
 Save him on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine! O safely guide him,
 Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
 Sore temptations long have tried him,
 Far, far at sea.

Jane Cross Simpson 1836

E-ter-nal Father, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave, Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own ap-point-ed lim-its keep; O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per-il on the sea.

905

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting 1860

ROMBERG C. M.

T. HASTINGS

O Lord, be with us when we sail Upon the lonely deep, Our guard when on the silent deck The nightly watch we keep.

906

O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The nightly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

Edward Arthur Dayman 187.

ADMASTON 8s, 7s, D.

H. SMART



907

Tossed upon life's raging billow,
 Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
 Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,
 And canst feel a sailor's woe:
 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
 Though the night be dark and drear,
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
 "All is well!" Thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
 Though the storm-clouds dark are scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head:

'Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the billow's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus our hearts the hope will cherish,
 While to heaven we lift our eyes,
 Thou wilt save us ere we perish,
 Thou wilt hear our faintest cries:
 And, though mast and sail be riven,
 Life's short voyage soon is o'er:
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
 Storms and tempests vex no more.

George Washington Bethune 1830

HAWAII 7s,



908

SAFE upon the billowy deep,
 Loving Lord, Thy servants keep;
 Helpless, trusting pilgrims they,
 Guard them on their watery way.

2 In the morning fill their sails,
 'Mid the dark, send favoring gales;
 If their sky be overcast,
 Calm the waves, and still the blast.

3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;
 Send at eve the starry ray;

Through the watches of the night,
 Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.

4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by
 Watch with Thine unslumbering eye:
 Guide with Thine almighty hand
 Safe unto the haven-land.

5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,
 Take us to the heavenly shore,
 Safe in port, to dwell with Thee
 Where there shall be "no more sea."

Henry Cuppes 1887

BLAIRGOVIE 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. DYKES



O Love divine and golden, Mysterious depth and height! To Thee the world beholden, Looks up for life and light;

O love divine and gentle, The blesser and the blest! Beneath Thy care parental The world lies down in rest.

909

O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height!
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light;

O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.

2 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love.

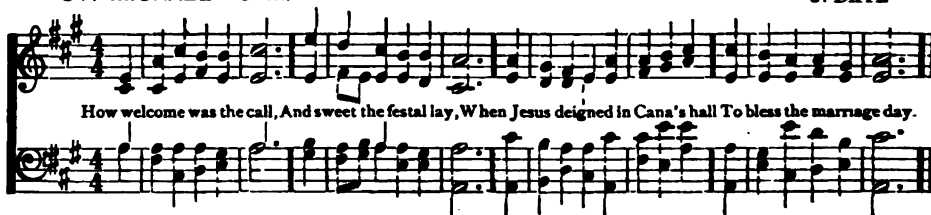
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

John Samuel Bewley Monsell 1862

ST. MICHAEL S. M.

J. DAYE



How welcome was the call, And sweet the festal lay, When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall To bless the marriage day.

910

How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day.

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power divine
The water-vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above,
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

6 Before Thy holy throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord in one,
So bless them evermore.

Henry Williams Baker 1862

GRANTHAM L. M. D.

J. A. JEFFERY

To

Thee; O Father throned on high, Our marriage hymn we duly sing; Knit Thou the sacred bond we tie,

And do Thou bless the wedding ring. Thy love, at first, in Paradise, It was that made one flesh of twain;

Work Thou, while here our prayers arise, That sacred mystery, again, That sacred myster-y, a- gain.

By permission of Ed. Rev. William Croswell Doane, S. T. D.

911

To Thee, O Father throned on high,
 Our marriage hymn, we duly sing;
 Knit Thou the sacred bond we tie,
 And do Thou bless the wedding ring.
 Thy love, at first, in Paradise,
 It was that made one flesh of twain;
 Work Thou, while here our prayers arise,
 That sacred mystery, again.

2 To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside
 Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;
 True Bridegroom of Thy spotless bride,
 With all Thy human love, draw nigh.
 Our human nature, Thy divine
 Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,
 As Cana's water turned to wine,
 Its lost godlikeness is restored.

3 O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
 Thee too we worship, God and Lord,
 And honor Thee, with praises meet,
 One with the Father and the Word.
 Lord and Life-giver, hear our prayer,
 Come, sanctify and bless, and guide,
 Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,
 The life of bridegroom and of bride.

4 O God Triune, whom heaven's host
 Adores, with sweet and ceaseless song;
 O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To whom all worship doth belong;
 Hear, in these echoes faint and dim,
 Of chant and prayer and holy psalm,
 Their songs, the heavenly feast who hymn,
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

William Croswell Doane 1889

SPRING 8s, 7s, D.

W. H. WALTER

All is bright and cheerful round us, All above is soft and blue; Spring at last hath
come and found us; Spring and all its pleasures too; Ev-'ry flow'r is full of glad-ness,
Dew is bright, and buds are gay; Earth, with all its sin and sadness, Seems a hap-py place to-day.

From Tucker's Children's Hymnal, by permission.

912

ALL is bright and cheerful round us,
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us;
Spring and all its pleasures too:
Every flower is full of gladness,
Dew is bright, and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.

2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,

If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

8 There are leaves that never wither;
There are flowers that ne'er decay:
Nothing evil goeth thither;
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
Now have rest, and peace, and light.

John Mason Neale 1844

LUCERNE 8s, 7s.

T. A. WILLIS

LORD, we bring no costly offering,
Nothing but the blossoms sweet,
For the service of the suffering
We would lay them at Thy feet.

913

LORD, we bring no costly offering,
Nothing but the blossoms sweet,
For the service of the suffering
We would lay them at Thy feet.

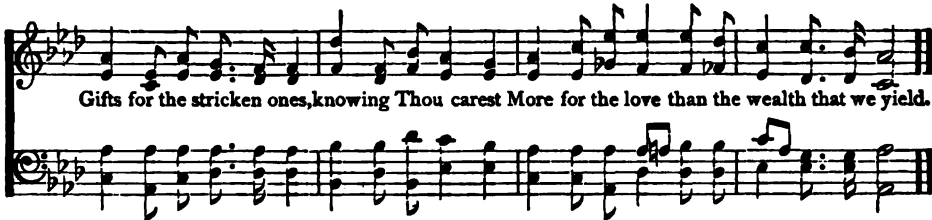
2 And we pray Thee to accept them,
Frail and fading though they be,
Thou dost count each service rendered
To Thy sick, as done to Thee.

CLARE MARKET 11s, 10s.

M. PALMER



Here, Lord, we of-fer Thee all that is fair- est, Bloom from the garden, and flow'rs from the field ;



Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

914

HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest, 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from have sickened,
the field; [carest Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast
More for the love than the wealth that we quickened, [gloom.
yield. Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for

2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and
dying, [peace. must wither; [must die;
Speak to their hearts with a message of We, like these blossoms, must fade and
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying, Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant the departing a gentle release. Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

Abel Gerald Wilson Blunt

ST. PIRAN 7s, 5s.

E. J. HOPKINS



Thine are all the gifts, O God! Thine the broken bread; Let the naked feet be shod, And the starving fed.

915

THINE are all the gifts, O God!
Thine the broken bread;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

John Greenleaf Whittier 1870

IRBY 8s, 7s, 7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT

Once in roy- al Da-vid's cit- y Stood a low- ly cat- tle shed, Where a mother laid her Ba- by,
In a man- ger for His bed: Ma- ry was the mother mild, Je- sus Christ her lit- tle Child.

916

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feelth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1848

HILGROVE 7s.

917

LAMB of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.
2 Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art!
Live Thyself within my heart!
4 I shall then show forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley 1767

THE STORY OF THE CROSS P. M.

A. REDHEAD

918 *Unison.**Harmony.*

1 In His own raiment clad, With His blood dyed; Wom-en walk sorrowing By His side.
 2 O, whither wander-ing Bear they that tree? He Who first carries it, Who is He?
 3 Fol-low to Cal-va-ry, Tread where He trod, He Who for-ev-er was Son of God.
 4 Is there no beauty to You who pass by In that lone figure which Marks the sky?

*Unison.**Harmony.*

5 On the cross lift-ed up, Thy face we scan, Bear-ing that cross for us, Son of man.
 6 Thorns form Thy diadem, Rough wood Thy throne For us Thy blood is shed, Us a-lone.
 7 No pil-low un-der Thee To rest Thy head, On-ly the splintered cross Is Thy bed.
 8 What, O my Saviour! Here didst Thou see, Which made Thee suffer and Die for me?

*Unison.**Harmony.*

9 O I will follow Thee, Star of my soul, Through the deep shades of life To the goal.
 11 Lord, if Thou only wilt Make me Thine own, Give no companion, save Thee a-lone.

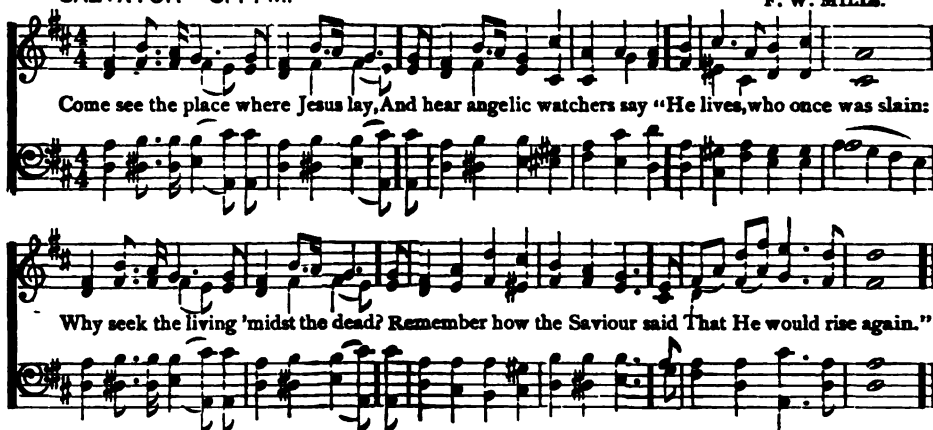
*Unison.**Harmony.*

10 Yes, let Thy cross be borne Each day by me, Mind not how heavy if But with Thee.
 12 Grant through each day of life To stand by Thee; With Thee, when morning breaks Ever to be.

Edward Monro

SALVATOR C. P. M.

F. W. MILLS.



919

COME see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say
"He lives, who once was slain :
Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

Thomas Kelly 1806
J. GOSS

THRING P. M.



920

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
My gracious, constant Guide;
I shall not want, for I am His:
In all supplied.

2 In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

3 His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam;
Shows the right path and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.

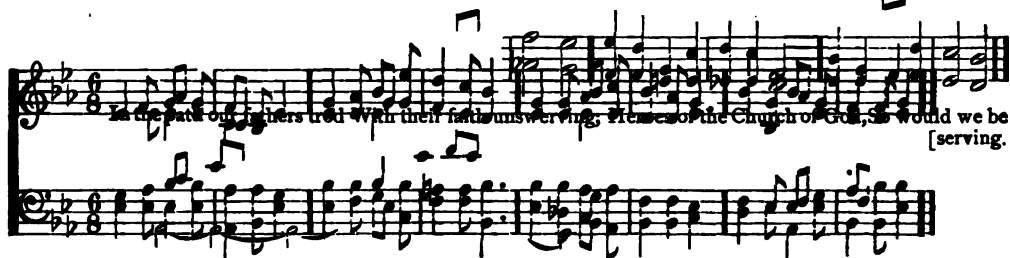
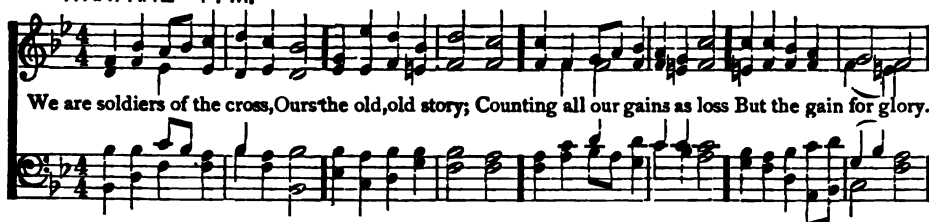
4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;
I feel Thee near.

5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes;
The oil of grace is mine;
My cup with mercy overflows
And love divine.

6 Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

George Rawson 1852

WARFARE P. M.



921

We are soldiers of the cross,
Ours the old, old story;
Counting all our gains as loss
But the gain for glory.
In the path our fathers trod
With their faith unswerving;
Heroes of the Church of God,
So would we be serving.

2 As we raise our martial song,
Courage ne'er abating,
Angel bands, a holy throng,
On our steps are waiting.

Soon the journey will be o'er,
Passed each dark affliction;
Let us think how Jesus bore
Scourge and crucifixion.

3 See the heavenly mansions bright
Faithful hope adorning!
Far behind us looms the night,
But before, the morning:
Onward, onward to the goal,
Jesus goes before us;
Come, O come! each ransomed soul,
Sound on high the chorus.

ALSTONE L. M.

C. E. WILLING



922

Around the throne of God a band
Of glorious angels ever stand:
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guide us on our way;
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

WELLINGTON P. M.

G. W. BIRD

On-ward and up, as pilgrims marching ev - er Beneath the blood-red banner of our King— On-ward to
heav'n, and up, and ling'ring nev - er; Bear - ing His cross with gladsome hearts we sing. Rest for the wea - ry—
sweet home at last; Sweet home with Jesus, and all life's sorrows past, Sweet home with Jesus, and all life's sorrows past.

923

- ONWARD and up, as pilgrims marching ever O what sweet joy those heavenly chimes
Beneath the blood-red banner of our King— are bringing
Onward to heaven, and up, and lingering To those who long for that bright better
never; [sing. land!—REF.
Bearing His cross with gladsome hearts we
REF.—Rest for the weary—sweet home at
last; [sorrows past.
Sweet home with Jesus, and all life's
- 3 Joy, joy at last, when we shall pass the
portal
Of that bright, radiant city of the blest,
To join the song of Christ, the King Immortal,
Where all His blood-bought children are
at rest.—REF.
- 2 Onward and up, the golden bells are
ringing
From far away to cheer the pilgrim band;

George W. Bird

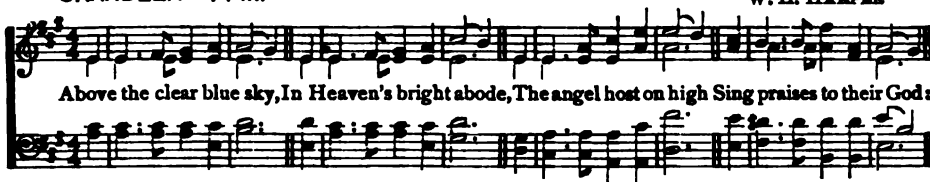
LANDSDOWNE P. M.

J. B. DYKES

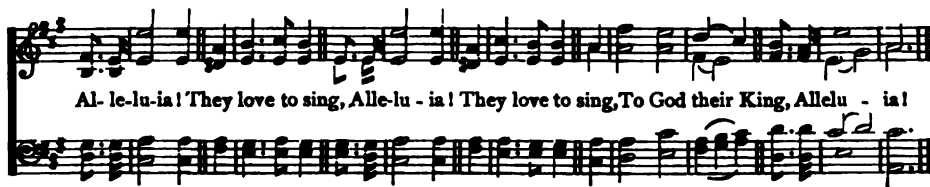
Ev'ry morning the red sun Ris-es warm and bright; But the evening cometh on, And the
dark, cold night: There's a bright land far a-way, Where 'tis nev - er end-ing day.

CHANDLER P. M.

W. H. HARPER



Above the clear blue sky, In Heaven's bright abode, The angel host on high Sing praises to their God:



Al-le-lu-ia! They love to sing, Alle-lu-ia! They love to sing, To God their King, Allelu-ia!

924

Above the clear blue sky,
In Heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:

Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

2 But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:

Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

4 O, may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:

Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

John Chandler 1842

925

P. M.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away!
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder shorter days

They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him!
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1848

ELLWOOD 6s, 5s. D.

G. A. MACFARREN

Jesus is our Shepherd, Wiping every tear; Folded in His bosom, What have we to fear?

On-ly let us fol-low Whither He doth lead, To the thirsty des-ert, Or the dewy mead.

926

Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone:
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
“They that have My Spirit,”
These, “saith He,” are Mine.”

4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

Hugh Stowell 1832

CRESSWELL 7s, 5.

Sweet the lesson Jesus taught, When to Him fond parents brought Babes for whom they blessing sought, Little ones like me.

927

SWEET the lesson Jesus taught,
When to Him fond parents brought
Babes for whom they blessing sought,
Little ones like me.

2 Jesus did not answer nay,
Bid them come another day;
Jesus did not turn away
Little ones like me.

3 No, my Saviour's hand was laid,
Softly on each infant head;
Jesus, when He blessed them, said,
“Let them come to Me.”

4 Babes may still His blessing share;
Lambs are His peculiar care;
He will in His bosom bear
Little ones like me.

Jane E. Looson 1842

SAXE HOLM 8s, 7s, D.

A. H. HOWARD

Like a cra - dle rock-ing, rock-ing, Silent,peaceful,to and fro,Like a mother's sweet looks
drop-ping On the lit - tle face be - low, Hangs the green earth,swinging,turning, Jar- less
noise-less,safe and slow; Falls the light of God's face bending Down and watching us below.

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the copyright.

928

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

2 And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

3 O great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

Helen Maria Jackson 1873

929

SWEETLY sing the love of Jesus!
Love for you, and love for me;
Heaven's light is not more cheering,
Heaven's dew is not more free.
As a child in pain or terror,
Hides him in his mother's breast,
As a sailor seeks the haven,
We would come to Him for rest.
2 Gladly sing the love of Jesus!
Let us lean upon His arm.
If He love us what can grieve us?
If He keep us, what can harm?
Still He lays His hands in blessing
On each timid little face,
And in heaven the children's angels
Near the throne have always place.
3 Ever sing the love of Jesus!
Let the day be dark or clear,
Every pain and every sorrow
Bring His own to Him more near.
Death's cold wave need not affright us
When we know that He has died,
When we see the face of Jesus
Smiling on the Other Side!

Mary Virginia Terhune 1889

WAKEFIELD 6s, 5s, 12 lines

Je-sus, King of glo - ry Throned above the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav-iour, Hear Thy children cry.

Pardon our transgressions, Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy Spirit help us Heavenly life to win.

REFRAIN.

Je- sus, King of glo - ry, Throned above the sky, Jesus, ten-der Sav-iour, Hear Thy children cry.

930

Jesus, King of glory
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin;
By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.
REF.—Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.—REF

3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;

For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face.—REF.

4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in:
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory.—REF.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.

Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

W. H. Davison

ELMENDORF P. M.

931

ORGAN. *f*

1 March, march, on - ward sol - diers true,
2 See, see, yon - der shines your home;

Take thro' cloud and mist your way, Yonder flows the fount of life, Yonder dwells e - ter - nal day;
Gates of pearl and walls of gold, Joy that heart hath never known, Bliss that tongue hath never told.

March, though myriad foes are nigh, Forward till ye reach the shore; Then when all the strife is done
Victors then thro' Christ your Lord, Gathered round His glorious throne, Be it yours to sing His praise,

Rest in peace for - ev - er more. Hark, hark, loud the trumpet sounds; Wake, ye children of the light,
Praise that He your King shall own. Praise, praise Him who reigns on high; Praise the co-eternal Son,

Time is past for sloth and sleep; Wake and arm you for the fight, Spear and sword each warrior needs;
Praise the Spir-it, Lord of life, Praise the blessed Three in One. Praise Him, ye who toil and fight;

Foes are round you, friends are few; Faint not, though the way be long, Faint-ing still your
Praise Him, ye who bear the palm, As the sound of might-y seas Pour your ev - er-

way pur - sue, Faint-ing still your way pur - sue. ORGAN.
last-ing psalm, Pour your ev - er - last-ing psalm.

Edward Hayes Plumtre 1865

MARION P. M.

G. E. OLIVER

The beau-ti-ful bright sunshine, That smiles on all be-low, The wav-ing trees, the
cool, soft breeze, The rippling streams that flow, The shadows on the hill-sides, The
ma-ny tint-ed flow'rs, O God! how fair Thy loving care Has made this earth of ours.

932

THE beautiful bright sunshine,
That smiles on all below,
The waving trees, the cool, soft breeze,
The rippling streams that flow,
The shadows on the hillsides,
The many tinted flowers,
O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this earth of ours.

2 The beautiful affections
That gather round our way,
The joys that rise from household ties
And deepen day by day;

The tender love that guards us
Whenever danger lowers,
O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this earth of ours.

3 But brighter is the shining,
And tenderer is the love,
And purer still, the joys which fill
The unseen home above,—
The home where all His children
Shall sing with fuller powers,
"O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this heaven of ours."

CASWALL 6s, 5s.

Arr. by W. H. MONK

Je-sus, meek and gentle, Son of God most high, Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear thy children's cry.

933

1 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;

Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

3 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

George Rundle Prynn 1856

LITTLEWOOD P. M.

Far, far a - way, there's a man - y - mansioned dwell - ing, Where the Saviour waits to
wel - come the dear souls for whom He died, All a - cross the dark - some
val - ley I can hear their an - thems swell - ing, And a - mid the gold - en
glo - ry I can see them by His side,..... In the Home so far a - way!

934

FAR, far away, there's a many mansioned dwelling,
Where the Saviour waits to welcome the dear souls for whom He died,
All across the darksome valley I can hear their anthems swelling,
And amid the golden glory I can see them by His side,
In the Home so far away!

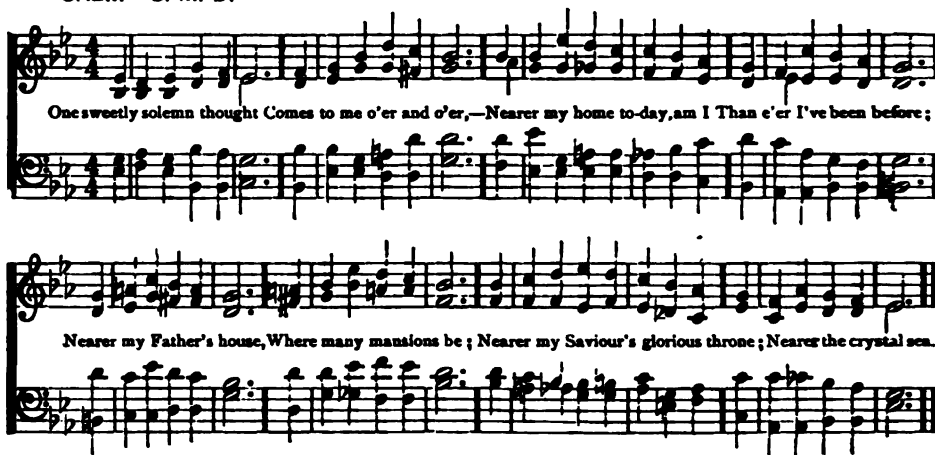
2.

Far, far away, there's a haven deep and quiet,
Where the noiseless waves lie sleeping on the mountain-sheltered shore,
Where the surges never enter, where no stormy tempests riot,
Where the sails are furled for ever and the ship goes out no more,
From the Haven far away!

3.

So thitherward I travel, in gladness or in sorrow,
Across these trackless waters, with His love to cheer me through.
And as every sunset closes, I can fancy that the morrow
Will fire the heavenly mountains, with the Haven full in view
And no longer far away!

CALM S. M. D.



One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—Nearer my home to-day, am I Than e'er I've been before ;

Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be ; Nearer my Saviour's glorious throne ; Nearer the crystal sea.

935

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer my Saviour's glorious throne ;
Nearer the crystal sea ;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down ;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross ;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

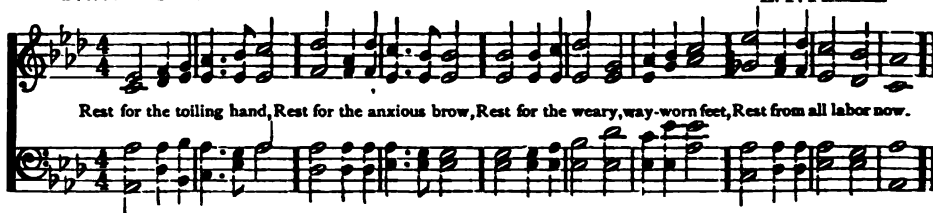
5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Phoebe Cary 1852

DAWN S. M.

E. P. PARKER



Rest for the toiling hand, Rest for the anxious brow, Rest for the weary, way-worn feet, Rest from all labor now.

936

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now :

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye ;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound

That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

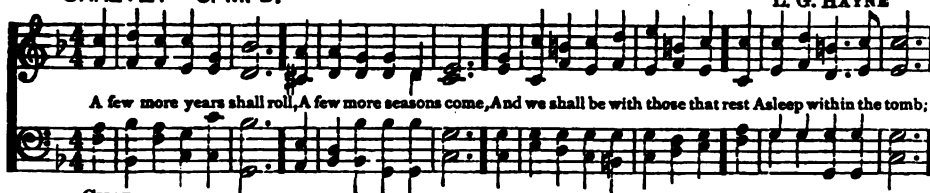
4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

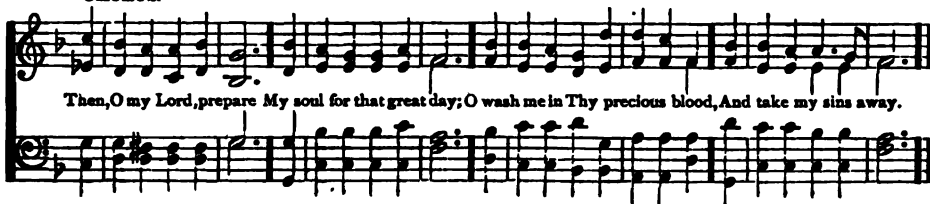
Horatius Bonar 1857

CHALVEY S. M. D.

L. G. HAYNE



CHORUS.



937

A few more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb.—CHO.
 2 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
 And we shall be where suns are not
 A far serener clime.—CHO.
 3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,

And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.—CHO.

4 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.—CHO.

5 'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign.—CHO.

Horatius Bonar 1856

U. C. BURNAP

ENOS P. M.



938

No, no, it is not dying
 To go unto our God,
 This gloomy earth forsaking,
 Our journey homeward taking
 Along the starry road.
 2 No, no, it is not dying
 Heaven's citizen to be;
 A crown immortal wearing,
 And rest unbroken sharing,
 From care and conflict free.
 3 No, no, it is not dying
 To hear this gracious word,
 "Receive a Father's blessing,
 For evermore possessing
 The favor of Thy Lord."

4 No, no, it is not dying
 The Shepherd's voice to know;
 His sheep He ever leadeth,
 His peaceful flock He feedeth,
 Where living pastures grow.

5 No, no, it is not dying
 To wear a lordly crown;
 Among God's people dwelling,
 The glorious triumph swelling
 Of Him whose sway we own.

6 O no, this is not dying,
 Thou Saviour of mankind!
 There, streams of love are flowing,
 No hindrance ever knowing;
 Here, drops alone we find.

Caesar H. A. Malan 1841
 Tr. by Robinson P. Dunn 1858

LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN

"Forever with the Lord!" Amen! so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis immortality.

Here, in the body pent, Absent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer [home.

939

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
 Amen! so let it be!
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above!

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery 1835

CARY S. M.

From L. SPOHR

940

It is not death to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close.
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
 The wrench that sets us free

From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty,

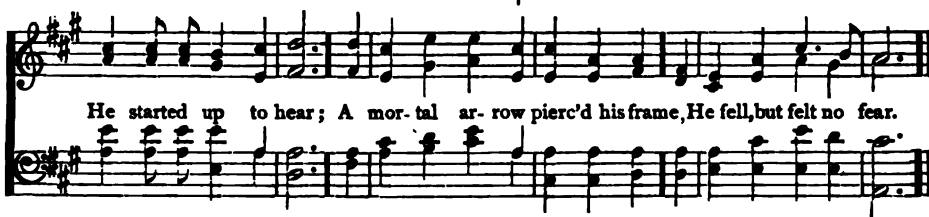
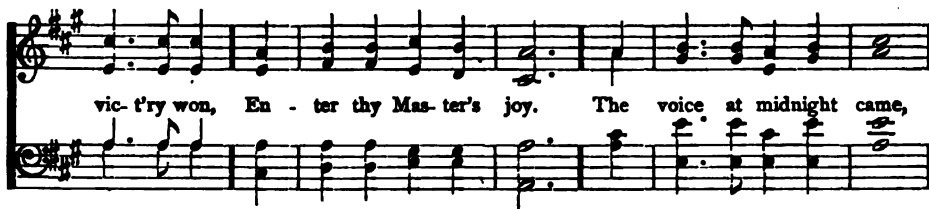
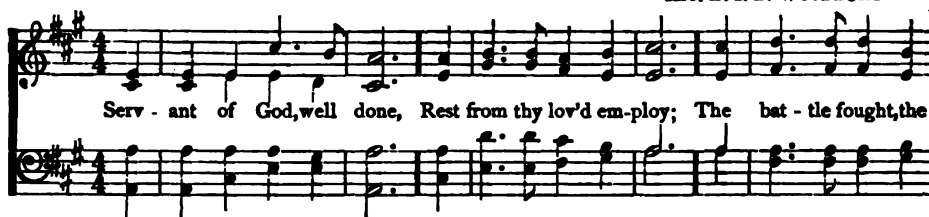
4 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong, exulting wing
 To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die;
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife
 To reign with Thee on high.

Caesar H. A. Malan 1841
 Tr. by George Washington Bethune 1847

NEARER HOME S. M. D.

Arr. fr. L. B. WOODBURY



941

SERVANT of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.
2 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

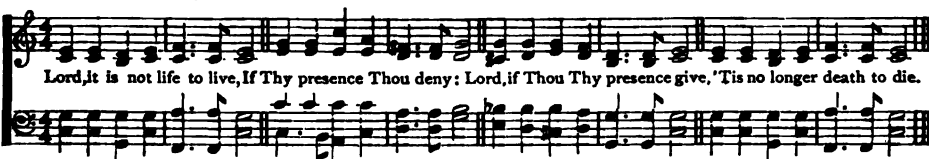
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery 1825

REDHEAD 7s.

R. REDHEAD

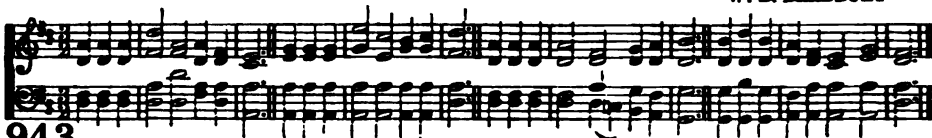


942

LORD, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny:
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:

2 Source and giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

Augustus Montague Toplady 1776



943

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;

But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
Margaret Mackay 1837

944

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th'expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna Laetitia Barbauld 1773

SWEDEN L. M.

H. HILES



Un-veil thy bo-som, faith-ful tomb; Take this new treas-ure to thy trust,

And give these sa-cred rel-ics room To seek a slum-ber in the dust.

945

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

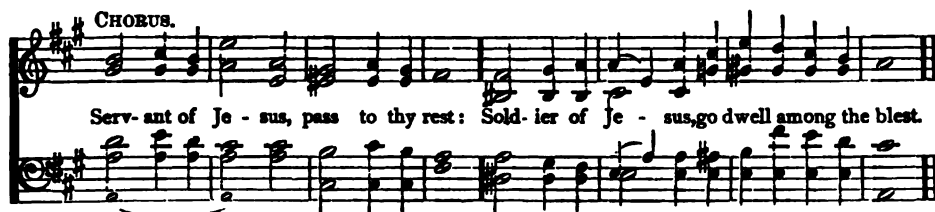
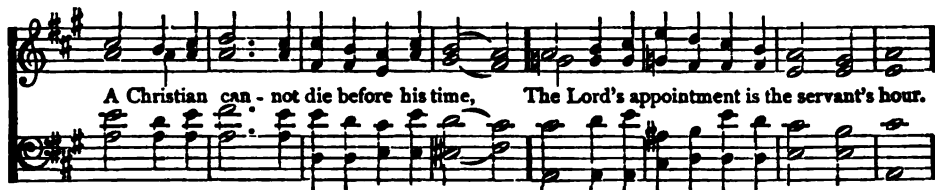
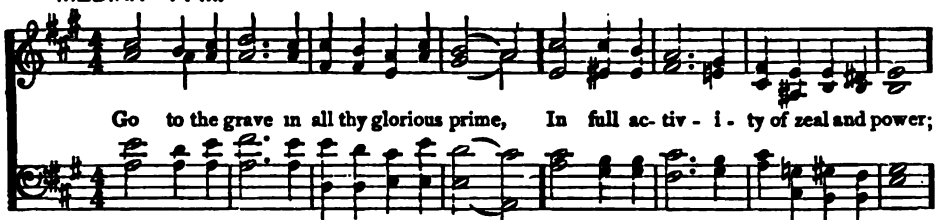
2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son [bed;
Passed through the grave, and bless'd the
Rest here, blest saint, till, from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts 1734

MEDINA P. M.



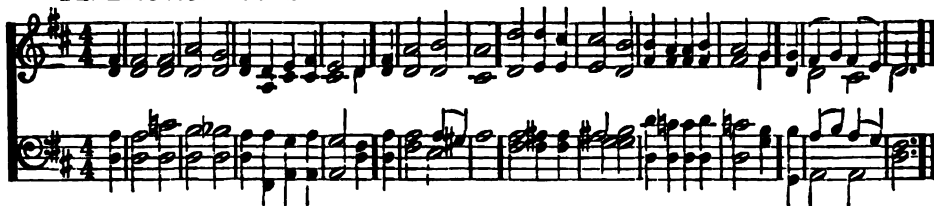
946

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time, [hour.
The Lord's appointment is the servant's
2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.
4 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere He rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

James Montgomery 1825

BENEDICTION P. M.



947

WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.
2 Yet would we say what every heart approv-
Our Father's will, [eth,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth, They live on earth in thought and deed, as
Is mercy still. As in His heaven. [truly

3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not!
4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not
What He has given; [wholly
They live on earth in thought and deed, as
As in His heaven. [truly

John Greenleaf Whittier 1846

BURTON P. M.

E. P. PARKER

Blest are they in Christ depart-ed, Saith the word, O broken-hearted! Thro' death's dark mys-
-te-rious por-tal They have en-tered life im-mor-tal, Round them shines eternal day.

Used by permission of "The Congregationalist."

948

BLEST are they in Christ departed,
Saith the word, O broken hearted!
Through death's dark mysterious portal
They have entered life immortal,
Round them shines eternal day.

2 Hard their warfare, great their burden,
But the splendid goal and guerdon
They have reached; and now, victorious,
Wear the crowns and garlands glorious
Which shall never fade away.

3 No more fears, nor doubts, nor crying,
No more sin, nor pain, nor dying,
No more tears on any faces,
In those holy, heavenly places
Where love reigns forevermore.

4 Lord, on us thy mercy lighten,
With Thy love our sorrows brighten;
Make our hope of heaven grow clearer,

Heaven itself becomes the dearer,
For the loved ones gone before.

Edwin Pond Parker 1889

949

DARLING child, in slumber seeming
Far away in happy dreaming,
Still and breathless is thy sleeping,
Heedless of our watch and weeping.
Lord, have mercy upon us!

2 While our hearts with grief are breaking,
Thou to heavenly joy art waking;
Clouds of sorrow o'er us glooming
Shadow not thy life's sweet blooming.
Lord, in mercy comfort us.

3 Israel's Shepherd safely fold thee,
In His bosom gently hold thee,
And our feet in mercy guiding,
Bring us where thou art abiding.
Heavenly Father, hear our prayer.

Edwin Pond Parker 1889

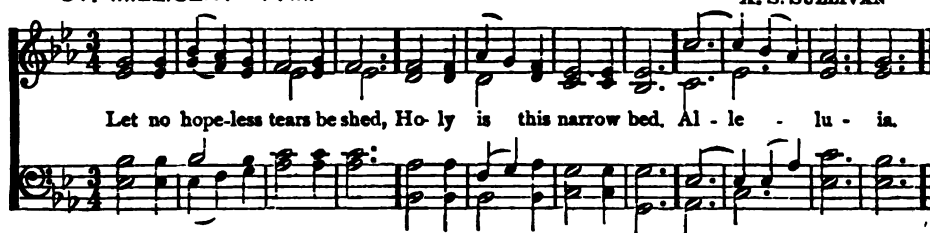
A. S. SULLIVAN

HAMPTON P. M.

Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping; And how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In his nar-row bed he's sleep-ing, And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bosom more.

ST. MILLICENT P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN



950

Let no hopeless tears be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed.

Alleluia.

2 Death, eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws.

Alleluia.

3 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath passed

Alleluia.

4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed for race well run:

Alleluia.

5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;

Alleluia.

6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force.

Alleluia.

7 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one;

Alleluia.

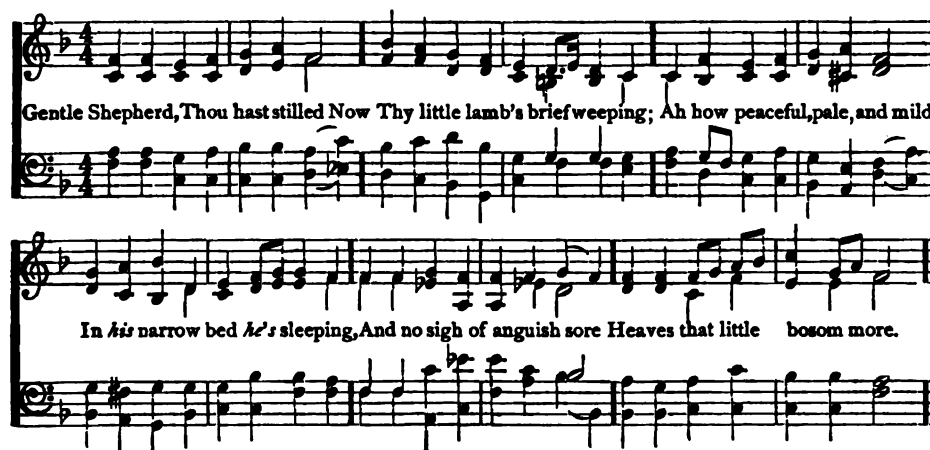
8 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.

Alleluia.

Richard Frederick Littledale 1869

J. BARNBY

HOLYROOD P. M.



951

Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;

Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,

In his narrow bed he's sleeping,

And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,

Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave him
To the sunny, heavenly plain

Dost Thou now with joy receive him:
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now he dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where he lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see

That his heavenly food are giving:

Then the gain of death we prove

Though Thou take what most we love.

Johann Wilhelm Meinhold 1852
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth 1859

FREDERICK H.S.

G. KINGSLEY

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

952

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,

And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its

There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

William Augustus Muhlenberg

REQUIESCAT P. M.

J. B. DYKES

Now the laborer's task is o'er: Now the battle-day is past; Now upon the farther shore Lands the voyag-
- er at last. Fa - ther, in Thy gracious keep - ing Leave we now Thy servant sleep - ing.

SYLVESTER P. M.

J. B. DYKES

Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

O, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar - row bed!

953

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
O, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice!

3 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:

For the bygone years, retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

4 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

5 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Edward Caswall 1868

After last verse.

Life passeth soon; Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou appear; With Thee to live,

With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Through e - ter - ni - ty!

954

P. M.

Now the laborer's task is o'er:
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection-day,
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton 1871

ELLERTON L. M. 6 lines

J. BARNBY

God of the living, in whose eyes Unveiled Thy whole creation lies; All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away; From this our world of flesh set free, We know them living unto Thee.

955

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life; [powers,
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their

All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

John Ellerton 1871

THE LAST SLEEP 4s, 6s, D.

J. BARNBY

Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, Till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll O'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de-liv-er.

956

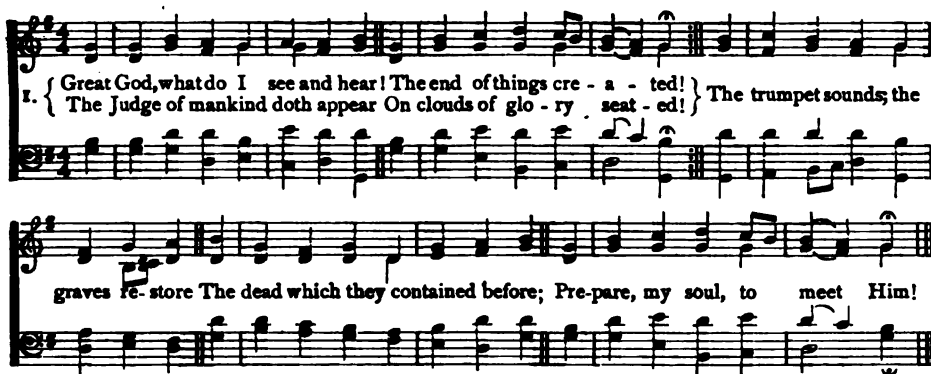
SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last,
Dawns a day of gladness.

Under thy sod,
Earth receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.
3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ! when Thou appearest.
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Edward Arthur Dayman 1868

LUTHER'S HYMN P.M.

M. LUTHER



957

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

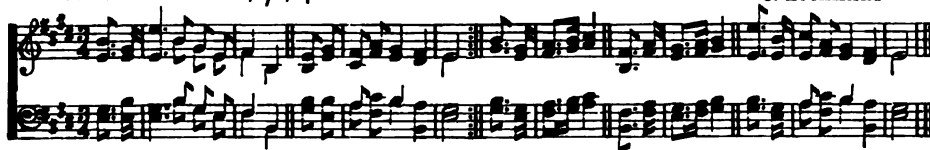
3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring,
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

V. 1. Bartholomäus Ringwaldt 1585 V. 2. 3. 4. arr. from William Bengo Collyer 1812

TAMWORTH 8s, 7s, 4.

C. LOCKHART



958

Lo, He comes! with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

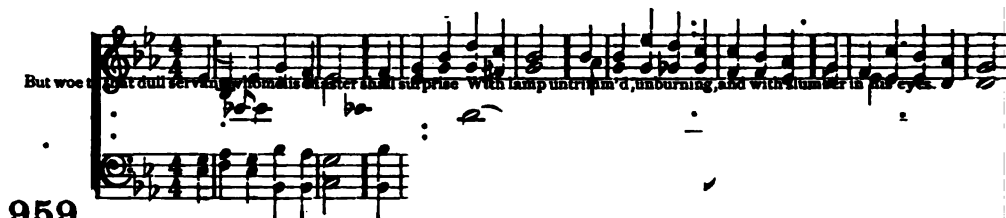
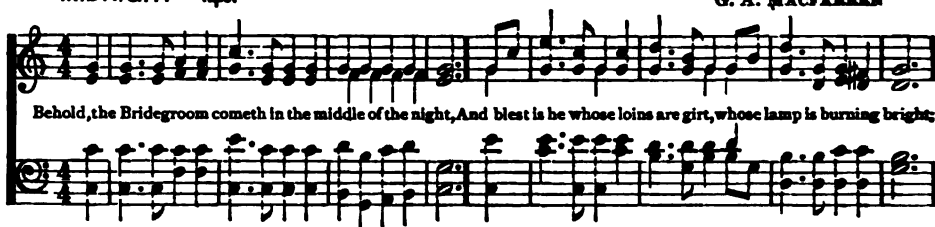
3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

Charles Wesley 1758

MIDNIGHT 148.

G. A. MACFARREN



959

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night, [is burning bright; And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp But woe to that dull servant, whom his Master shall surprise With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down, [golden crown; Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus [upon us." Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy

3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil, But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;

Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! He comes to meet the Bride."

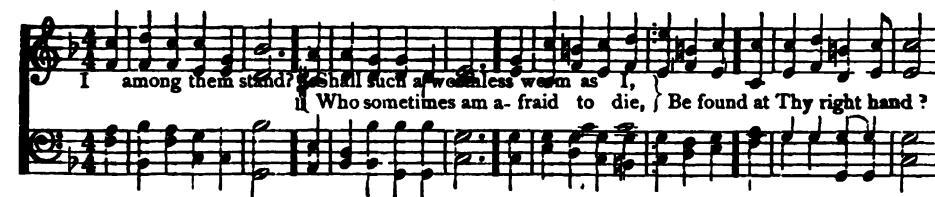
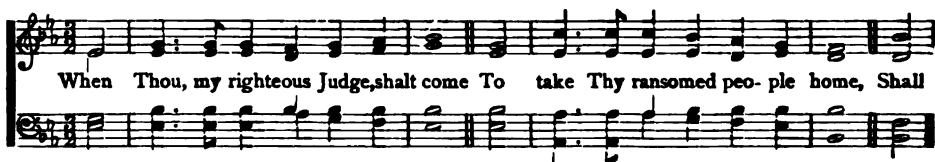
4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie, [and vainly cry; And, like the five, remain without, and knock, But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glory of the Son.

5 To Thee, O Saviour, now we bring the tribute of our praise, Too small for Thee, O Bridegroom blest, but all that we can raise: All praise to Thee, great Three in One, the God whom we adore, [shall be no more. As was, and is, and shall be done, when time

Gerard Moultrie 1867

MERIBAH C. P. M.

L. MASON



DIES IRÆ 8s, 6 lines

J. B. DYKES

Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See once more the cross returning, Heav'n and earth to ashes burning!

O what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

960

DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!
See once more the cross returning,
Heaven and earth to ashes burning!
O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!
2 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.
Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
3 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!
4 Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
5 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When, in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!
To the rest Thou didst prepare him;
By Thy cross, O Christ, upbear him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

Tr. by William J. Irons 1848

961

C. P. M.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?
2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntington Selina Shirley 1764

OLIVERS 6s, 8, 4, D.

J. STAINER

The goodly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A land of sacred liberty, And endless rest:

There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine abound, And trees of life forever grow With mercy crown'd.

962

THE goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life forever grow
 With mercy crowned.

2 There dwells the Lord, our King,
 The Lord, our righteousness:
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of peace,
 On Zion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains,
 And glorious, with His saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

3 He keeps His own secure;
 He guards them by His side;
 Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless bride;
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.

4 Before the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders He hath done
 Through all their land:
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous name.

Thomas Olivers 1777

BALCLUTHA L. M.

H. W. GREATORREX

963

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,—
 But there's a nobler rest above:
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
 But sacred, high, eternal noon!

4 O long-expected day, begin,
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge 1739



964

This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

ENNERDALE S. M.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

Horatius Bonar 1845

C. STEGGALL



965

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts 1709

Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Nor sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 For ever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

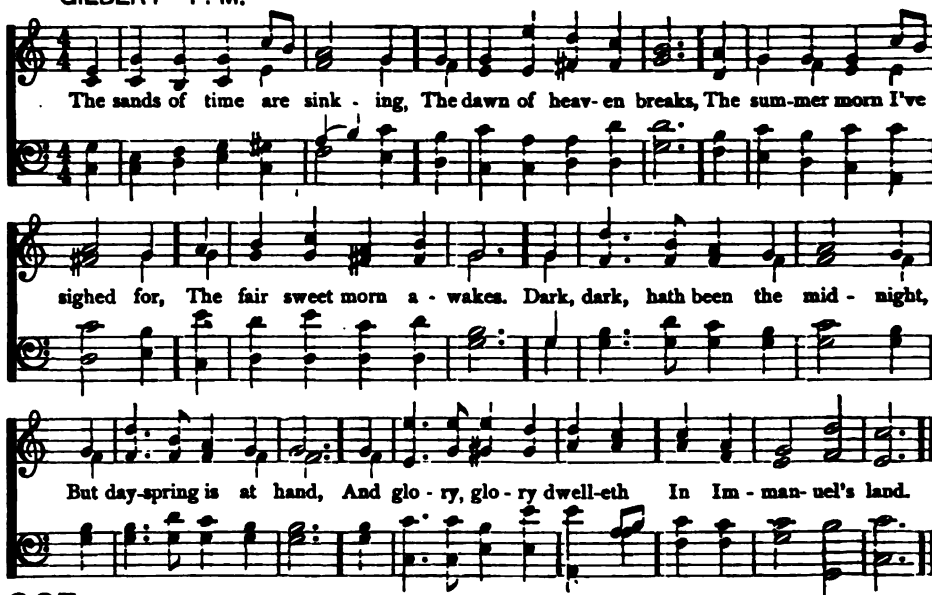
6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

Ray Palmer 1843

966

AND is there, Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,

GILBERT P. M.



The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks, The sum - mer morn I've
sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes. Dark, dark, hath been the mid - night,
But day - spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.

967

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:

There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garments,
But sees the Bridegroom's face;
I gaze not on the glory,
But on the King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Anne Ross Cousin 1857

McCHEYNE 7s. 6 lines

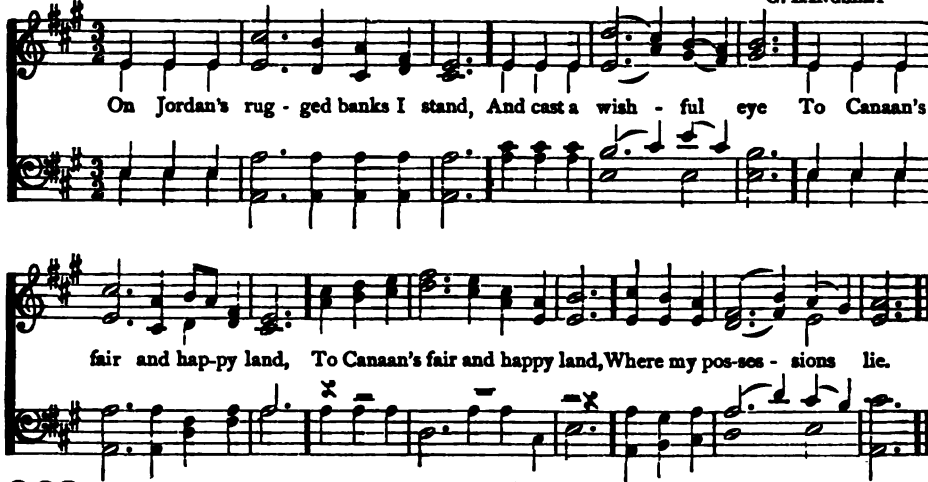
A. S. COOPER



When this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glaring sun, When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's histo - ry, Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.

TAPPAN C. M. 5 lines

G. KINGSLEY



968

ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
 That rises to my sight:
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
 3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
 5 When shall I reach that happy place.
 And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest?

Samuel Stennett 1787

969

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found above, in heaven.
 2 There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.
 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
 4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

William Bingham Tappan 1818

970

7s. 6 lines

WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When I stand with Christ on high,
 Looking o'er life's history,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
 Not till then, how much I owe.
 2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,

Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
 Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
 Not till then, how much I owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne 1839

THE HOLY CITY C. M. D.

J. BARNES

There is a City great and strong, Twelve gates of precious stones, With turrets and high battlements, Not needing light of suns; The streets aglow with fire of gold, It hath no sound of strife; In glory all its own it stands Beside the stream of Life.

971

THERE is a City great and strong,
Twelve gates of precious stones,
With turrets and high battlements,
Not needing light of suns;
The streets aglow with fire of gold,
It hath no sound of strife;
In glory all its own it stands
Beside the stream of Life.

2 A joy is there that knows no cloy,
A light that ne'er grows dim,
A multitude that never cease
From grateful praise and hymn;
Lo, all the sainted sons of earth,
And angels there I view;
And there, O vision glorious!
There standeth Jesus too!

3 Jesus, I know 'tis He; I see
The mark of nail and spear;
And on His face I catch the trace
Of earth-time smile and tear;
But on His brow a crown shines now,
And bending hosts adore!
'Tis He, 'tis He who on the tree
The thorn-crown meekly wore!

4 O wondrous, fair Jerusalem,
Shall I thy gates pass through?
Thy jubilations surely join,
Thy lordly splendors view?
O Crucified, O Glorified,
May I Thy face behold,
And join the ransomed as they sing
Along the streets of gold.

Dennis Wortman 1880

VARINA C. M. D.

G. F. ROOT

{ There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign:
In finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain; } There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

CASTLE RISING C. M. D.

A. A. J. HERVEY

The rose-ate hues of ear-ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day, The crim-son of the
sun-set sky; How fast they fade a-way. O for the pearl-y gates of heav'n,
O for the gold-en floor; O for the Sun of Righteousness That set-teth nev-er-more.

972

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky;
How fast they fade away.
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore.
2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint.

O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white;
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.
3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

Cecil Frances Alexander 1853

973 C. M. D.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts 1705

EWING 7s, 6s. D.

A. EWING

Jerusalem, the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, O I know not What joys await us there; What radiancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.

974

JERUSALEM the golden!
 With milk and honey blest;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, O I know not
 What joys await us there!
 What radiancy of glory!
 What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest!
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Morlaix Ab. 1190
 Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

C. F. ROPER

JERUSALEM C. M.

O Mother dear, Jerusalem! When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

975

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

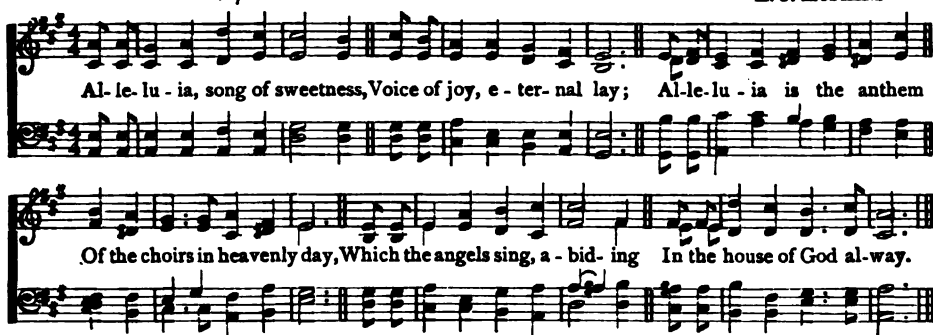
3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun;
 For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 The King that sitteth on thy throne
 In His felicity?

Francis Baker 1616 Alt. David Dickson 1649

ALLELUIA 8s, 7s. 6 lines

E. J. HOPKINS



Al-le-lu-ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy, e-ter-nal lay; Al-le-lu-ia is the anthem
Of the choirs in heavenly day, Which the angels sing, a-bid-ing In the house of God al-way.

976

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, eternal lay;
Alleluia is the anthem
Of the choirs in heavenly day,
Which the angels sing, abiding
In the house of God alway.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother of the blest;
Alleluias without ending

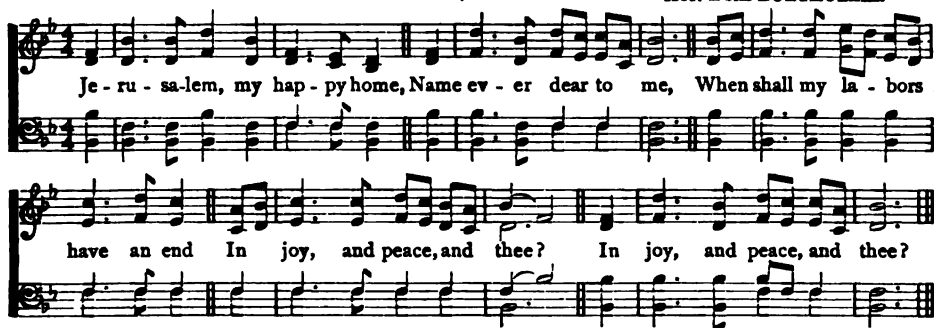
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel's waters,
Sit in bondage, sore distressed.

3 O thou King of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all our heart's deep longing
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

RHINE C. M. 5 lines

Arr. from BURGMÜLLER



Je-ru-sa-lem, my hap-py home, Name ev-er dear to me, When shall my la-bors
have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? In joy, and peace, and thee?

977

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's, bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

From Francis Baker 1628

HORA NOVISSIMA 7s, 6s. 12 lines

Fr. G. ROSSINI

FINE

For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep; For very love, beholding Thy happy name, they weep.

D.C.

The mention of thy glo-ry Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.

978

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
 For thee, &c.

2 O one, O only mansion,
 O paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 The Lamb is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His land and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
 For thee, &c.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emerald blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric;
 The corner-stone is Christ.
 For thee, &c.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
 Thou hast no time, bright day;
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away.
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
 For thee, &c.

Bernard of Morlaix ab. 1150
 Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

979

7s, 6s.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution:
 Short toil, eternal rest;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.

4 But He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

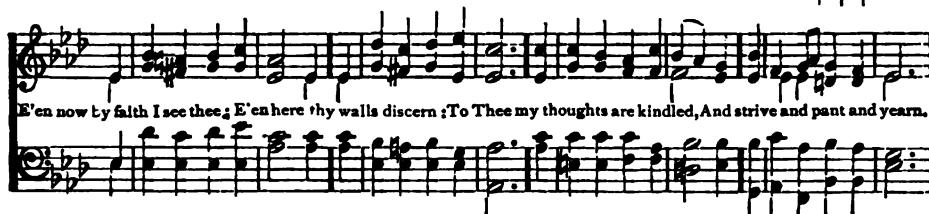
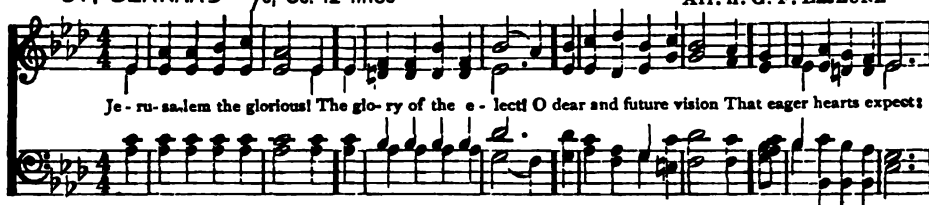
5 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.

6 There God our King and portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face.

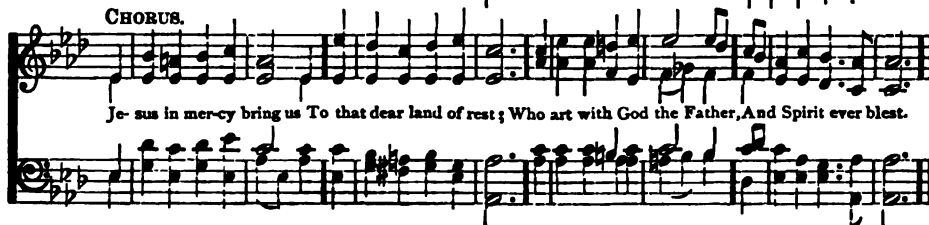
Bernard of Morlaix ab. 1150
 Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

ST. BERNARD 7s, 6s. 12 lines

Arr. fr. G. F. LEJEUNE



CHORUS.



980

JERUSALEM the glorious!
The glory of the elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
E'en now by faith I see thee;
E'en here thy walls discern:
To Thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.—CHO.

3 And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.—CHO.

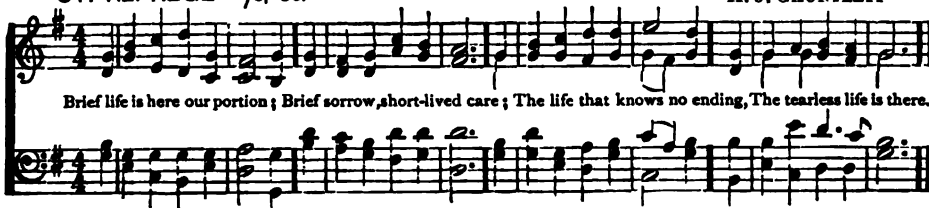
2 Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.—CHO.

4 O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—CHO.

Bernard of Morlaix ab. 1150
Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

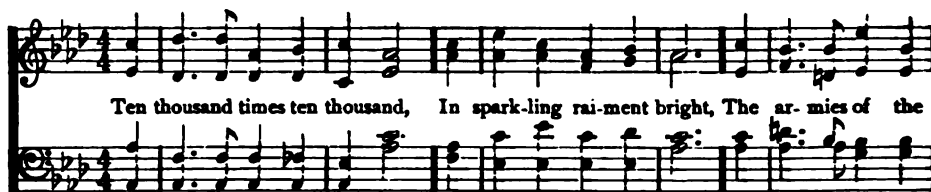
H. J. GAUNTLETT

ST. ALPHEGE 7s, 6s.



ALFORD 7s 6s, D.

J. B. DYKES



981

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steep-s of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day, for which Creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid.

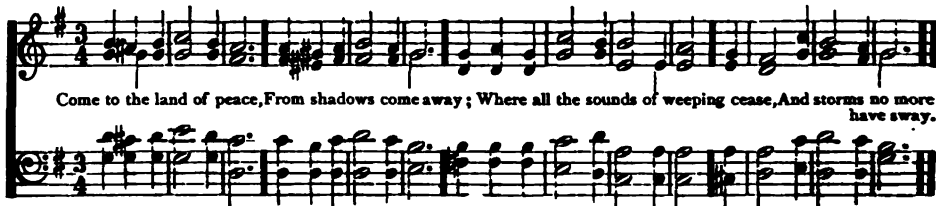
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

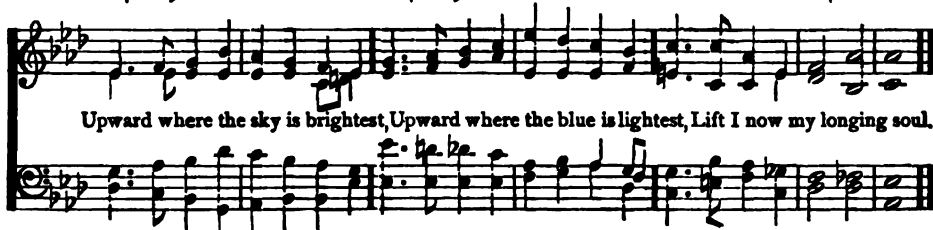
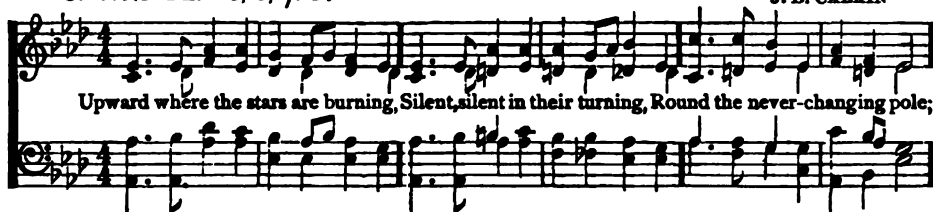
4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign!
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford 1866

WOOLWICH S. M.

C. E. KETTLE





982

UPWARD where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair,
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there!

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render:
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Horatius Bonar 1866

983

S. M.

Come to the land of peace,
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have away.

2 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

3 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

4 "Come to our peaceful home,"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam,
O wanderer, come away!"

Felicia Dorothea Hemans alt. Briggs' Col. 1845

984

S. M.

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above

Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng
All holy is their spotless robe!
All holy is their song!

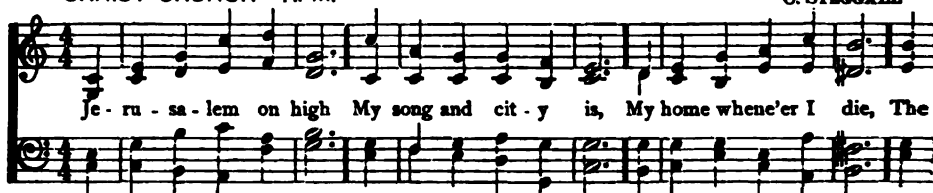
4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesus, be our guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!

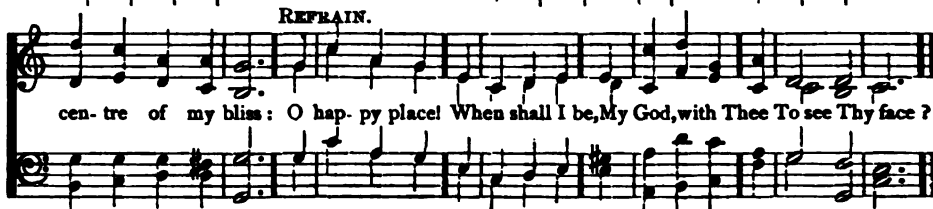
Francis Minden Knollys 1839

CHRIST CHURCH H. M.

C. STEGGALL



REFRAIN.



985

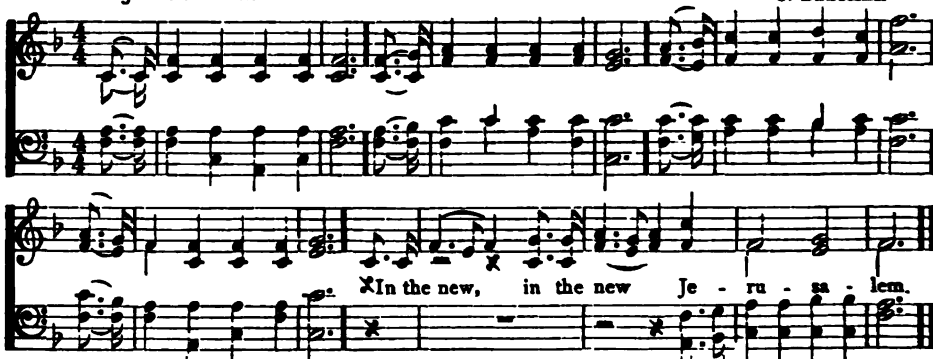
JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:—REF.
2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;

There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give—REF.
3 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay:
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way.—REF.

Samuel Crossman 1664

NEW JERUSALEM P. M.

C. BEECHER



986

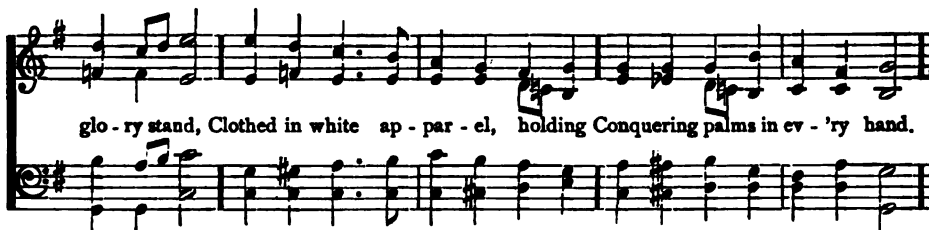
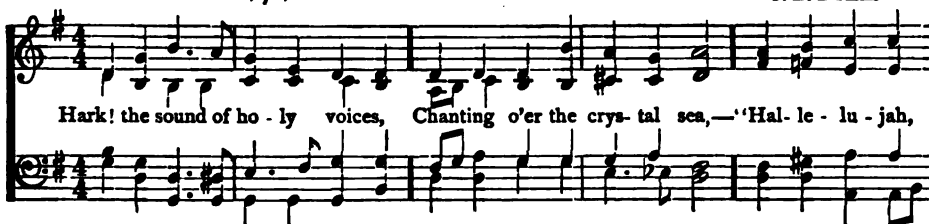
We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone;
We shall meet around His throne,
When He makes His people one
||: In the new :|| Jerusalem.
2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
||: From the new :|| Jerusalem.
3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun,
O trembling morning-star,

Our journey's almost done
||: To the new :|| Jerusalem.
4 O holy, heavenly home,
O rest eternal there:
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care
||: In the new :|| Jerusalem.
5 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord, Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with Thee
||: To the new :|| Jerusalem.

Charles Beecher 1851

SANCTUARY 8s, 7s, D.

J. B. DYKES



987

HEAR! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
 "Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee:"
 Multitudes which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stand,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Conquering palms in every hand.

2 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And by death, to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

3 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite:
 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth 1862

988

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
 "O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken!
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All His bounty shall bestow:
 Still in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see,
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me:
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God, your everlasting light."

William Cowper 1772

GAINFORD 8s, 7s, 6 lines

J. BARNBY

Bless - ed cit - y, heav'n - ly Sa - lem, Vis - ion dear of peace and love,
Who of liv - ing stones art build - ed In the height of heav'n a - bove,
Unison.
And, with an - gel hosts en - cir - cled, As a bride dost earth - ward move;

989

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride dost earthward move;
2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

Tr. by John Mason Neale 1851

J. GOSS

LAUDA ANIMA MEA 8s, 7s, 7

HOMELAND 7s, 6s, D.

A. S. SULLIVAN



990

THE Homeland! O the Homeland!
 The land of souls freeborn!
 No gloomy night is known there,
 But aye the fadeless morn:
 I'm sighing for that Country,
 My heart is aching here;
 There is no pain in the Homeland
 To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there;

The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears,
 And when I think of the Homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
 Are waiting me to come
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invade their holy home:
 O dear, dear native Country!
 O rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland
 Of His eternal love.

Hugh Reginald Haweis

991

8s, 7s. 7

ON the fount of life eternal
 Gazing wistful and athirst,
 Yearning, straining, from the prison
 Of confining flesh to burst,
 Here the soul an exile sighs
 For her native Paradise.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,
 City of true peace divine,
 Whose pure gates, forever open,
 Each in pearly splendor shine;
 Whose abodes of glory clear,
 Naught defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages;
 There no scorching summer glows;
 But through one perennial spring-tide,
 Blooms the lily with the rose;
 And the Lamb, with purest ray,
 Scatters round eternal day.

4 There the saints of God, resplendent
 As the sun in all its might,
 Evermore rejoice together,
 Crowned with diadems of light;
 And from peril safe at last,
 Reckon up their triumphs past.

5 Happy they, who with them seated
 Shall in all their glory share!
 O that we, our days completed,
 Might be but admitted there!
 There with them the praise to sing
 Of our glorious God and King.

6 Look, O Jesus, on Thy soldiers,
 Worn and wounded in the fight;
 Grant, O grant us, rest forever,
 In Thy beatific sight;
 And Thyself our guerdon be
 Through a long eternity.

Peter Damian d 1072 Tr. by Edward Caswall 1858

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pilgrims of the night.

992

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.—REF

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea.
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels! sing on: your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

VOX ANGELICA No. 2 P. M.

H. SMART

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

An- gels of Je - sus, An- gels of light, Sing- ing to wel- come the pilgrims of the night.

VOX ANGELICA No. 3 P. M.

J. BARNBY

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:

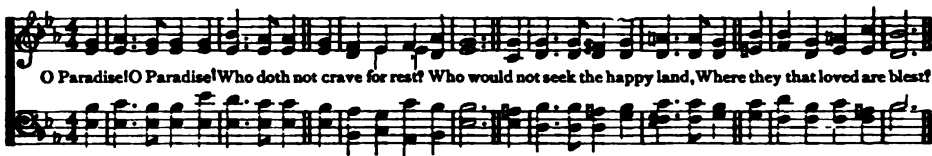
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

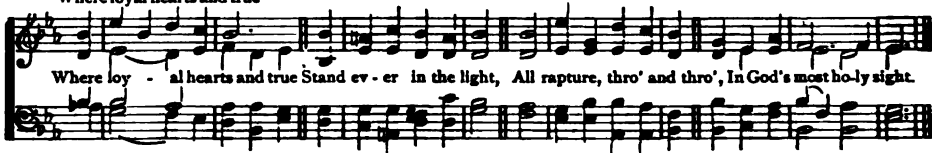
An - gels of Je - sus, An- gels of light, Sing- ing to wel- come the pilgrims of the night.

PARADISE No. 1 P. M.

J. BARNEY



REFRAIN.
Where loyal hearts and true



993

O PARADISE! O Paradise!

Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the happy land,

Where they that loved are blest?

REF.—Where loyal hearts, and true,

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture, through and through,

In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!

'Tis weary waiting here;

We long to be where Jesus is,

To feel, to see Him near;—REF.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!

We shall not wait for long;

E'en now the loving ear may catch

Faint fragments of thy song;—REF.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!

The world is growing old;

Who would not be at rest and free

Where love is never cold?—REF.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,

O, keep us in Thy love,

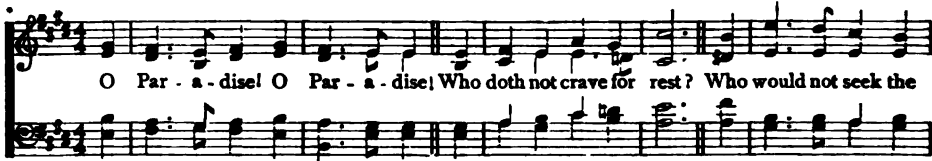
And guide us to that happy land

Of perfect rest above;—REF.

Frederick William Faber 1854

PARADISE No. 2 P. M.

J. B. DYKES



REFRAIN.



SLEEPERS WAKE P. M.

P. NICOLAI Har. by F. MENDELSSOHN

Wake, a-wake! for night is fly - ing; The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing,
A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Mid-night hears the wel-come voi - ces,
And at the thrilling cry re - joic - es: Come forth, ye vir - gins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; a - wake! Your lamps with glad-ness take; Hal - le - lu - jah!
And for His mar-riage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.

994

WAKE, awake! for night is flying;
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake!
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her star is risen, her light is come!

Ah come, Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!

We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

8 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal,
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymns of joy eternally.

1

L. M.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken 1697

2

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

Tate and Brady 1696

3

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

John Wesley 1739

4

L. M. 6 lines

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Isaac Watts 1706

5

H. M.

O God, forever blest,
To Thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confessed
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

Edward Henry Bickersteth 1870

6

7s, 6s. D.

From all in earth and Heaven,
To God, the Three in One,
Be boundless glory given,
And ceaseless service done.
Co-equal praise to Father,
To Son, and Spirit be:
One God, they reign together
In Holy Trinity.

7

7s. D.

PRaise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

Alexander Ramsay Thompson 1869

8

7s. 6 lines

PRaise the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

Anon. 1827

9

7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love:
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley 1740

10

8s, 7s.

PRaise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Anon. 1822

11

8s, 7s. 6 lines

PRaise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run.

John Mason Neale 1851

12

8s, 7s. D.

PRaise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder 1836

13

8s, 7s. 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Horatius Bonar 1866

14

6s, 4s.

To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley 1757

15

10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, His name adore,
And spread His fame, till time shall be no
more.

Simon Browne 1720

16

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from
heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

Anon. 1827

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS



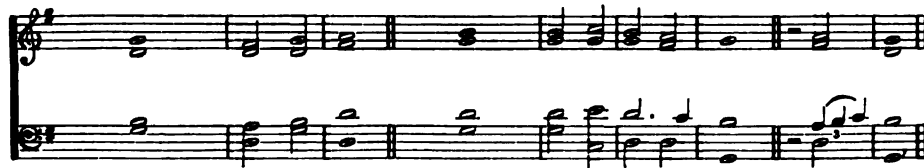
1. Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.
 2. { We praise Thee, we } worship Thee, { we glorify Thee, } Thee for Thy great glory.
 { bless Thee, we } { we give thanks to }



3. O Lord God, heavenly King. God the Father Al-mighty.
 4. { O Lord, the only } Je-sus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
 { begotten Son, }

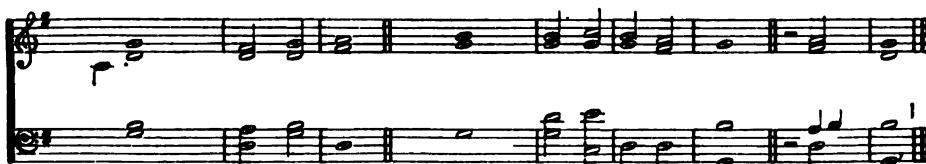


5. That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy up-on us.
 6. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy up-on us.
 7. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, re-ceive our prayer.
 8. { Thou that sittest at the } God the Father, have mercy up-on us.
 { right hand of }



9. For Thou only art Holy; Thou on-ly art the Lord;
 10. { Thou only, O } Ho-ly Ghost, { art most } glory of God the Father. A-men.
 { Christ, with the } { high in the }

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS



- | | | | | |
|--|--------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|-------|
| 1. We praise | Thee, O God: | we acknowledge | Thee to be the | Lord; |
| 3. To Thee all Angels | cry a- loud, | the Heavens, and | all the Powers there- | in. |
| 6. { The glorious com-
pany of the Apostles } | praise — Thee; | { the goodly fel-
lowship of the } | Prophets praise — | Thee; |
| 8. The Father of an | infi-nite Majesty; | Thine adorable, | true, and on - ly | Son; |



5. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a - oth,

MALE VOICES.



- | | | | | |
|---|-----------------------|---------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| 10. Thou art the King of | glory, O Christ; | Thou art the ever- | last-ing | Son · of the Father. |
| 12. { When Thou hadst
overcome the } | sharpness · of death, | { Thou didst open
the kingdom of } | heaven · to | all be- lievers. |
| 14. We believe that | Thou shalt come, | shalt | come to | be our Judge. |
| 16. { Make them to be
numbered } | with Thy saints, | in | glo - ry | ev - er - lasting. |
| 18. Day by day we | magni - fy Thee, | { and we worship
Thy Name ever, | world-with- out — | end. |
| 20. O Lord, have | mercy · up- on us, | have | mer - cy | up - on us. |



22. O Lord, in Thee, in Thee have I trust - ed; let me nev - er

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS Continued



- | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------|----------|--|----------|-----------|----------|
| 2. All the earth doth | wor-s | ip Thee, | the | Father | ev - er- | lasting. |
| 4. To Thee Cherubim and | Ser - a- | phim, | con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry, |
| 7. { The noble army of
Martyrs } | praise — | Thee; | { the Holy Church
throughout all the
world } | doth ac- | knowledge | Thee, |
| 9. Also the | Ho - ly | Ghost, | the | Com - | fort - | er. |

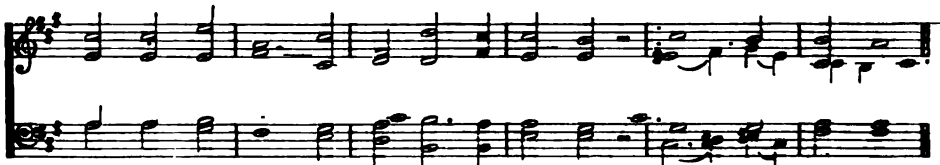


Heaven and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of Thy glo - ry.

FEMALE VOICES.



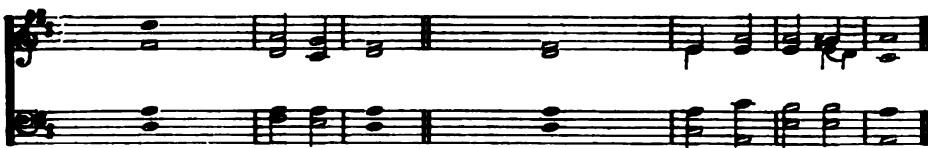
- | | | | | | | |
|---|-------------|-----------|--|-----------|----------|---------|
| 11. { When Thou tookest
upon Thee to de- } | liv - er | man, | { Thou didst humble
Thyself to be } | born — | of a | virgin. |
| 13. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, | in the | glo - ry | of the | Father. |
| 15. We therefore pray Thee | help Thy | servants, | { whom Thou hast
redeemed } | with Thy | precious | blood. |
| 17. { O Lord, save Thy
people, and } | bless Thine | heritage; | govern them, and | lift them | up for- | ever. |
| 19. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, | to keep us | this day | without | sin. |
| 21. O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us, | as our | trust — | is in | Thee. |



be con - found ed, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

VENITE EXULTEMUS

W. BOYCE



- | | | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|--|-----------|---------------------|
| 1. O come, let us sing un- | to the Lord; | Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of | our sal- | vation. |
| 3. For the Lord is a | great — God; | And a great | King a- | bove all gods. |
| 5. The sea is His, | and He made it; | And His hands pre- | pared the | dry — land. |
| 7. For He is the | Lord our God; | { And we are the people } | sheep of | His — hand. |
| { Glory be to the Fa- | ther, and } | to the Son, | And | to the Ho-ly Ghost; |

JUBILATE DEO

G. J. ELVERT



- | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1. O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye lands; | { Serve the Lord with } | gladness, and come } | presence | with a song. |
| 2. Be ye sure that the Lord | He is God; | { It is He that hath } | made us, and not we } | sheep of | His — pasture. |
| 3. { O go your way into } | courts with praise; | { Be thankful unto } | Him, and } | speaking good | of His name. |
| 4. { For the Lord is gra- | acious, His mercy is } | { And His truth en- | dureth from gener- | ation to | gener- ation. |
| Glory be to the Father, &c. | | | | | |

DEUS MISEREATUR



- | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|---------------|---------|-----------|--------------|
| 1. God be merciful unto | us and bless us; | And cause His | face to | shine up- | on us: |
| 3. Let the people praise | Thee O God, | Let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee: |
| 5. Let the people praise | Thee O God, | Let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee: |
| Glory be to the Father, &c. | | | | | |

VENITE EXULTEMUS Continued.



- | | | | | | | |
|---|--------------|-----------|--|----------|----------|---------|
| 2. { Let us come be-
fore His presence } | with thanks- | giving; | And show ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms. |
| 4. { In His hands are
all the corners } | of the | earth; | And the strength of the | hills is | His— | also. |
| 6. O come, let us worship, | and fall | down; | And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker: |
| 8. { O worship the
Lord in the } | beauty of | holiness; | Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | Him: |
| 9. { For He cometh,
for He cometh, to } | judge the | earth; | { And with right-
eousness to judge
the world, and the } | people | with His | truth. |
| { As it was in the
beginning, is
now, and } | ever | shall be, | World | without | end. A- | men. |

BONUM EST



- | | | | | | | |
|--|-----------|----------|---|---------------------|--------|----------|
| 1. { It is a good thing to
give thanks un- } | to the | Lord; | { And to sing prais-
es unto Thy } | name, O | Most— | Highest. |
| 2. { To tell of Thy lov-
ing-kindness early } | in the | morning; | And of Thy | { truth
in the } | night— | season. |
| 3. { Upon an instrument
of ten strings, and up- } | on the | lute; | { Upon a loud in-
strument, | and up- | on the | harp. |
| 4. { For Thou, Lord, hast
made me glad } | thro' Thy | works; | { I will rejoice in
giving praise for
the oper- } | a - tions | of Thy | hands. |
- Glory be to the Father, &c.

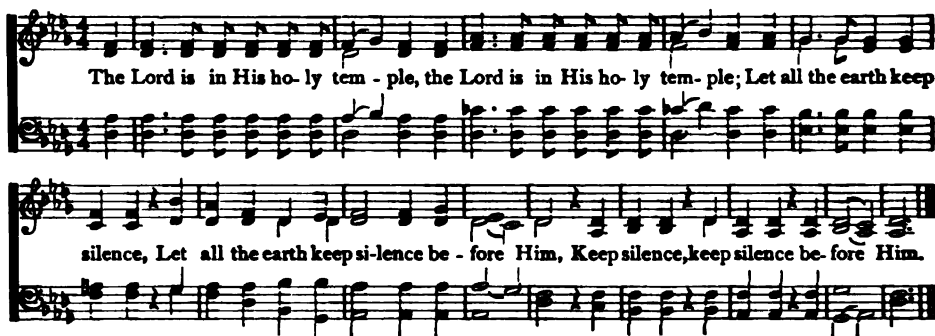
DEUS MISEREATUR Continued.



- | | | | | | | |
|---|------------|-----------|--|-------------|----------|----------|
| 2. That Thy way may be | known upon | earth; | Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations. |
| 4. { O let the nations
be glad and } | sing for | joy; | { For Thou shall
judge the people
righteously, and
govern the } | na- tions | up - on | earth. |
| 6. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase; | And God, even our own | God shall | bles— | us. |
| 7. God shall | bles— | us; | And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | Him. |

OPENING SENTENCE

G. F. Root



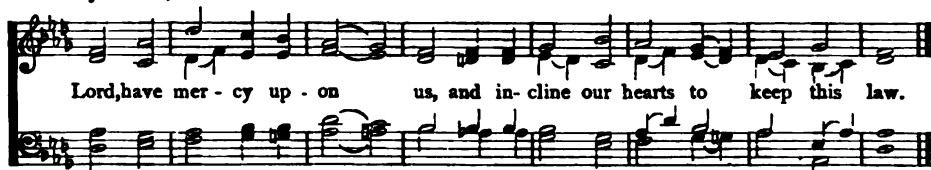
The Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple, the Lord is in His ho-ly tem-ple; Let all the earth keep
silence, Let all the earth keep si-lence be-fore Him, Keep silence, keep silence be-fore Him.

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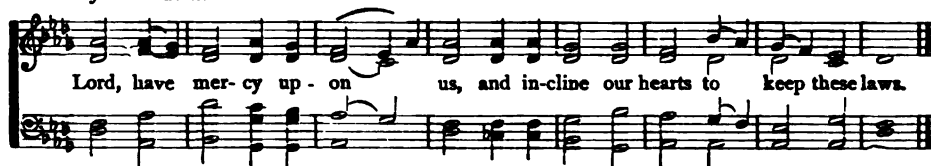
RESPONSES AFTER COMMANDMENTS

1 *After the 3d.*


Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep these laws.

2 *After the 4th.*


Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

3 *After the 10th.*


Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep these laws.

4 *After the Summary of the Law.*


Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and write all these Thy
laws in our hearts, we be-seech Thee, we be-seech Thee.

GLORIA PATRI

CHANTS AND RESPONSES

503

C. COOKE




Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;



As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER

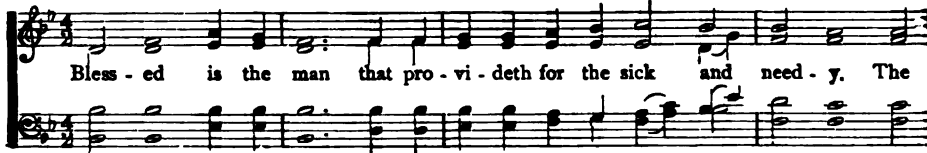
J. BARNBY



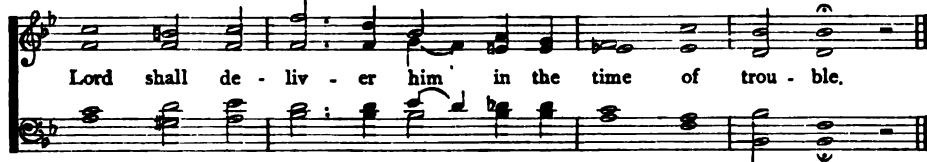
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Son of God most high, Hear us we beseech Thee Save as we draw nigh.

OFFERTORY SENTENCE

M. S. SKEFFINGTON



Bless - ed is the man that pro - vi - deth for the sick and need - y. The



Lord shall de - liv - er him in the time of trou - ble.

NUNC DIMITTIS



1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de - part in peace ac - cord - ing to Thy word;
 2. Which Thou hast pre - pared before the face of all — people;
 3. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;



For mine eyes have seen — Thy sal - vation.
 To be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of Thy people Is - ra - el.
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

SANCTUS

S. S. WHELEY



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are
full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - MEN.

BAPTISMAL CHANT

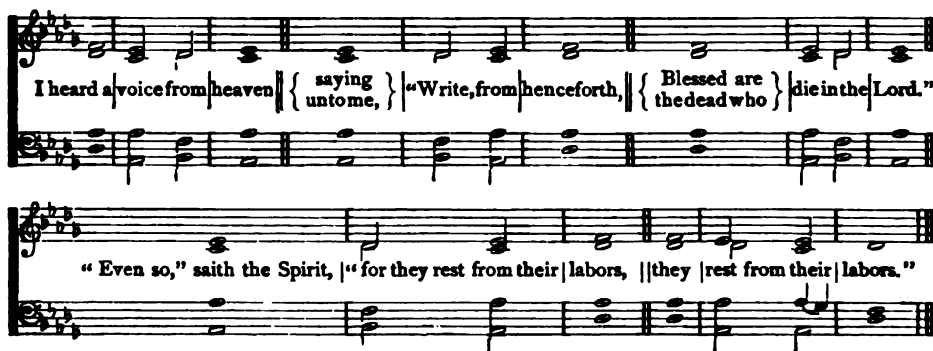
T. TALLIS



{ Suffer little children to } come unto me || { and forbid them } not : for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

BURIAL CHANT

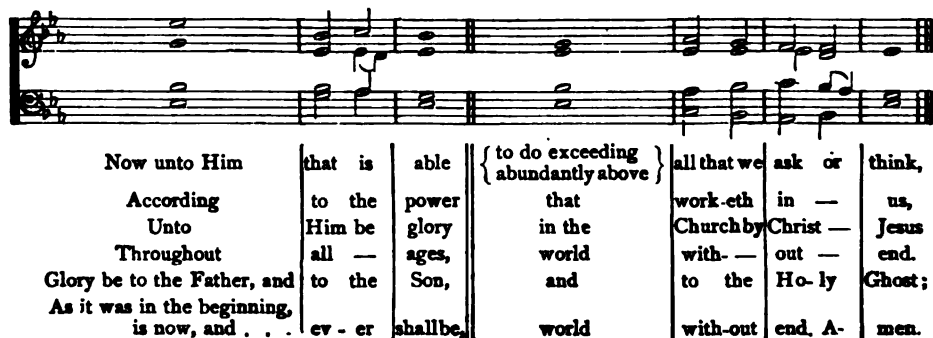
J. B. MARSH



I heard a voice from heaven { saying unto me, } "Write, from henceforth, { Blessed are the dead who } die in the Lord."
" Even so," saith the Spirit, "for they rest from their labors, || they rest from their labors."

ASCRIPTION

T. S. FISHER



Now unto Him	that is	able	{ to do exceeding	all that we	ask or	think,
According	to the	power	abundantly above }	work-eth	in —	us,
Unto	Him be	glory	that	Church by	Christ —	Jesus
Throughout	all —	ages,	world	with- —	out —	end.
Glory be to the Father, and	to the	Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,	ev - er	shall be,	world	with-out	end. A -	men.
is now, and . . .						

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES

PAGE	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
Abchurch.....129	Bartholdy.....264	Caraden.....293	Day of Rest.....231
Abney.....126	Bartimeus.....226	Cary.....464	Dayspring.....406
Abraham.....161	Bavaria.....263	Castello.....267	Dawn.....462
Adeste Fideles, No. 1. 36, 322	Baxter.....320	Castle Eden.....415	Dedham.....378
Adeste Fideles, No. 2.....36	Bayly.....59	Castle Rising.....481	Deerhurst.....381
Ad Locum.....318	Beatitude.....298	Caswall.....460	Dennis.....310, 372
Admaston.....96, 287, 446	Beechcroft.....319	Centennial Hymn.....347	Deva.....429
Adoration.....249	Beecher.....291	Chalvey.....463	Devonshire.....141
Adrian.....60	Belgravia.....448	Chamouni.....127	Diademata, No. 1.....166
Advent.....171	Belmont.....34	Chandler.....465	Diademata, No. 2.....166
Aldersgate.....115	Belvidere.....43	Charity.....29	Dies Ira.....475
Aletta.....316	Bemerton.....109	Chenies.....77	Dijon.....306
Alexander.....126	Benediction.....467	Cherith.....296	Disciple.....119, 226
Alford.....466	Benedictus.....14	Chesterfield.....153, 268	Dismissal.....341
Alleluia.....463	Benevento.....431	Chimes.....431	Dix.....59, 346
Allen.....262	Bentley.....220	Chiselhurst.....326	Dominus Regit Me.....56
Allerton.....260	Bers.....190	Christ Church.....468	Dort.....161, 266
Allesley.....166	Berthold.....116	Christmas.....101, 278	Dowling.....466
All Saints.....390	Bethany.....294	Christmas Carol.....106	Downs.....374
Almagiving.....31, 326	Bethesda.....211	Christmas Morn.....89	Drostea.....121
Alstone.....69, 314, 463	Bethlehem.....96	Church Triumphant.....165	Duke Street.....417
Althorp.....269	Benlah.....374	Civitas Del.....467	Dundee.....66
Alyton.....107	Bird.....220	Clare.....226	Dwight.....222
Ambrose.....326	Birkdale.....229	Clare Market.....449	
America.....440	Blairgowrie.....226, 446	Clark.....176	Eagley.....170
American Hymn.....61	Blaydon.....24	Cleveland.....226	Earlham.....161
Amerton.....60	Blendon.....247	Clifburn.....241	Easter Hymn.....147
Amsterdam.....300, 426	Blenham.....206	Cloisters.....346	Easteride.....247
Anatolus.....421	Blessed Home.....324	Coal Ennarrant Gloriam.....46, 263	Edina.....270
Ancient of days.....47	Blumenthal.....200	Come Domini.....371	Ein' Feste Burg.....345
Angel Voices.....56	Boardman.....260	Colchester.....19	Elmhurst.....31, 366
Angelus.....422	Bolton.....9	Coldrey.....163	Ell
Annunciation.....321	Boniface.....267	Collier.....266	Ellisabethtown.....360
Antioch.....102	Boston.....269	Come Unto Me.....206	Ellacombe.....376
Anvern.....264	Bowring.....114	Come Ye Disconsolate.....199	Ellers.....23, 190
Arator.....439	Boylston.....476	Come Ye Lofly.....91	Ellerton.....472
Ariel.....266	Braden.....424	Consolator.....223	Ellingham.....46
Arlington.....326	Bradford.....164	Constance.....22	Ellwood.....466
Armageddon.....266	Brandon.....96	Converse.....266	Elmendorf.....469
Arundel.....372	Brattle Street.....62	Corde Natus.....106	Elton.....317
Ascension, No. 1.....164	Bread of Life.....26, 261	Corona.....264	Elvet.....332
Ascension, No. 2.....164	Bremen.....220	Corona.....166	Emmanuel.....66
Ashwell.....372	Bromsgrove.....169	Coronation.....162	Ennerdale.....477
Astley.....226	Brookfield.....166	Cowper.....206	Enos.....468
Aston.....204	Brown.....169	Cranston.....26	Entreaty.....206
Athens.....196	Brownell.....94	Cressbrook.....244	Epiphany.....102
Auber.....426	Browning.....30	Cresswell.....466	Ernan.....307
Aubrey.....162	Budleigh.....240	Crofts.....246	Ethwalte.....212
Aurelia.....44, 379	Bullinger.....241	Crown Him.....174	Et Resurrexit.....143
Austell.....161	Burlington.....42	Crucifix.....209	Eternal Light.....197
Austria.....262	Burton.....468	Crucifixion.....236	Eucharist.....366
Autumn.....266	Byfield.....240	Crusader's Hymn.....261	Euroclydon.....113
Avon.....126	Cairnbrook.....424	Crux Beata.....123	Eustace.....267
Avondale.....426	Caldwell.....278	Crux Fideles.....131	Evan.....226
Asmon.....361	Calm.....462	Cutler.....279	Even Me.....300
Bacon.....260	Calvary.....123	Cyprus.....224	Evening Sacrifice.....412
Badea.....164	Cambridge.....8	Dalehurst.....126, 227	Eventide.....135, 414
Baker.....191	Canita.....402	Dalketh.....12	Evermore.....167
Balclutha.....476	Canonbury.....422	Dallas.....22	Ewing.....462
Balerna.....303	Capetown.....415	Dalston.....24	Excelsior.....391
Banner.....369	Carlele.....377	Darwall.....161	Expectation.....177
Barker.....413	Carlton.....143	Dayman.....60	Expostulation.....199
Barkworth.....262	Carmel.....196	Day of Praise.....67	Exultation.....178
Barnby.....46	Carol.....99		Faben.....78

PAGE	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
Faith.....37	Haverland.....357	Lachryma.....355	Melita.....444
Farmer.....352	Hawes.....445	Lambeth.....379	Mendebras.....9
Federal Street.....123	Hawes.....302	Lancashire.....127	Mendelssohn.....85
Ferguson.....357	Haydn.....70	Landon.....307	Mendon.....376
Fermain.....358	Heaven is Our Home.....327	Lansdowne.....454	Meribah.....674
Fernehurst.....193	Heber.....374	Lanesboro.....18	Merril.....615
Fernshaw.....313	Hebron.....359	Langran.....12, 214, 370	Messengers.....15
Festival.....230	He Leadeth Me (with chorus).....310	Langton.....302	Messiah.....43
Festus.....430	Hempton.....210	Lanton.....327	Midnight.....674
Fiat Lux.....359	Hendon.....243	Land.....357	Migdol.....349
Fides.....112	Henley.....205	Lands Anima Mee.....460	Miles Lane.....128
Filby.....145	Herman.....325	Laudate Dominum.....79	Mills.....77, 137
Filius Del.....17	Hermos.....353	Lauda Sion Salvatorem.....7, 41, 352, 408	Mirfield.....355
Fingest.....158	Hillgrove.....450	Laudes Domini.....354	Miriam.....9
Flemming.....239	Hinchman.....405	Laus Deo.....54	Miserere Domine.....129
Flora.....140	Hinsdale.....415	Lawrence.....350	Missionary Chant.....357
For Evermore.....304	Hispania.....235	Lebanon.....254	Missionary Hymn.....354
Formosa.....343	Holland.....255	Leicester.....35	Mispah.....317
Foster.....217	Holley.....235	Leighton.....307	Monk.....145
Franklin Square.....230	Hollingside.....233	Lenox.....129	Monkland.....155, 428
Frederick.....470	Holmwood.....210	Loomister.....454	Monod.....221
Furth.....351	Holy Cross.....359	Leoni.....54	Monrell.....25, 224, 355
Gabriel.....101	Holy Mountain.....193	Leslie.....55	Morecambe.....371
Gainford.....480	Holy Nativity.....107	Lewellyn.....155	Morley.....352
Galgate.....212	Holy Night.....90	Lewisiam.....58	Morning Hymn.....404
Galilee.....255	Holy Offerings.....27	Lindfield.....355	Morning Praise.....457
Garfirth.....75	Holy Trinity.....43, 251	Lisbon.....14	Mornington.....355
Gates.....355	Holyrood.....459	Lischer.....13	Moultrie.....425
Geer.....171	Homeland.....451	Litany.....129	Mozart.....147
Genevieve.....62	Hora Novissima.....454	Littlewood.....451	Myles.....211
Genoa.....130	Horsley.....124	Livingston.....142	Nachtlied.....429
Genung.....159	Horton.....135	Love.....405	Naomi.....325
Germany.....404	Hoanna (with chorus).....401	Love Divine.....291	Nashville.....45
Gethsemane.....132, 203, 355	Houghton.....32	Love's Offering.....245	Nativity.....153
Gilbert.....475	Houth.....249	Loving Kindness.....245	Naufoord.....279
Gilead.....71	Howes.....272	Lubeck.....355	Naumann.....215
Glad Tidings.....57	Hulme.....105	Locerne.....445	Neale.....51
Glastonbury.....354	Hummel.....55	Ludwig.....355	Neander.....19
Glory.....344	Huntington.....441	Luther's Hymn.....473	Nearer Home.....455
God of Hosts.....52, 255	Hursley.....23, 427	Luton.....353	Nebo.....359
Golden Chain.....373	Hyde.....355	Lux Benigna.....339	Nettleton.....54
Golden.....334	Hyde Park.....320	Lux Eol.....177	Newbold.....353
Golden Sheaves.....434	Haley.....149	Lux Mundl.....355	Newbury.....45
Gorton.....311	Ingersby.....373	Lyndhurst.....352	New Calabar.....359
Goshen.....232	Ingrave.....53, 92	Lyons.....52	Newcombe.....113
Gospel Banner.....351	Innocents.....75	Lyte.....250	New Haven.....155
Gottschalk.....33, 309	Intercession.....410	Lytham.....155	New Jerusalem.....455
Goudimel.....352	Invocation.....312	Lythe.....73	Newland.....359
Gough.....172	Iona.....194, 321	Madison.....120	New Year's Hymn.....459
Gounod.....124	Irby.....450	Magdalen.....458	Nicma.....51
Grace Church.....70	Irvin.....219	Magdalena.....127	Nocturn.....413
Grange.....401	Italian Hymn.....45, 252	Mainser.....245	Noel.....59
Grantham.....447	Janua Onli.....152	Maitland.....252	Nottingham.....279
Gratitude.....222	Jerusalem.....452	Manoah.....30, 215	Nox Procession.....43
Greathart.....275	Jesmond.....175	Mapleton.....19	Nuremburg.....74
Greenland.....254	Jesu Magister Bone.....413	Marchfield.....353	Oak.....327
Greenville.....35	Jesu Pastor.....301	Marguerite.....312	Oakville.....352
Greenwood.....175	Jewett.....315	Marion.....450	Old Hundredth.....21, 49
Gregory.....405	Justin.....437	Mariton.....352	Olipphant.....175
Grostete.....48	Kendall.....215	Mariand's Mills.....195	Olivers.....575
Guidance.....315	Kenilworth.....341	Marlow.....441	Olive's Brow.....122
Guide.....253	Kettle.....217	Martyn.....222	Olivet.....223
Haddam.....45	Kirkdale.....411	Martyn.....375	Olmutz.....225
Halle.....355	Knox.....195	Mary Magdalene.....355	Olney.....234
Hallon.....225	Kocher.....271	Mauders.....329	Onko.....355
Hamburg.....215	Kucken.....415	McCheyne.....475	Orient.....41
Hamilton.....104, 149	Laban.....251	Mear.....17	Orthwaite.....255, 349
Hampton.....455		Medina.....457	Ortonville.....355
Harmony Grove.....277		Meditation.....419	Orville.....349
Harwell.....157		Melcombe.....72	Ovio.....359
Hastings.....129		Melford.....329	Owen.....317

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES

507

PAGE	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
Page.....170	Schumann.....260	St. Peter.....118, 268	Veni, Sancte Spiritus.....179
Palmer.....400	Sears.....96	St. Petersburg.....304	Veni, Veni, Immanuel.....86
Paraclete.....181	Seasons.....433	St. Philip.....329	Verbum Pacl.....303
Paradise, No. 1.....494	Sebastian.....209	St. Piran.....449	Vesper.....477
Paradise, No. 2.....494	Serton.....115	St. Raphael.....28	Vesper! Lux.....414
Parker.....11	Selborne.....71, 436	St. Saviour.....108	Victoria.....367
Park Street.....120	Selvin.....306	St. Sylvester.....426	Victory.....159
Passion.....126	Serenity.....76, 312	St. Thomas.....15, 61	Vienna.....215
Passover.....132	Sessions.....276	Stabat Mater.....130	Vigil.....23
Pater Omnim.....112, 411	Seymour.....219, 419	Staniforth.....35	Vigilate.....326
Paulina.....226	Sharon.....256	State Street.....242	Vox Angelica, No. 1.....462
Pax Del.....418	Shirland.....342	Stanmore.....180	Vox Angelica, No. 2.....463
Pax Tecum.....314	Sicily.....368	Steele.....417	Vox Angelica, No. 3.....463
Peace.....36	Silcom.....382	Steggall.....32	Vox Dilecti.....194
Pearce.....420	Silsoe.....189	Steibelt.....367	Wakefield.....468
Pearsall.....173	Silver St.....263	Stephanos.....309	Walham.....20, 387
Penitence.....394	Simpson.....196	Stephens.....375	Ward.....72
Pennel.....192	Sinal.....162	Stockton.....399	Wardlaw.....69
Petersham.....111	Sleepers, Wake.....465	Stockwell.....37, 427	Ware.....186
Petition.....339	Slingsby.....289	Stowell.....294	Wareham.....21
Petrox.....40	Smith.....164	Streatham.....28	Warfare.....463
Pleyel's Hymn.....244	Solitude.....200	Stuttgart.....97	Warren.....50
Prayer.....337	Song.....248	Sunley.....271	Warsaw.....160
Prescott.....156	Sorrento.....218	Sunset.....426	Wartburg Castle.....106
Prince.....407	Southwick.....163	Swabia.....329	Warwick.....141
Pro Me Perforatus.....128	Southwick.....163	Swainsthorpe.....328	Watchman.....368
Propior Deo.....294	Spanish Hymn.....266	Swanton.....436	Wave.....443
Prussian Hymn.....74	Speratus.....242	Swanwick.....16	Webb.....283, 392
Quebec.....315	Spohr.....61	Sweden.....466	Webbe.....92
Rathbun.....243	Spring.....446	Sydenham.....15, 268	Welcome, Happy Morning.....148
Raphael.....260	Springfield.....32	Sydenham, No. 2.....281	Wellington.....454
Redcliff.....145	St. Aelred.....117	Sylvester.....471	Welton.....369
Redhead.....306, 465	St. Agnes.....16, 261, 333	Tallis' Evening Hymn.....434	Wentworth.....63
Redgrave.....124	St. Alban.....331	Talmar.....220	Wealey.....398
Reese.....440	St. Alban's.....435	Tamworth.....473	Westgate.....110
Refuge.....233	St. Alphege.....465	Tappan.....479	West Heath.....273
Regent Square.....57, 91, 400	St. Anatolius.....421	Telgmouth.....98	Weston.....396
Renovation.....425	St. Andrew.....334	Temple.....418	Westwood.....433
Requiem.....131	St. Ann's.....64, 343	Temple Boro.....356	Wickliffe.....423
Requiescat.....470	St. Asaph.....390	Thacher.....361	Williams.....68, 121, 442
Rest.....466	St. Bede.....299	Thanksgiving.....349	Willingham.....402
Resurgam.....138	St. Bees.....332	The Grave of Jesus.....134	Willington.....354
Resurrexit.....144	St. Bernard.....465	The Holy City.....490	Wilmar.....190
Retreat.....330	St. Bride.....128	The Last Sleep.....472	Willmot.....97
Rex Gloria.....155, 397	St. Catherine.....30	The Story of the Cross.....461	Wilson.....138
Rhine.....463	St. Christopher.....206	Theodora.....23	Wilston.....299
Riseholme.....395	St. Chrysostom.....331	Theydon.....38	Wimbledon.....241
Robinson.....323	St. Cross.....122	Thirsk.....214	Wimborne.....106
Rockingham.....114	St. Cuthbert.....179	Thring.....452	Winchester.....352
Rock of Ages.....203	St. Cyprian.....40, 337	Tichfield.....201	Wittemberg.....56
Romberg.....444	St. Eanswyth.....94	To-Day.....198	Woodward.....51
Rosefield.....202, 405	St. Fabian.....119	Tolland.....67	Woodworth.....213
Rositer.....224	St. Fabian.....232	Tomlinson.....400	Woolwich.....194, 498
Rosethwaite (with All).....245	St. George's.....25, 432	Toplady.....203	Work Song.....268
Rothwell.....153	St. Gertrude.....285	Trenton.....296	Worthing.....178
Rotterdam.....137	St. Godric.....301	Triumph.....344	Wortman.....32
Rousseau.....290	St. Helen.....175	Troyte.....297	Wreford.....23
Russian Hymn.....442	St. Hilda.....207, 367	Truro.....68	Wyckoff.....251
Ruth.....432	St. Hugh.....64	Trust.....238	Yarmouth.....390
Sabbath.....10	St. John.....250	Tuckerman.....111, 363	Yakley.....39
Sacrament.....358	St. Kevin.....136, 272	Tulford.....53, 437	York.....347
Salem.....388	St. Lawrence.....245	Tully.....229	Yorkshire.....93
Saltwick.....377	St. Leonard.....34	Twilight.....409	Young.....146
Salvator.....432	St. Luke.....117	Tytherton.....100	Zebulon.....376
Samson.....277	St. Martin's.....198	University College.....274	Zephyr.....191
Sanctuary.....167, 499	St. Matthias.....39	Unsed.....393	Zerah.....108
Sardis.....221	St. Michael.....446	Uxbridge.....41	Zinzendorf.....363
Sarum.....282	St. Michael's (Hanover).....62	Valentia.....227	Zion.....396
Savoy Chapel.....285	St. Millicent.....469	Varina.....480	Zion's Daughter.....78
Saxton.....58	St. Olaf.....44	Vaughan.....308	
Saxe Holm.....467	St. Oswald.....79, 354		
Schell.....284	St. Pancras.....157		
	St. Patrick.....160		

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES

S. M.		C. M.		L. M.	
	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Adrian.....	80	Abney.....	188	Alerton.....	380
Aldersgate.....	115	Annunciation.....	321	Alstone.....	80, 214, 423
Alexander.....	126	Antioch.....	102	Angelus.....	423
Ameriton.....	40	Arlington.....	226	Anvers.....	214
Bades.....	184	Aubrey.....	182	Ashwell.....	372
Benedictus.....	14	Avon.....	176	Baker.....	191
Bethesda.....	211	Avondale.....	423	Baldutha.....	476
Blaydon.....	24	Asmon.....	351	Barn.....	190
Boylston.....	378	Balerna.....	308	Blendon.....	367
Bradén.....	234	Bestitude.....	286	Bowling.....	114
Carleise.....	177	Belmont.....	24	Brookside.....	125
Cary.....	444	Belvidere.....	43	Canonbury.....	422
Chislehurst.....	225	Bernerton.....	109	Church Triumphant.....	165
Cleveland.....	225	Boardman.....	380	Collier.....	388
Crucifixion.....	325	Boston.....	269	Cruz Beata.....	123
Dawn.....	462	Bradford.....	164	Drostane.....	121
Dennis.....	310, 372	Brown.....	169	Duke Street.....	417
Ennerdale.....	377	Browning.....	30	Federal Street.....	128
Ferguson.....	237	Burlington.....	42	Festus.....	430
Ferniehurst.....	198	Byefield.....	340	Germany.....	404
Franklin Square.....	280	Cherith.....	308	Gilead.....	71
Glory.....	344	Chesterfield.....	183, 266	Grace Church.....	70
Golden.....	334	Chimes.....	431	Gratitude.....	323
Gorton.....	311	Christmas.....	101, 278	Haumann.....	216
Greenwood.....	178	Colchester.....	162	Hamburg.....	215
Leban.....	281	Coronation.....	182	Harmony Grove.....	277
Langton.....	302	Cowper.....	206	Haydn.....	70
Leighton.....	307	Dalehurst.....	125, 227	Hebron.....	380
Lindfield.....	385	Dedham.....	378	He Leadeth Me (with	
Lisbon.....	14	Devonshire.....	141	chorus).....	310
Mariand's Mills.....	193	Downs.....	274	Joanna (with chorus).....	401
Monsell.....	35, 224, 356	Dundas.....	85	Hurley.....	29, 67
Mornington.....	326	Dunlop.....	170	Hyde.....	355
Nebo.....	350	Elisabethtown.....	380	Loving Kindness.....	346
Newland.....	369	Elvet.....	322	Luton.....	353
Olmutz.....	226	Emmanuel.....	65	Lytham.....	185
Olney.....	224	Evam.....	236	Mainzer.....	348
Owen.....	211	Fernshaw.....	313	Marchfield.....	383
Pennell.....	192	Foster.....	217	Melcombe.....	376
Penovation.....	128	Geor.....	171	Mendon.....	376
Rousseau.....	280	Genevieve.....	62	Migdol.....	390
Saltwick.....	377	Hallon.....	226	Missionary Chant.....	387
Schumann.....	380	Heber.....	374	Morning Hymn.....	404
Selvin.....	308	Herman.....	375	Old Hundredth.....	21, 69
Shirland.....	342	Hinsdale.....	416	Oliver's Bow.....	121
Silver St.....	253	Holy Cross.....	389	Park Street.....	120
St. Bride.....	128	Holy Trinity.....	43, 281	Quebec.....	315
St. Michael.....	446	Horsley.....	134	Rest.....	408
St. Olaf.....	44	Hume.....	108	Retreat.....	330
St. Thomas.....	15, 61	Hummel.....	86	Rockingham.....	114
State Street.....	242	Jerusalem.....	422	Rothwell.....	188
Steibelt.....	367	Kendall.....	216	Samson.....	387
Swabia.....	228	Langesboro.....	18	Sassons.....	118
Swainscliffe.....	15, 263	Lyndham.....	257	Sefton.....	118
Sydenham, No. 2.....	281	Lyndham.....	257	Selborne.....	71, 423
Thacher.....	361	Maitland.....	282	Sessions.....	276
Vigil.....	28	Manoah.....	20, 216	St. Alban.....	321
Woolwich.....	194, 468	Mapleton.....	19	St. Cross.....	122
		Marguerite.....	313	Streatham.....	5
		Marion.....	383	Sweden.....	408
		Marlow.....	441	Tallis' Evening Hymn.....	349
		Mear.....	17	Thanksgiving.....	214
		Messengers.....	183	Thirsk.....	214
		Miles Lane.....	162	Trenton.....	388
		Mills.....	77, 197	Truro.....	68
		Mirfield.....	383	Uxbridge.....	61
		Naomi.....	383	Walham.....	20, 69
		Nativity.....	168	Ware.....	185
		Nottingham.....	270	Wareham.....	31
		Nox Procession.....	42	Wartburg Castle.....	385
		Oakville.....	383	Welton.....	389
		Ortonville.....	386	Willington.....	284
		Raphael.....	380	Williams.....	80, 121, 423
		Romberg.....	444	Winton.....	385
		Serenity.....	76, 312	Wimborne.....	385
		Sharon.....	384		
		Siloam.....	383		

	PAGE
Sinal.....	182
Smith.....	184
Southwick.....	182
St. Agnes.....	16, 261, 383
St. Ann's.....	64, 343
St. Hugh.....	84
St. Martin's.....	185
St. Peter.....	118, 266
St. Saviour.....	108
Stanforth.....	36
Stephens.....	375
Swanwick.....	16
Tuckerman.....	111, 388
Valencia.....	227
Vaughan.....	308
Wardian.....	86
Warwick.....	141
Wickliffe.....	423
York.....	347
Zerah.....	108

C. M., 5 lines

Elton.....	317
Eternal Light.....	197
Naumann.....	216
Newbold.....	282
Rhine.....	423
Tappan.....	470

C. M., 6 lines

Spohr.....	61
St. Rede.....	280

C. M. D.

Athens.....	196
Brattle Street.....	62
Caldwell.....	278
Carol.....	99
Castle Rising.....	481
Cutter.....	279
Ellacombe.....	375
Enstace.....	267
Filius Dei.....	17
Flora.....	140
Gabriel.....	101
Holland.....	226
Invitation.....	313
Iona.....	194, 321
Kettle.....	217
Knox.....	196
Noel.....	99
Petersham.....	111
Sears.....	38
St. Leonard.....	34
Tegmorth.....	86
The Holy City.....	480
Tolland.....	67
Tytherton.....	100
Varina.....	480
Vox Dilecti.....	194
Westgate.....	110

C. L. M.

Hastings.....	120
---------------	-----

C. P. M.

Ariel.....	255
Bremen.....	280
Meribah.....	474
Salvator.....	483
West Heath.....	273

Dalston.....	24
--------------	----

	PAGE
Winchester.....	322
Woodworth.....	313
Zephyr.....	191

L. M., 6 lines

Brownell.....	34
Centennial Hymn.....	347
Ellerton.....	473
Magdalen.....	408
Melita.....	444
Pater Omnium.....	112, 411
St. Catherine.....	30
St. Chrysostom.....	331
St. Matthias.....	39
St. Petersburg.....	304
Veni, Veni, Immanuel.....	35
Yonkley.....	39

L. M. D.

Barnby.....	48
Eastertide.....	347
Grantham.....	447
Janna Ocell.....	132
Madison.....	130
Victoria.....	357

L. P. M.

Laus Deo.....	34
Nashville.....	40

H. M.

Abram.....	161
Carmel.....	198
Christ Church.....	498
Crofts.....	348
Darwall.....	161
Earlham.....	151
Haddam.....	55
Howe.....	273
Lenox.....	159
Lischer.....	13
Newbury.....	40
Silsoe.....	129
St. John.....	250
Warraw.....	160
Zebulon.....	376

4s, 6s, D.

The Last Sleep.....	472
---------------------	-----

5s, 4s, D.

Hyde Park.....	330
Melford.....	330

6s, 4s.

To-Day.....	198
-------------	-----

6s, 4s, D.

Bread of Life.....	26, 361
Euroclydon.....	113
Fernald.....	338

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Bethany.....	294
Gates.....	285
Propior Deo.....	394

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Heaven is Our Home.....	327
Oak.....	327

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Allen.....	222
America.....	445
Dort.....	151, 338
Fiat Lux.....	339
Huntington.....	441
Italian Hymn.....	46, 253
Lyle.....	250
New Haven.....	186
Olivet.....	223
Swanton.....	436

6s, 5s.

Castle Eden.....	415
Caswall.....	490
Merrill.....	415

6s, 5s, D.

	PAGE
Edina.....	270
Ellwood.....	424
Mary Magdalene.....	305
Morley.....	282
Ruth.....	422
St. Andrew.....	334
Sunley.....	271

6s, 5s. 12 lines

Armageddon.....	288
Banner.....	289
Bonifacio.....	287
Carden.....	235
Deva.....	429
Hamilton.....	104, 149
Hermas.....	326
Haley.....	149
St. Alban's.....	435
St. Gertrude.....	285
Stowell.....	244
Wakefield.....	456

6s.

Ad Lucem.....	318
Barkworth.....	292
Petrox.....	40
St. Cyprian.....	40, 337

6s, 6 lines

Landes Domini.....	254
Pro Me Perforata.....	128

6s, D.

Baxter.....	330
Beechcroft.....	319
Blessed Home.....	334
Jewett.....	313

6. 6. 8. 4. D.

Leon.....	34
Olivers.....	476

7s.

Aletta.....	316
Christmas Morn.....	59
Constance.....	22
Corona.....	364
Cressbrook.....	244
Cyprus.....	234
Dallas.....	32
Dion.....	306
Ell.....	50
Ellingham.....	45
Evermore.....	187
Gottschalk.....	33, 309
Halle.....	286
Haverland.....	297
Hawes.....	445
Hendon.....	243
Hillgrove.....	480
Holley.....	235
Horton.....	185
Innocents.....	75
Irvin.....	219
Justin.....	495
Lambeth.....	379
Lubeck.....	398
Mispah.....	317
Monkland.....	155, 438
Mozart.....	147
New Calabar.....	299
Nuremburg.....	74
Pley's Hymn.....	308, 465
Redhead.....	308, 465
Seymour.....	219, 419
Solitude.....	200
Springfield.....	32
St. Bees.....	332
Theodora.....	23
University College.....	274
Woodward.....	51
Young.....	146

7s, with Alleluia

Ascension, No. 1.....	154
Ascension, No. 2.....	154
Easter Hymn.....	147
Monk.....	146

7s, 3 lines

	PAGE
Hempton.....	210
Lachrym.....	353
Maunder.....	329
St. Philip.....	329

7s, 6 lines

Dix.....	39, 348
Engel.....	183
Gethsemane.....	133, 238, 355
Glastonbury.....	364
God of Hosts.....	52, 288
Hawes.....	202
Kucken.....	416
Love.....	405
McChesne.....	373
Newcombe.....	118
Orthwaite.....	235, 340
Rock of Ages.....	308
Rosefield.....	392, 405
Sabbath.....	10
Spanish Hymn.....	335
Steele.....	417
Toplady's.....	308
Veni, Sancte Spiritus.....	179

7s, D.

Benevento.....	431
Beulah.....	374
Blumenthal.....	300
Cranston.....	33
Hollingside.....	333
Martyn.....	232
Mendelssohn.....	86
Messiah.....	53
Ondo.....	396
Prussian Hymn.....	74
Rafusa.....	345
Rosier.....	234
Sorrento.....	218
St. Fabian.....	223
St. George's.....	25, 432
St. Patrick.....	150
Titchfield.....	301
Tulford.....	53, 437
Watchman.....	395

7s, 10 lines

Nocturn.....	413
--------------	-----

7s, 5s.

St. Piran.....	449
----------------	-----

7s, 6s.

Kocher.....	271
St. Alphege.....	435

7s, 6s, D.

Alford.....	498
Amsterdam.....	300, 428
Aston.....	204
Aurelia.....	44, 379
Bartholdy.....	254
Bentley.....	230
Berthold.....	118
Blairgovie.....	228, 448
Blenham.....	208
Bolton.....	9
Cambridge.....	3
Chamoun.....	127
Cherise.....	77
Clare.....	229
Coal Enarrant Gloriam.....	45, 263
Come Unto Me.....	205
Crucifix.....	209
Day of Rest.....	231
Denise.....	303
Ewing.....	462
Exultation.....	173
Farmer.....	292
Festival.....	290
Gairth.....	76
Gospel Banner.....	361
Gould.....	172
Greenland.....	264
Homeland.....	491
Hora Novissima.....	494
Jesu Magister Bone.....	412
Lancashire.....	137
Lux Mundi.....	368
Magdalena.....	127

7s, 8s.

Martyn.....	378
Mendebras.....	9
Miriam.....	8
Missionary Hymn.....	394
Parker.....	11
Passion.....	128
Peasall.....	172
Rotterdam.....	137
Savoy Chapel.....	285
Sebastian.....	309
St. Hilda.....	207, 387
St. Luke.....	117
Tully.....	229
Unsold.....	333
Webb.....	283, 383
Westwood.....	238
Yarmouth.....	330

7s, 6s. 12 lines

Arator.....	439
Excelsior.....	351
St. Bernard.....	465

7s, 6s, 8s.

Ludwig.....	386
Penitence.....	394

7s, 6s, 8s.

Anatolius.....	431
St. Anatolius.....	431

7. 7. 7. 5.

Ambrose.....	338
Cape town.....	415
Consolator.....	223
Cresswell.....	456
For Evermore.....	304
Paraclete.....	181
Petition.....	339
Stammore.....	180
Staggall.....	52
Vesper Lux.....	414

7. 7. 7. 6.

Alyston.....	107
Landon.....	307
Litany.....	139
Miserere Domine.....	129

8s, 7s.

Arundel.....	373
Bartimeus.....	236
Bird.....	220
Dominus Regit Me.....	58
Cruz Fidelis.....	131
Expectation.....	177
Faith.....	37
Guidance.....	315
Lanton.....	237
Lucerne.....	448
Lythe.....	73
Olio.....	246
Peace.....	36
Rathbun.....	243
Reese.....	440
Sardis.....	221
Simpson.....	196
Silingsby.....	259
St. Oswald.....	79, 354
St. Sylvester.....	66
Stockwell.....	37, 422
Stuttgart.....	97
Talmar.....	220
Vesper.....	477
Wilmot.....	97
Worthing.....	176

8s, 7s. 6 lines

Alleluia.....	463
Gainford.....	460
Leslie.....	59
Passover.....	123
Roethwaite (with All.).....	245
St. Lawrence.....	245
St. Pancras.....	157
Sicily.....	368
Temple Boro.....	355
Triumph.....	344

8s, 7s. D.

	PAGE
Admaston.....	227, 445
Aithorp.....	349
Auber.....	422
Austria.....	342
Autumn.....	395
Bavaria.....	393
Beecher.....	391
Carlton.....	142
Charity.....	30
Clark.....	176
Come Ye Lofty.....	91
Converse.....	288
Dearhurst.....	281
Disciple.....	119, 226
Dowling.....	438
Faben.....	73
Formosa.....	343
Gallies.....	388
Golden Sheaves.....	434
Harwell.....	187
Laudate Dominum.....	79
Lewellyn.....	169
Livingston.....	143
Love Divine.....	391
Lux Eol.....	177
Moultrie.....	428
Nettleton.....	54
Rex Gloria.....	155, 287
Sacramento.....	187, 289
Saxe Holm.....	457
Spring.....	446
St. Asaph.....	380
St. Fabian.....	119
Weston.....	398
Wilton.....	289
Zion's Daughter.....	78

8s, 7s. 12 lines

Wilson.....	128
-------------	-----

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Bayly.....	59
Calvary.....	132
Crown Him.....	174
Day of Praise.....	57
Dismissal.....	341
Greenville.....	38
Kenilworth.....	341
Lewisham.....	58
Oliphant.....	175
Regent Square.....	57, 91, 400
St. Helen.....	175
St. Raphael.....	28
Tamworth.....	473
Theydon.....	40
Tomlinson.....	40
Victory.....	159
Vienna.....	215
Warren.....	50
Zion.....	396

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

All Saints.....	380
Fides.....	113
Gounod.....	124
Grange.....	401
Holy Mountain.....	193
Irbly.....	450
Jesu Pastor.....	301
Kirkdale.....	411
Lauda Anima Mea.....	490
Leicester.....	38
Neander.....	10
Prescott.....	156
Requiem.....	131

8s.

	PAGE
Pearce.....	420

8s, 6 lines

Dies Ira.....	475
---------------	-----

8s, D.

The Grave of Jesus.....	124
-------------------------	-----

8. 8. 8. 4.

Allesley.....	188
Alms giving.....	31, 338
Orville.....	240
Redcliff.....	146
Risholme.....	395
St. Godric.....	301
Sunset.....	425
Wimbleton.....	341

8. 8. 8. 5.

Houth.....	249
Song.....	248

8. 8. 8. 6.

Elmhurst.....	31, 395
Ethwalte.....	212
Galgate.....	212
Trust.....	228

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Civitas Dei.....	487
Genoa.....	130
Lauda Sion Salvatorem.....	7
Stabat Mater.....	41, 262, 408
	150

9s, 8s.

Eucharist.....	358
Ingarby.....	372
Sacrament.....	268

10s.

American Hymn.....	51
Dalkeith.....	12
Dayman.....	80
Ellers.....	38, 180
Ernan.....	307
Eventide.....	135, 414
Goudimel.....	262
Langran.....	12, 214, 370
Meditation.....	419
Morecambe.....	371
Nearle.....	51
Pax Dei.....	418
Salem.....	388
Troyte.....	297

10s, 2 lines

Cona Domini.....	371
Hispalia.....	336
Pax Tecum.....	314

10s, 6 lines

Neathfield.....	430
Yorkshire.....	38

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

	PAGE
Lux Benigna.....	339

10s, 11s.

Houghton.....	42
Lyons.....	53
St. Michael's (Hanover).....	42

11s.

Adante Fideles, No. 1.....	84, 222
Expostulation.....	189
Frederick.....	470
Goshen.....	323
Paulina.....	235
Robinson.....	223

11s, 5 lines

Welcome, Happy Morning.....	148
-----------------------------	-----

11. 11. 11. 5.

Cloisters.....	246
Gregory.....	408
Palmer.....	408
Twilight.....	408
Wortman.....	22

11s, 10s.

Ancient of Days.....	47
Astley.....	228
Clare Market.....	449
Come, Ye Disconsolate.....	199
Hensley.....	308
Ingrave.....	8, 92
Morning Praise.....	407
Orient.....	98
Prayer.....	237
Prince.....	407
Stockton.....	399
Wesley.....	58
Willingham.....	402

11. 10. 11. 6.

Birkdale.....	220
Flemming.....	220

12s.

Belgravia.....	448
----------------	-----

14s.

Midnight.....	474
---------------	-----

P. M.

Abchurch.....	139
Adante Fideles, No. 2.....	85
Adoration.....	249
Advent.....	171
Angel Voices.....	56
Austell.....	181
Bacon.....	280
Barker.....	413
Benediction.....	467
Bethlehem.....	85
Brandon.....	95
Bromsgrove.....	169
Budleigh.....	240
Bullinger.....	241
Burton.....	488
Calnbrook.....	494
Canits.....	404
Castello.....	267
Chandler.....	455

Christmas Carol.....

Cliffburn.....	341
Coldrey.....	153
Corde Natus.....	108
Crusader's Hymn.....	251
Day Spring.....	428
Edin'g'g' Burg.....	345
Elmendorf.....	428
Enos.....	428
Epiphany.....	102
Et Resurrexit.....	143
Evening Sacrifice.....	412
Even Me.....	280
Fuby.....	146
Genung.....	169
Gilbert.....	478
Glad Tidings.....	57
Golden Chain.....	273
Greatheart.....	276
Guido.....	283
Hampton.....	228
Hinchman.....	408
Holmwood.....	210
Holy Nativity.....	107
Holy Night.....	90
Holy Offerings.....	27
Holyrood.....	489
Intercession.....	167
Invocation.....	167
Landowne.....	454
Lawrence.....	399
Littlewood.....	441
Love's Offering.....	248
Luther's Hymn.....	473
Marion.....	428
Medina.....	428
Monod.....	221
Myles.....	311
Nauford.....	270
New Jerusalem.....	488
New Year's Hymn.....	430
Nicksa.....	170
Page.....	170
Paradise, No. 1.....	494
Paradise, No. 2.....	494
Redgrave.....	124
Requiescat.....	470
Resurgam.....	126
Resurrexit.....	144
Russian Hymn.....	448
Sarum.....	388
Saxton.....	26
Schell.....	394
Sleepers, Wake.....	485
St. Alfred.....	117
St. Christopher.....	296
St. Othbert.....	79
St. Hanswyth.....	54
St. Kevin.....	124, 272
St. Millicent.....	409
Stephanos.....	289
Sylvester.....	471
Temple.....	456
The Story of the Cross.....	41
Thring.....	423
Verbum Fidei.....	328
Vigilate.....	328
Vox Angelica, No. 1.....	482
Vox Angelica, No. 2.....	482
Vox Angelica, No. 3.....	482
Warfare.....	423
Wave.....	443
Wellington.....	494
Wentworth.....	48
Wittenberg.....	88
Work Song.....	285
Wreaford.....	29
Wyckoff.....	29
Zinsendorf.....	283

INDEX OF CHANTS AND RESPONSES

	PAGE
Ascription.....	504
Baptismal Chant.....	504
Bonum Est.....	501
Burial Chant.....	504
Deus Misereatur.....	500, 501
Gloria in Excelsis.....	497

	PAGE
Gloria Patri.....	503
Jubilate Deo.....	500
Nunc Dimittis.....	503
Offertory Sentence.....	503
Opening Sentence.....	502

	PAGE
Response after Prayer.....	503
Responses after Commandments.....	502
Sanctus.....	504
Te Deum Laudamus.....	499, 500
Venite Exultemus.....	500, 501

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS

The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns

GENESIS.		2D SAMUEL.		119: 105.....84, 85, 86		41: 10, 13, 14, 651, 691, 678	
1: 1.....119, 144, 169		22: 2.....470		119: 130.....82		42: 3, 4, 7.....647, 812, 820	
1: 2.....708, 826		22: 3-7.....468		119: 133.....79		42: 16.....509, 618	
1: 3.....103, 125		22: 4.....465, 806		119: 151.....143, 588		43: 2.....72, 409, 564, 661	
2: 2.....9, 13, 38				121: 5.....829		43: 6.....733	
3: 15.....267, 286, 300		1ST KINGS.		122.....21, 41		45: 2.....554	
3: 24.....964, 993		2: 2.....566		122: 1.....862		45: 7.....862	
5: 24.....37, 464, 597		3: 5.....877		125: 2.....71, 697		45: 19.....36	
6: 2.....369, 403		8.....703		126: 8.....573, 790		45: 7.....559	
7: 1.....421, 126		8: 30.....37, 686, 830		127.....854, 873		46: 22.....388	
7: 8, 9.....353		10: 10.....309		128.....419, 431, 435, 541		49: 15, 16.....663, 748	
7: 9.....421		19: 12.....642		132.....20		49: 19-22.....708	
19: 17.....359, 403				135: 2.....11		51: 9.....787	
23: 11-13.....458, 466		2D KINGS.		136.....157, 693		51: 11.....377, 800, 979	
23: 24.....551		4: 23.....627		137.....114, 456, 693		52.....602, 763	
23: 10-12.....411, 569		6: 16.....549		138.....130, 160		52: 1, 2.....342, 786, 816	
23: 20-22.....148, 370				139: 18.....464, 528		52: 3.....377	
23: 24-25.....36, 569, 806		1ST CHRONICLES.		140.....500		52: 7-9.....711, 809, 814	
47: 9.....353		29: 20.....549		144: 4.....626		52: 14, 15.....429, 813	
		29: 10-13.....164		145.....180, 528		53: 3.....216, 259, 261, 439	
		29: 14.....50		145: 4, 5.....248, 263, 622		53: 4, 5, 12.....258, 260,	
				146.....107, 110		53: 4, 5, 12.....258, 260,	
EXODUS.		2D CHRONICLES.		147.....124		55: 1.....386, 396, 398	
2: 6.....107		2: 4.....696, 703		147: 3, 7.....386, 531		55: 7.....578	
3: 8.....974, 980		6: 21.....696		148: 2.....118, 319		57: 21.....383	
3: 14.....107, 126, 129		7: 1-5.....20		150.....105		58: 8.....305	
10: 11.....872		13: 12.....772				58: 13, 14.....34	
12: 27.....351, 750		20: 17.....549		PROVERBS.		58: 14.....34	
12: 21.....149, 691, 773				1: 20-24.....391, 399, 426		60: 1-4.....794, 813	
14: 13.....549		EEZA.		3: 12.....606		60: 18.....763, 966	
14: 15.....570, 577, 806		9: 6.....47, 260, 415, 419		3: 24.....348		60: 23.....979	
20: 11.....991				4: 18.....546, 585, 641		61: 1-3.....308, 804, 815	
23: 17-22.....667, 699, 673		NEHEMIAH.		14: 32.....944		62: 11.....783, 786, 816	
33: 18-23.....101		4: 6.....581		18: 24.....465		63: 1, 2.....303, 308, 377	
34: 22.....591		5: 19.....679		23: 23.....127, 442, 479		63: 3.....303	
		6: 5.....120, 658				63: 7, 8.....123, 454, 496	
		8: 19.....691		ECCLIESIASTE.			
		13: 31.....493		3: 11.....124		JEREMIAH.	
LEVITICUS.		4: 6.....132, 512		3: 10.....361		1: 7-9.....713	
8: 26.....566		67.....696, 701		11: 9.....399, 960		3: 4.....37, 321, 494	
16: 2.....667		68: 13.....147				3: 12, 14, 22.....376	
16: 21, 22.....416, 453		69: 18.....265		CANTICLES.		8: 22.....230, 416	
26: 8-17.....377, 817		71.....564		1: 3.....529		16: 19-21.....609, 794	
		72.....796, 803, 804, 818		2: 4.....1, 733		23: 6.....37, 836	
NUMBERS.		73: 6.....361, 608		2: 11, 12.....894		24: 7.....578	
7: 39.....667		73: 25.....504		2: 16.....483, 530		29: 12.....36	
9: 19.....566		74: 16, 17.....826		5: 1.....738		31: 18-20.....378	
14: 9.....549		81: 7.....836		5: 2.....362, 412		35: 15.....378	
14: 24.....361		84: 1.....11, 33, 38, 44		6: 5-16.....498, 508, 515		36: 3, 7.....378	
23: 10.....944, 946		85: 10.....892, 896, 899		6: 3.....483, 619			
DEUTERONOMY.		87: 3.....677, 692, 693		6: 3.....483, 619		LAMENTATIONS.	
3: 25.....968, 973		88: 6.....118, 126, 156		8: 5.....484, 778, 814		1: 4.....363	
8: 2.....509		89: 6.....128, 129, 159				3: 22, 23, 125, 829, 830, 833	
12: 9.....964, 968, 969		90: 9.....882				3: 23.....423, 456	
16: 11.....56		91.....71, 631, 854, 876					
21: 6-8.....546, 651		92.....18, 31, 623, 862				PSALMS.	
23: 23.....433, 621		93.....108, 145, 146, 169				2.....133, 808	
23: 25-28.....466, 471, 651		96: 7.....597, 607				4.....876	
34: 1-4.....973		98: 2.....131, 146				4: 8.....862, 854, 859	
		99: 9.....131				5.....24, 823, 827	
JOSHUA.		100.....32, 137, 141				6.....127	
1: 2.....973		102: 13-21.....786				8.....109, 699	
1: 8.....580		103.....116, 118, 125				9: 9, 10.....466	
1: 11.....998		103: 8-12.....122, 541				10: 15-18.....172, 455, 141	
8: 1.....549		104: 20.....837				11: 4.....130, 150	
		104: 34.....18, 864				11: 5.....280	
JUDGES.		106.....145				11: 6.....214	
6.....678		107: 7.....72				14: 7.....177, 802	
8: 4.....556, 652		107: 23-30.....906, 907				18.....109, 699	
		109: 20, 21.....452				19: 2.....793	
RUTH.		117.....143				20: 1.....80	
1: 16, 17.....777		118: 24.....2, 16, 25, 520				3: 18.....505, 608, 644	
		119: 76.....613				7: 12.....178	
1ST SAMUEL.		119: 97.....74, 78				20: 2.....159	
1: 13.....690							
1: 10.....144							
3: 10.....45, 391, 394							
3: 18.....505, 608, 644							
7: 12.....178							
20: 2.....159							

AMOS.		20:11.....35		22:30-48, 349, 370		10:44.....361		GALATIANS.	
4:12-348, 987, 988		20:30-38.....794, 741		22:42.....371, 439		11:8.....368		1:4.....344	
5:8.....368		20:38-45.....348, 370		22:51.....314, 763		11:22.....772		2:28-348, 368, 428, 438	
JONAH.		20:41.....568, 574, 678		22:52.....348		14:22.....360, 561, 627		4:7.....362, 427	
3:10.....353, 440		20:42.....430, 605, 644		20:34.....364, 317		17:24-28.....121, 143		4:17.....362, 427	
MICAH.		20:64.....368		22:43, 48, 410, 438, 636		17:28.....361		4:18.....376	
2:10.....364		27:45.....368, 428		22:44.....780, 988		20:35.....40, 51		4:22-368, 370, 371, 427	
6:7.....403, 453		27:50, 51.....348, 372, 498		22:45.....368, 498		21:14.....605, 644, 645		5:2.....37	
7:18.....438, 541		28:10, 30.....371, 378		22:46.....368, 541		22:10.....727		6:1.....361, 611	
NAHUM.		28:11.....368, 378		22:47.....361, 368		22:22.....727		14:24-367, 361, 611	
1:8.....172		28:16.....374		24:28-42, 441, 945, 970		ROMANS.		428, 429	
1:18.....711, 808, 814		28:20.....333, 636, 714		24:32.....372, 374		1:16.....508, 553, 559	EPHESIANS.		
HABAKKUK.		MARK.		24:33.....304, 310		2:4.....123	1:7.....388, 428		
2:4.....428, 453, 483		1:22.....380		JOHN.		3:20, 24.....367, 533	1:12, 14.....389		
2:20.....148		2:14.....381		1:9.....38, 383		6:10-10.....317, 428	1:22.....389		
3:2.....428, 453		2:27.....383		1:14, 17.....314, 380, 383		6:18-288, 348, 441, 453	2:1-6.....323, 389		
3:17, 18.....488, 487		4:3.....385		1:18.....388, 418, 623, 633		6:11.....327, 428	2:8.....327, 428, 533		
ZECHARIAH.		4:27-41.....340, 908, 908, 907		1:20.....381, 748		8:9.....332	2:12.....389		
1:14, 18.....380		6:34-51.....318, 388		1:20, 28.....448, 453		8:12.....380	2:17.....389		
8:14, 16.....518		6:50.....328, 387		1:48.....381		8:14.....388, 535, 536	2:20.....388, 704, 708, 707, 708		
3:17, 18.....488, 488		7:24, 28.....380, 381, 478		3:18.....448, 478		8:15.....317, 383	3:16.....384		
MALACHI.		8:28.....383, 539		3:18.....448, 478		8:17.....380, 515	3:18, 19.....514, 689		
3:1.....189		8:35.....388, 539		4:12, 14, 383, 538, 749		8:18.....351, 615, 639	4:8.....384, 388, 381		
3:6.....128, 129		9:14.....380		4:21.....380, 478		8:22, 28.....328, 347, 352	4:22.....785		
3:7.....378, 432		9:18.....723, 734		4:24.....380, 478		8:28.....388, 571, 689	5:14.....788		
4:2, 3, 387, 530, 538, 536		10:21.....478		5:28.....380, 79		8:30.....388, 571, 689	5:20.....388, 571, 689		
MATTHEW.		10:26.....376		6:21-34.....380, 387		8:37.....388, 571, 689	6:11-18.....548, 588, 589, 590		
1:21.....348, 494, 804		10:47.....478		6:31-44, 388, 738		10:6.....328	PHILIPPIANS.		
1:28.....347, 517		11:9, 10.....344, 521		6:44, 45.....487		10:10, 11.....91	1:21, 22, 428, 428, 428		
2:1-10, 188, 188, 111		12:10.....704		6:58.....728, 733, 737		10:12, 14.....711, 808, 814	1:22.....384, 428		
2:9.....188		12:31.....684		6:58.....388, 404, 784		10:18.....388, 531	1:28.....388		
2:9-11.....188, 191, 210		12:38.....588, 678, 738		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....121, 328	2:8.....388, 518, 521		
4:18.....388		14:23-28.....784, 741		6:58.....388, 404, 784		12:1.....448, 447, 444	2:8-11.....388, 518, 521		
4:18.....388, 518, 521		14:28.....388, 788		6:58.....388, 404, 784		12:18.....49	3:8.....428		
4:24.....388		14:38.....388, 788		6:58.....388, 404, 784		12:11.....388, 518, 410	3:8-11.....428, 428, 428		
5:8.....310, 804, 841		15:17.....388		6:58.....388, 404, 784		12:12.....388, 518, 410	3:8-11.....428, 428, 428		
6:18.....388, 548, 549		15:32.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		14:8.....428, 428, 428	4:8.....128, 318, 328		
6:18.....388, 548, 549		15:40.....388		6:58.....388, 404, 784		14:10.....388, 538, 531	4:8.....388, 428		
6:19.....388		15:48.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		1ST CORINTHIANS.			
7:7.....388, 428		16:1-8.....381, 388, 388		6:58.....388, 404, 784		1:80.....388, 518	1:80.....388, 518		
8:22.....388		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		2:2.....388, 387, 748	2:2.....388, 387, 748		
8:24-27.....340, 908, 907		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		2:8.....388, 387, 748	2:8.....388, 387, 748		
9:8.....388		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		2:12, 14.....388	2:12, 14.....388		
9:10.....710, 718, 738		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		2:20.....388	2:20.....388		
10:24, 28.....388, 545		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		5:7.....388, 738	2:8.....388		
10:28.....388		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		6:9-11.....388	2:8.....388		
10:38.....388		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		6:17.....388	2:8.....388		
11:6.....324, 235		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		6:20, 21, 261, 448, 447, 472	2:8.....388		
11:28.....408, 428, 428, 352		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		7:28.....388	2:8.....388		
11:28-30.....388, 388, 401		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		8:28.....388	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		8:30.....388	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		8:37.....388	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		
11:28.....388, 428		16:18.....388, 428		6:58.....388, 404, 784		11:28.....388, 734, 741	2:8.....388		

HEBREWS.			12: 1, 2.....561, 577, 595	2: 22-24.....406	3: 17-18.....708	5: 11-13.....322, 361
1: 1, 2.....61	12: 3.....223, 562, 582	2: 24.....258, 260, 453	12: 4.....808	2: 25.....513	4: 8.....117, 153, 347	5: 12.....170, 512
1: 3.....369, 752, 804	12: 22-24.....707, 974, 977	3: 4.....632	12: 22-24.....707, 974, 977	3: 4.....632	4: 10.....168, 507	5: 13.....106, 174
1: 6.....309	18: 5.....561	3: 17, 18.....544	18: 5.....561	3: 17, 18.....544	4: 18.....128, 590	6: 10.....351
2: 3.....440	18: 8.....314, 502	3: 22.....334	18: 8.....314, 502	3: 22.....334	4: 19.....518	7: 8-12.....174, 387
2: 9, 10.....314, 315	18: 20, 21.....64, 61	4: 7.....344, 337	18: 20, 21.....64, 61	4: 7.....344, 337	5: 6.....408, 735	7: 9-17.....704, 764
2: 11.....58		4: 12, 13.....547, 563		4: 12, 13.....547, 563		7: 13, 14.....780, 788
2: 14.....284		4: 18, 19.....420, 644		4: 18, 19.....420, 644		11: 15-314, 794, 797, 818
2: 18.....612		5: 7.....467, 615, 628, 674		5: 7.....467, 615, 628, 674		12: 10.....517
3: 7.....397, 407		6: 8, 9.....565, 578		6: 8, 9.....565, 578		12: 11.....728
3: 14.....551						14: 1, 3, 4.....307, 775
4: 9, 28, 43, 963, 986, 979	JAMES.					14: 6.....91, 784
4: 14, 15.....323, 327, 330	1: 17.....56, 123, 361, 537					14: 13.....940, 941, 944
4: 18, 19, 228, 611, 574, 677	1: 27.....50					15: 3.....170, 531, 778
4: 18.....630, 651	4: 12-15.....806, 963					17: 14-314, 575, 788, 982
6: 20.....414	4: 15.....275					19: 4.....520
7: 22.....317	5: 8, 9.....344					19: 11-18.....214, 514, 335
7: 25.....304, 225, 328, 422						20: 11-12.....390, 967, 980
9: 14.....410, 453	1st PETER.					21: 1-4.....377, 868
9: 24.....302, 323	1: 4.....659					21: 2.....971, 989
10: 12-14.....302, 307	1: 8.....524, 525, 529, 534					21: 4.....988, 984
10: 19-23.....391, 317, 330	1: 18, 19.....448, 468, 500					21: 6, 10.....383, 971
10: 22.....737	2: 6.....606, 704, 705					21: 10-27.....428, 694, 978
10: 34.....547	2: 7.....408, 512, 519, 528					22: 1-5.....394, 526, 975
11: 13.....602, 690, 771	2: 9, 10.....182					22: 17.....288, 588, 808
11: 13-16.....768, 925	2: 21.....221, 228, 233					22: 20.....342, 383
12: 1.....545, 558, 775						

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns

A abide with me.....63, 377, 397, 585, 845, 869, 870, 872, 874	Backsliding.....See <i>Wandering</i> .	Christ:
Absence from God.....See <i>Wandering</i> .	Baptism.....717-727	Desire of Nations.....182, 189, 199
Accepted Time.....382, 383, 387, 389, 421	Of Holy Spirit.....361, 367, 708	Divinity of.....22, 180, 186, 228, 233, 256
Access to God.....246, 317, 381, 385, 407	Benediction.....61, 64, 68, 69, 78-78	Epiphany of.....183, 188, 190, 337, 339, 211
Activity.....49, 52, 57, 336, 546-583, 782	Benevolence.....46-59	Exaltation of.....277, 302, 315, 319, 320
See also <i>Work</i> .	Blood of Christ.....See <i>Atonement</i> , also <i>Christ's Passion</i> .	Example.....52-55, 218-222, 229, 232, 233
Adoption.....477, 605, 637	Bread of Heaven.....See <i>Christ</i> .	Excellency of.....510, 512, 583, 584
Spirit of.....317, 358, 475, 635	Bread of Life.....See <i>Christ</i> .	First Fruits.....237, 238
Affliction.....604-631	Bridegroom, Coming of.....343, 662	Fountain.....386, 388, 410, 428, 567
Blessings of.....131, 465, 617, 648, 704	Brotherly Love.....48, 54, 57, 220, 805, 420, 607, 712, 782	Friend of Sinners.....109, 322, 422, 427
Comfort in.....229, 398, 612-651, 909	See also <i>Communion of Saints</i> .	Fullness of.....388, 468, 510, 523, 635, 636
Courage in.....240, 477, 549, 551, 552, 558		Glorying in.....380, 490, 553, 559
Prayer in.....72, 449, 470, 588, 589, 613	Call, God's.....361, 383, 407	Glory of.....See <i>Exaltation</i> .
Refuge in.....30, 71, 128, 151, 330, 409, 426, 454, 968, 470, 609, 612, 615	Calmness.....632, 674	Grace of.....172, 327, 332, 415, 457, 550, 555
Submission in.....123, 467, 527, 596, 600, 605, 617, 627, 632, 644, 645, 674, 675	Calvary.....254, 267, 270, 386	Gratitude to.....116, 152, 176, 364, 427-545
Aims.....47-58, 499	See <i>Christ</i> , <i>Crucified</i> .	Hiding Place.....406, 461, 468, 485
Angels:	Charity.....50-57, 59, 230, 499	High Priest.....302, 317, 321, 323, 325, 327
At Advent of Christ.....182, 189, 192	See also <i>Communion of Saints</i> .	Hosanna to.....227-230, 341, 414, 525
At Coronation of Christ.....309, 320, 322	Children.....37, 213, 237, 508, 718-726, 946	Humanity of.....213, 221, 222, 223, 225
At Resurrection of Christ.....278, 290, 293, 296	Children's Praise.....227, 228, 321, 916-934	Humiliation of.....218, 229, 246, 248, 264
Ministry of.....171, 171, 858, 878	Childlike Spirit.....405, 600	Humility of.....235, 241
Praises of.....111, 114, 123, 137, 154, 167, 171, 174, 228, 321, 922, 929	Choosing Christ.....468, 472, 473, 475, 478	Immanuel.....97, 177, 242, 329, 717, 792
Ascension of Christ.....See <i>Christ</i> .	Christ.....176-352	Indwelling.....35, 352, 357, 441, 595, 621
Anahmed of Jesus.....380, 553, 559	Abiding with Believers.....See <i>Abide with me</i> .	Intercession of.....24, 37, 316, 327, 328
Asleep in Jesus.....943, 944, 954, 956	Adoration of.....23, 179, 180, 188, 190, 204, 261, 309, 322, 324, 331, 345, 504, 520, 526, 534, 894, 982	Invitations of.....See <i>Gospel</i> .
Aspirations.....584-603	Advent, First.....177-216, 916, 919	Judge.....344, 349, 350, 957-961
For Christ.....408, 467, 468, 504, 525, 591, 595, 646, 645, 688, 689, 832	" Second.....298, 309, 336-352, 744, 171, 174, 228, 321, 922, 929	King of Glory.....8, 205, 298, 299, 301
For God.....26, 28, 422, 445, 518, 530, 583, 596, 633	Advocate.....316, 325, 327, 328, 330, 332	King of Saints.....172, 174, 181, 196, 261
For Grace and Holiness.....35, 418, 428, 449, 457, 497, 585, 588, 597, 598, 600, 602, 679	All in All.....46, 214, 454, 472, 485, 489, 523, 604, 635	King Sovereign.....92, 316, 319, 325, 628
Assurance.....151, 317, 380, 388, 395, 456, 464, 523, 619	Ascension of.....326-313, 313	Knocking at the Door.....382, 412
Atonement:	Atonement of.....See <i>Atonement</i> .	Lamb of God.....168, 170, 324, 331, 425
Completed.....245-275, 278, 286, 377, 393, 404, 453, 503	Birth of.....178-201, 209, 213-217	Leader.....212, 556, 570, 606, 687, 691
Necessary.....254, 277, 387, 395, 396, 406, 408, 419, 424, 453	Blood of.....352, 357, 357-901	Light.....22, 78, 88, 170, 211, 328, 339, 361
Sufficient.....259, 268, 328, 331, 390, 395, 425, 468, 541, 633, 636	Bread of Heaven.....682, 691, 729, 748	Love of.....222, 226, 254, 255, 491, 496, 584, 590
Autumn.....See <i>Seasons</i> .	Bread of Life.....46, 393	Loveliness of.....429, 493, 505, 515, 524, 528, 529
	Burial of.....267, 271, 274-278	Majesty of.....137, 244, 515
	Captain of Salvation.....549, 554, 556, 565, 570, 572, 575	
	Character of.....172, 206, 221, 232, 241	
	Childhood of.....158, 333, 318	
	Conqueror.....284-286, 323, 323-325, 314, 315, 318, 329, 550	
	Corner Stone.....686, 704, 707, 778	
	Coronation of.....300, 305, 314, 315, 320, 335, 520	
	Crucifixion of.....245-270	
	Delight in.....463, 529, 583, 704	

Christ:
Man of Sorrows.....246, 604
Master.....236, 272, 386
Mediator.....304, 217, 232, 327
Meekness of.....210-222, 232, 253, 341
Ministry of.....62, 306, 212, 219, 234,
 238, 252, 256, 604
Names of.....177, 218, 337, 371, 393, 494,
 504, 514, 517, 519, 521
Nativity of.....*See Birth of*
Offices of.....156, 214, 221, 231, 252, 262
Only Plea.....425, 427, 431
Our Passover.....331, 750
Passion of.....243-276
Patience of.....213, 222, 258, 341
Physician.....224, 232, 326, 341
Precepts.....438, 465, 512, 517, 519, 524,
 526, 529, 530, 594-595
Presence of.....23, 35, 74, 97, 225, 401,
 466, 637, 659, 699, 621
Prince.....*See High Priest*
Prince of Peace.....182, 154, 308, 337,
 438, 750
Prophecy.....196, 231, 316, 321, 322, 323
Redeemer.....114, 224, 226, 323, 341
Refuge.....406, 468, 470, 609
Reigning.....174, 306, 308, 309, 314,
 315, 318, 319, 794, 795, 800, 804, 817, 818
Resurrection of.....12, 277-284, 313
Rock of Ages.....159, 406, 621, 692, 763
Sacrifice.....*See Atonement*
Saviour, the.....236, 348, 534, 535, 544, 545
Second Coming of.....*See Advent*
Second.
Sepulchre of.....*See Burial of*
Shepherd.....22, 115, 404, 464, 474, 603,
 613, 628, 630, 640, 663, 682, 734, 620, 628
Son of God.....*See Divinity of*
Substitution.....194, 236, 465, 470, 575
Sufferings of.....246-276
Son of Righteousness.....22, 182, 323,
 337, 350, 380, 383
Sympathy of.....221, 228, 239, 308, 327,
 332, 408, 409, 604, 611, 616, 646
Teacher.....53, 222, 331, 668
Triumphal Entry of.....23, 321, 668
True.....*See Truth*
W-y, Truth, and Life.....236, 473, 600
Weeping.....246, 289, 504, 612
Work Finished.....260, 272
Christians:
At the Cross.....342, 346, 261-263, 268,
 411, 623
Christ, the Life of.....268, 463, 464, 465,
 601, 619, 621
Comfort.....260, 470, 604-611
See also Afflictions.
Confidence in God.....175, 464, 465, 470,
 474, 625-631, 640, 641, 653
Conflicts of.....468, 546-553, 599, 621, 653
See also Warfare.
Confidence through Christ.....*See*
Conflicts of *also Warfare.*
Courage of.....*See Courage.*
Death of.....*See Death of Saints.*
Debt of, to Christ.....264, 318, 540, 553,
 741, 970
Dependence on Christ.....328, 408, 449,
 462, 463, 471, 481, 494, 500
Duties of.....326, 446, 555, 568, 598, 620,
 694, 625
Encouragements of.....466, 464, 466, 477,
 492, 546, 549, 553, 562, 576,
 627, 638, 651, 653, 654, 693
Graces of.....53, 97, 457, 598, 623, 674
Love of.....*See Love*
Persistence of.....570, 672, 677
Safety of.....71, 151, 173, 174, 464, 465,
 627-631, 651, 656
Race of.....556, 557, 561
Warfare of.....*See Conflict of* *also*
Warfare.
Church.....692-700
Beloved of God.....342, 623, 624, 625, 626,
 699, 814, 966
Beloved of Saints.....4, 11, 13, 20, 41,
 683, 771
Glorious of.....41, 622, 694, 695, 778, 783, 786
Security of.....149, 652, 695, 697
Triumph of.....577, 698, 786, 798, 800,
 814, 816
Unity of.....575, 768-771, 776, 778, 779, 959
Communion:
At the Lord's Table.....728-767
Of Saints.....100, 116, 322, 578, 683, 783-787
With Christ.....243, 504, 528, 534, 546
With God.....123, 540, 589, 646, 656
See also Love and Gratitude. 491-494

Confession:—
Of Faith..... See *Faith*.
Of Sin..... See *Sin*.
Conformity to Christ..... 488, 498, 501, 499
See also *Christ's Example*.
Consecration, of Children..... 227, 205, 670,
718-720
Of Possessions..... 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 253
Of Self..... 27, 47, 59, 251, 252, 42, 142, 499,
472, 473, 475, 479, 483, 544, 553, 717
Consolation..... See *Afflictions*, also
Comfort.
In the Sympathy of Christ..... 507, 624,
644, 656, 693
See also *Christ, Sympathy of*.
Under Bereavement..... 398, 511, 615,
591-594
Contentment..... 405, 464, 465, 557, 560-562,
569, 570, 592, 600, 625, 627, 661, 674
Contribution..... 243, 238, 381, 415-420,
422-443, 681
Conversion..... 182, 317, 388, 415, 425, 475,
511, 522, 523, 527, 529
Country, our..... 507, 522
Courage..... 549, 555-556, 563, 565, 570, 572,
575, 576, 579
Covenant, Divine..... 107, 447, 651, 721, 938
Entering into..... 447, 466, 473, 773, 777
Cross of Christ..... 246-250
Bearing..... 250, 475, 533, 597, 693
Gloring in..... 411, 475, 533, 597, 693
Salvation by..... 251, 257, 392, 404
Soldier of..... 554, 563, 570, 572, 575, 591, 631
Crowns of Glory..... 555, 561, 568, 598, 927,
928

Darkness, Spiritual..... 345, 350, 352, 438,
454, 455
Day of Grace..... See *Access to God*.
Death..... 588, 593, 595
Confidence in..... 374, 276, 480, 708, 744
Conquered..... 273, 294, 295, 298, 395, 944
Fear of, Overcome.....
Of Children..... 611, 948-951
Of Christ..... 274, 276, 594, 595, 928, 929
Declaration..... See *Wondering*.
Decrees of God..... See *God*.
Dedicating Places of Worship..... 30, 695,
702, 704, 776
Dependence on God..... 71, 128, 408, 449,
453, 524, 620, 573
On Grace..... 397, 399, 400, 401, 402
Doxologies, Hymns..... 102, 105, 142, 168,
167

Easter Hymns..... See *Christ, Resur-
rection of*.
Eternity..... 128, 129, 156, 382, 651, 909, 753
Eating..... 63, 65, 67, 511, 537-576
Earning.....
Of Christ..... See *Christ*.
Of Christians..... 232, 235, 232, 236,
241, 607
Exhortation..... 273, 382, 390, 397, 507,
400, 402, 421
Faith.....
Affirmation of..... 320, 351, 400, 423, 438, 776
Assurance of..... 410, 459, 477, 499, 619
Blessedness of..... 355, 457, 461, 467,
522, 680
Confession of..... 415, 447, 559, 717, 777
Justification by..... 253, 258, 408, 453
Prayer for..... 259, 499, 500
Fruit of..... 545, 585
Family Worship..... 71, 626, 627
See also *Morning, Evening, Praise*
and *Prayer*.
Fast Days..... 675, 680, 701, 695, 690, 901
Flower Festivals..... 590, 912-915
Following Christ..... 391, 408, 472, 475
Forgiveness; Christian..... 476, 508
Prayer for..... 233, 241, 607, 625
Professed..... 373, 393, 390, 409, 409-408
Rejoiced in..... 118, 122, 243, 316, 396
Sinning..... 418, 499, 498, 521, 678
Forsaking all for Christ..... 251, 476
See also *Consecration*.
Fountain:
Of Blood..... 394, 410, 426
Of Living Water..... 395, 398, 394,
398, 399, 623, 625
Funeral Hymns..... 986-994, 992-994
Future Punishment..... 259, 269, 403
See also *Judgment*.

Gethsemane..... 249, 250, 252, 270

God..... 307-378
Adoration of..... 27, 23, 30, 101, 108, 127,
141, 142, 124, 126, 128-127, 129, 170
All in all..... 142, 530
Almighty..... See Omnipotent
Attributes of..... 102, 123, 125, 125
Communion with..... See Communion
Compassion of..... 102, 423, 423, 415
Condescension of..... 102, 120, 141
Creator..... 110, 112, 121, 124, 125, 126,
144, 146, 168-170, 172
Decrees of..... 121, 145
Eternal..... 102, 123, 125, 125, 125
Faithfulness of..... 107, 523, 620, 620, 621
Father..... 102, 112, 122, 124, 125, 125
Forbearance of..... 112, 120, 121, 440
Glory of..... 30, 80, 142, 145
Goodness of..... 56, 95, 110, 112, 125
Grace of..... 28, 112, 122, 123, 125, 125, 125
Guide..... 612, 626, 670, 680
Healer..... 126, 646, 646, 646
Holiness of..... 24, 101, 102, 105, 125, 125
Incomprehensible..... 102, 125, 125
King..... 102, 112, 112, 147, 584
Love of..... 102, 108, 117, 123, 125, 125
Majesty of..... 102, 125, 125
Mercy of..... 22, 56, 87, 122, 127, 125, 125
Omnipotent..... 111, 124, 125, 125, 125
Omnipresent..... 121, 120, 120, 125, 125
Omniscient..... 121, 120, 120, 125
Prayer-hearing..... 27, 67
Presence of..... 14, 23, 97, 121, 121
Promises of..... 421, 423, 423
Providence of..... 71, 122, 125, 125, 125
Refuge..... 107, 122, 604, 617, 620, 620, 621
Shepherd..... 175, 622, 622-620, 640, 641
Sovereign..... 102, 147, 584
Truth of..... 107, 110, 122, 522, 620, 621
Unchangeable..... 102, 125, 125, 125
Watchful Care of..... 125, 141, 142,
454, 456, 564, 614, 620, 621
Wisdom of..... 124, 126, 146, 174, 252, 522
Works of..... 23, 122, 124, 125, 144, 584,
588, 772
Gospel:..... 308, 772
Accordance of..... 51, 52, 55, 302-304, 304
Fidelity..... 264, 265, 404, 737-740
Freeness of..... 32, 377, 385, 397, 397, 397
Invitations..... 321, 377-397, 398, 401,
404, 405, 407, 408, 421, 612, 612
Spread of..... See *Mission*, and *Atta-*
chment of Church
Grace..... 125, 172, 322, 325, 397, 372, 522
Fruit..... 377, 385, 402, 407, 522
Growth in..... 321, 322, 375, 407, 522
Gratitude..... 112, 122, 172, 275, 401-451
Guidance, Divine..... 72, 112, 122, 454, 471,
494, 502, 522, 602, 620, 620, 620, 620
Harvest, Spiritual..... 572, 710, 715, 716
Temporal..... 124, 502-502, 521, 525, 525
See *Thanksgiving*
Heart:
Clean..... 355, 372, 422, 522
Contrite..... 421, 422, 422, 701
Sorrow..... See *Sorrow*
Surrender of..... 361, 412, 422, 422, 479, 717
Heaven:
Anticipated..... 1, 12, 25, 21, 202, 220, 222,
452, 452, 502, 572, 592, 602, 602,
842, 857, 922, 922, 922, 922, 922
Blessedness of..... 44, 222, 571, 572, 612,
612
Home..... 244, 422, 554, 554, 554, 554,
922, 972, 972, 972, 972, 972, 972
Nearness to..... 452, 522, 522
Praise of..... 101, 102, 102, 164, 775
Prospect of..... 477, 572, 592, 622, 702,
321, 322, 322, 322, 322
Rest of..... 502, 502, 502, 502, 502, 502
Songs of..... 572, 572, 572, 572
Holiness..... See *God*, and *Heaven*
Holy Scriptures..... 72-81, 522
Holy Spirit..... 22-22, 22, 22
Abode of..... See *Heaven*
Comforter..... 32, 32, 32, 32, 32, 32,
322, 322, 371, 372, 372
Descent of..... 322, 322, 322, 322, 322, 322
Divine..... 322, 322, 322, 322, 322, 322
Earnest of..... 322, 322, 322, 322, 322, 322
Enlightener..... 322, 322, 322, 322, 322, 322

Holy Spirit:
 Fruits of...51, 365, 370, 487, 497, 498, 712
 Grieved...360, 362, 363, 370, 372, 584
 Indwelling...360, 362, 363, 370, 372, 584
 Invoked...367-375, 584, 585, 708
 Regenerating...361, 365, 366
 Sanctifying...362, 363, 370, 372, 577
 Scriving...361, 365, 367, 369
 Witnessing...360, 361, 362, 584
 Hope...486, 477, 480, 587, 588
 In Christ...349, 486, 583, 587
 In God...151, 456, 564, 674
Immanuel...See *Christ*
 Immortality...353, 365, 366, 368, 369
 See also *Heaven*
 Imputation...356, 359, 375, 317, 321, 324, 404, 453
 Inspiration...32, 36, 88
 Installation...See *Pastor, Installation of*
 Intercession...See *Christ*
 Invitations of the Gospel...See *Gospel*
 Invasion...4, 10, 14, 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000
 National...801, 897-902
 Nature:
 Beauties of...30, 124, 144, 165, 493, 653, 894, 895
 God seen in...112, 117, 119, 121, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000
 Nearness to God...483, 589, 597
 Needful, one Thing...387, 408, 598

Obedience:
 Of Christ...See *Christ*
 Of the Christian...446, 586
 Offerings to the Lord...47-58, 498
 Old Age...585, 651, 654, 645, 673
Pardon...See *Forgiveness*
Pastor: Death of...941
 Installation of...585, 705-711, 713-715
 Welcomed...708
 Patience...219, 221, 241, 600, 682
 Peace, Christian...60, 123, 421, 403, 464, 527, 610, 632, 652, 674, 680, 700
 For the Troubled...229, 240, 616, 634, 684, 685
 National...789, 818, 820, 900
 Peace-Makers...223, 223, 785
 Penitence...See *Contrition, also Forgiveness*
 Perseverance...See *Saints*
 Pilgrim's Prayer...32, 72, 212, 321, 408, 505, 618, 670, 687, 691
 Pilgrim's Song...454, 492, 590, 602, 638, 660, 965
 Pilgrim-Spirit...213, 229, 400, 546, 578, 788, 824, 937, 938, 968
 Poor, Care for the...49-52, 55, 76, 540
 Praise, General...15, 32, 48, 119, 120, 159, 141, 142, 154, 161, 164, 165, 701, 821, 823, 851, 852
 See also *Thanksgiving*
 To Christ...1, 16, 116, 162, 172, 176, 203, 206, 228, 239, 289, 309-335, 491-544, 619, 804
 To God...6, 17, 38, 40, 49, 108, 110, 114, 136, 167, 140-144, 147, 165-167, 174, 174, 832
 To the Spirit...353, 359, 371
 To the Trinity...See *Trinity*
 Prayer...664-691, 850, 851
 Encouragements to...400, 659, 672, 673, 677
 Importunity in...36, 621
 To Christ...67, 74, 76, 217, 220, 252, 259, 262, 264, 348, 414, 422, 427, 430, 433, 435, 494, 495, 498, 506, 584-591, 595, 596, 597, 611, 623, 629, 679, 682, 689, 572, 574
 To the Holy Spirit...353, 355-358, 363, 383, 365-368, 370-373, 708
 To the Trinity...See *Trinity*
 Progress, Christian...See *Growth in Grace*
 Progress of Christ's Kingdom...See *Kingdom, and Missions*
 Promises...487, 621, 651, 673, 677, 686
 Providence...See *God, Providence of*
 Punishment, Future...See *Future Punishment*
 Pure in Heart...210, 486, 585, 594, 641
Race, Christian...556, 587, 581
 Regeneration...346, 360, 365, 589, 572, 588
 Repentance...See *Contrition, Forgiveness, and Sin*
 Resignation...See *Affliction*
 Rest for the Weary...See *Weary, Rest for*
 Rest of Heaven...See *Heaven*
 Resurrection:
 Of Christ...See *Christ*
 Of Believers...274, 287, 298, 308, 626, 933, 940, 945
Revival:
 Hoping for...370, 589
 Prayer for...361, 362, 365, 573, 574, 608
 Rock of Ages...See *Christ*
Saints:
 Blessedness of...547, 594, 784, 788
 Communion of...782-781
 Death of...See *Death*
 Glorified...502, 683, 771, 776
 See also *Heaven*
 Holiness of...368, 498, 498, 585, 698, 655, 671
 Union of, with Christ...322, 337, 338, 439, 451, 455, 621, 635, 649
Salvation...See *Attonement*
 Sanctification...See *Growth in Grace, and Aspiration*
 Sanctuary:
 Corner-Stone Laid...702-707
 Dedication of...20, 692-701
 Love for...See *Lord's Day and Worship, also Church*
 Scriptures, Holy...77-81
 See, the...113, 119, 121
 Sailors...903, 904, 907
 Travellers...906, 908, 908

Seasons...124, 384-386
 Self-Denial...251, 380, 476, 563, 828
 Renunciation...See *Consecration*
 Sin, Confession of...410-445, 638, 673, 678
 Sinners Invited and Warned...377-409
 Penitent...See *Contrition, also Forgiveness*
 Soldiers, Christian...See *Warfare*
 Sowing and Reaping...66, 673, 790
 Spring...See *Seasons*
 Star of the East...153, 197-199, 207, 210, 211
 Starry Heavens...127, 136, 143, 144, 169
 Strength as our Days...621
 Substitution...See *Attonement*
 Sufferings of Christ...See *Christ*
 Suffering with Christ...See *Martyrs*
 Summer...See *Seasons*
 Sun of Righteousness...See *Christ*
 Supper, Lord's...728-733
 Sympathy of

INDEX OF COMPOSERS

The figures refer to the pages

Abraham, J. (1840-)	161
Abt, F. (1829-1886)	402
Able, J. R. (1825-1873)	74
Allen, G. N. (1812-1877)	262
Arne, T. A. (1710-1778)	87
Arvison, C. (1710-1770)	32
Bach, J. S. (1685-1750)	126
Bacon, L. W. (1830-)	230, 325
Baker, F. G. (1840-)	218
Baker, H. (1837-)	316
Baker, H. W. (1821-1877)	309
Bannister, W. W. (1798-1831)	380
Bannister, C. W. (1798-1831)	380
Barkworth, R.	323
Barnby, J. (1838-)	8, 35, 43, 48, 63, 80, 86, 119, 130, 142, 168, 169, 182, 205, 209, 224, 225, 226, 254, 261, 278, 294, 318, 325, 334, 335, 346, 356, 373, 382, 406, 411, 416, 419, 426, 469, 472, 480, 490, 494, 505
Barry, C. A. (1830-)	38
Barry, H.	313
Bartholemon, F. H. (1741-1808)	404
Bayly, T. H. (1797-1830)	59
Beadle, H. H. (1828-)	159
Beatty, R. W. (1854-)	78
Beckler, R. (1815-)	78
Becher, C. (1815-)	78
Beethoven, L. van (1770-1827)	65, 221, 311, 317, 365, 404
Bird, G. W.	106, 212, 320, 454
Blithnaver, J. G.	320
Blumenthal, J. (1829-)	200
Booth, J. (1862-)	113, 328, 423
Borwick, R. B. (1840-)	129, 304, 401
Bornliand, D. (1761-1825)	304
Bost, A. (1790-1874)	222
Bourgoin, L. (15107-)	21, 69
Boyd, W. (1840-)	30
Bradbury, W. B. (1816-1858)	122, 156, 191, 213, 300, 310, 360, 424, 443, 468
Brown, A. H. (1880-)	421
Bullinger, E. W.	241, 249
Bunnen, E. (1834-)	107
Burder, G. (1822-1832)	353
Burgmuller, F. (1806-1874)	453
Burnap, U. C. (1834-)	30, 54, 128, 169, 181, 187, 211, 226, 243, 253, 269, 267, 272, 294, 330, 406, 463
Burney, C. (1726-1814)	68
Burrowes, J. F. (1767-1852)	48
Caldbeck, C. F.	314
Calkin, J. B. (1827-)	14, 20, 42, 115, 135, 198, 294, 265, 304, 387, 497
Callicott, W. H. (1807-1862)	410
Carey, H. (1860-1742)	440
Carr, E. S. (1846-)	28
Care, B.	25, 339
Cerubini, L. (1780-1842)	23
Chatham, J. (1700-1780)	441
Chope, R. R. (1830-)	40, 337
Clark, J. (1670-1707)	270
Clark, T. (1776-1809)	160
Cobb, G. F. (1838-)	7, 41, 362, 408, 428
Collier, E. (1835-)	428
Conkey, I. (1815-1897)	243
Converse, C. C. (1834-)	268
Cooke, S. C. (1844-)	503
Cooper, A. S. (1835-)	478
Costa, M. (1810-1884)	50, 54, 412
Cottman, A. (1879-)	125, 216, 227, 363
Craft, W. (1676-1722)	64, 82, 343, 349
Croger, J. (1806-1862)	426
Cutler, H. S. (1824-)	279
Darwall, J. (1731-1789)	161
Day, J. (1852-1884)	446
Deane, J. H. (1824-1881)	418
Dewett, E. D.	31, 325
Dickenson, C. J.	373
Dixon, R. W.	415
Dixon, W. (1760 ?-1825 ?)	18
Donisetti, G. (1797-1848)	360, 326
Downes, L. T. (1827-)	309
Drese, A. (1630-1718)	253
Dykes, J. B. (1822-1876)	16, 28, 31, 51, 55, 79, 117, 121, 125, 167, 179, 194, 203, 205, 238, 253, 257, 267, 331, 335, 356, 366, 369, 370, 372, 373, 389, 390, 426, 427, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 437, 438, 439, 444, 446, 454, 470, 471, 475, 483, 489, 492, 494
Edson, L. (1746-1820)	189
Elliott, J. W. (1816-)	165, 231, 369
Elvey, G. (1816-)	5, 91, 168, 439
Emerson, L. O. (1826-)	774
Evans, J. O. (1813-)	313
Ewing, A. (1830-)	46
Falconer, A. C. (1860-)	107, 223
Farrer, J. D. (1829-)	339
Farmar, J. (1828-)	120, 134, 312
Fildes, W. C. (1826-)	145, 176
Filly, F. (1804-1860)	416
Fisher, T. S.	504
Flemming, F. F. (1778-1813)	239
Flotow, F. F. von (1812-1883)	26, 47
Foster, M. H. (1851-)	57, 238, 317
Frech, J. G. (1790-1842)	141
Gadsby, H. R. (1864-)	247
Gardiner, W. (1770-1853)	376
Garrett, G. M. (1834-)	321, 408
Gaul, A. R. (1837-)	17, 210
Gauntlett, H. J. (1806-1876)	82, 156, 157, 180, 274, 328, 344, 354, 368, 404, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 4

Hayley, F. G. (1881-1887)	146	Ritter, P. (1760-1846)	368
Irons, H. S. (1834)	412	Roe, J. E. (1871-)	304
Ives, E., Jr. (1802-1864)	374	Roe, G. F. (1820-)	484, 502
		Roper, C. F.	482
Jackson, R. (1840-)	244	Rossini, G. (1792-1868)	484
Jeffery, J. A.	47, 447	Rousseau, J. J. (1712-1778)	38
Jeffereys, C. (1807-1865)	280	Rousseau, W. W.	280
Jefferson, W. A. (1864-)	271	Rowley, E. C.	391, 399
Jenks, S. (1777-1856)	238		
Jones, D. E. (1815-1881)	37, 427	Saxton, S. B. (1827-)	86
Jones, W. (1728-1800)	375	Scheffler, J. (1824-1877)	422
		Schneider, F. J. C. (1786-1853)	12
Keller, M. (1813-1875)	81	Schnyder, X. (1786-1868)	186, 396
Kettle, C. E. (1832-)	36, 114, 127, 173, 174, 184, 217, 341, 466	Schulthes, W. (1816-1879)	121
Kingsbury, C. E.	32	Schulz, J. A. F. (1747-1800)	178, 436
Kingsley, G. (1811-1894)	185, 227, 262, 297, 360, 374, 470, 479	Schumann, R. A. (1810-1856)	360, 422
Knapp, W. (1826-1788)	21	Sherwin, W. F. (1826-1838)	26, 381
Knecht, J. H. (1762-1817)	179, 207, 271, 367, 437	Shield, W. (1746-1829)	296
Knight, H.	130	Shinn, G. (1837-)	106
Knorr, J.	83, 92, 195	Shrubsole, W. (1756-1808)	162
Kocher, C. (1786-1872)	89	Sidebotham, J. W.	94
Kucken, F. W. (1810-1882)	416	Simpson, R. (1792-1832)	308
		Skeffington, M. S.	508
Lahee, H. (1828-)	163, 357	Smart, H. (1813-1879)	87, 91, 96, 137, 153, 158, 167, 230, 236, 367, 400, 420, 446, 468
Langden, W. A.	219		
Langran, J. (1836-)	12, 214, 370, 381	Smith, I. (1735-1800?)	164, 263
Lefevre, G. F. (1842-)	140, 291, 495	Smith, T. Ralston (?)	192
Leslie, H. J. (1822-)	59	Smith, S. (1821-)	432
Little, H. W.	24	Southgate, F.	165
Lloyd, F. E. J.	268	Spofforth, E. (1770-1827)	87
Lockett, W. (1833-)	22	Spohr, L. (1778-1860)	161, 268, 312, 364
Lockhart, C. (1744-1814)	377, 473	Stainer, J. (1840-)	78, 106, 113, 127, 131, 136, 246, 321, 361, 402, 407, 408, 474
Lomas, G.	309, 363		
Lucas, J.	16	Stanley, S. (1767-1822)	132, 141, 342
Luther, M. (1483-1546)	346, 473	Stegall, C. (1826-)	52, 245, 477, 498
Lwoff, A. F. (1798-1870)	442	Steibelt, D. (1766-1823)	357
		Stewart, R. P. (1825-)	45, 76, 156, 241, 353
Macfarren, G. A. (1813-1887)	251, 456, 474	Storri, J. G. C. (1878-1748)	97, 264
Main, H. P. (1839-)	229	Streatfield, C.	472
Mainzer, J. (1801-1861)	346	Sullivan, A. S. (1842-)	56, 98, 99, 100, 101, 129, 136, 144, 146, 150, 177, 194, 272, 285, 289, 294, 321, 327, 343, 358, 366, 370, 371, 434, 443, 464, 468, 469, 491
Maker, F. C. (1844-)	63, 96, 169, 181, 197, 206, 302, 317		
Malan, C. H. A. (1787-1864)	202, 243, 309, 406	Sweetser, J. E. (1825-1873)	15, 263, 281
Malley, J.	185		
Marsh, J. B. (1798-1876)	504	Tallie, T. (1820-1865)	424, 604
Mason, L. (1792-1872)	9, 10, 40, 41, 55, 72, 102, 103, 114, 151, 167, 175, 184, 198, 206, 215, 223, 226, 229, 246, 256, 274, 281, 288, 294, 306, 324, 327, 333, 349, 351, 359, 372, 376, 383, 394, 395, 399, 394, 398, 431, 436, 474	Tansur, W. (1700-1733)	155, 198
Mathews, T. R. (1826-)	77	Thibaut, V. (1201-1264)	75
Maunders, J.	183, 329	Thorne, E. H. (1834-)	81
McCartin, E. H.	283	Tilleard, J. (1827-1876)	56, 134
Mehul, E. H. (1763-1817)	71	Tomlinson, J. W.	400
Mendelssohn, F. (1809-1847)	37, 88, 183, 234, 356, 407, 409, 496	Torrance, G. W. (1835-)	115, 236
Merrick, G. P.	115	Tours, B. (1838-)	116, 137, 362
Miller, E. (1781-1807)	123	Tozer, A. E.	267
Mills, F. W. (1848-)	77, 117, 197, 335, 388, 462	Troyte, A. H. D. (1811-1867)	297
Minna, G. (1846-)	190	Tucker, J. I.	177
Minshall, J. (1846-)	32, 329	Tuckerman, S. P. (1819-1890)	111, 363
Monk, W. H. (1823-1869)	29, 38, 126, 146, 154, 171, 329, 336, 346, 414, 426, 427, 460	Tutt, W. H.	19
Morley, T. (1845-)	292		
Mortimer, A. G.	35	Unseld, B. C. (1843-)	303
Mosenthal, J. (1834-)	245	Venus, F. M. A. (1788-1872)	120
Mozart, W. A. (1754-1791)	93, 119, 147, 286, 286	Vincent, C. J.	182, 221
Mudie, T. M. (1809-1876)	240	Viner, W. L. (1790-1867)	341
Nagell, H. G. (1788-1836)	310, 372	Wainwright, J. (1810-1866)	98
Nares, J. (1715-1783)	300, 428	Walch, J. (1837-)	9, 170
Naumann, J. A. (1741-1801)	316	Walker, E. C.	313
Neander, J. (1810-1880)	10	Wallace, W. V. (1814-1865)	76, 312
Nicolas, P. (1666-1668)	495	Walter, W. H. (1825-)	446
		Walton, J. G.	20
Oakeley, H. S. (1830-)	270	Ward, S. A. (1846-)	278
Oakley, W. H. (1809-1881)	364	Warren, G. W. (1823-)	151
Oliver, G. E.	143, 460	Warren, S. P. (1841-)	50
Oliver, H. K. (1800-1866)	123, 277	Webb, G. J. (1802-1897)	283, 302
		Webbe, S. (1740-1818)	35, 72, 92, 190, 226, 430, 431
Page, A.	170	Weber, C. M. von (1786-1826)	29, 97, 219, 316, 419
Paine, J. K. (1830-)	247	Welllesley, G. C. (1736-1781)	296
Paistello, G. (1741-1816)	28	Wesley, S. (1810-1876)	44, 241, 679, 684
Palmer, M. A.	320, 446	Whitaker, J. (1778-1847)	108
Parker, E. P. (1836-)	83, 248, 309, 462, 468	Wilkes, J. P.	155, 436
Parker, H. (1845-)	11	Willcox, J. H. (1827-1876)	73, 301
Pearce, J.	430	Williams, A. (1731-1776)	15, 19, 24, 61
Pinder, F.	355	Williams, C. I.	68, 121, 442
Pleyel, I. (1767-1831)	62, 70, 244, 331, 366, 438	Williams, F. W.	354
Pond, S. H. (1792-1871)	280	Willing, E. (1830-)	69, 814, 463
Poole, C. W. (1823-)	111	Willis, R. S. (1819-)	99, 251
Portogallo, M. A. (1762-1830)	36, 322	Willis, T. A.	469
Powell, J. R. (1826-)	78, 172, 226, 247, 340	Wilson, Henry (1823-1878)	139
Prout, E. (1836-)	252, 434	Wilson, Hugh (1764-1824)	121
Prout, T. J.	315	Winchester, E. C.	25, 328
		Woodbury, L. H. (1819-1866)	220, 382, 406
Read, D. (1757-1836)	14	Woodman, J. C. (1813-)	242
Reay, S. (1826-)	154, 186, 360	Woodward, W. (1822-1862)	51
Redhead, J. (1830-)	431	Wrigley, W. A.	54
Redhead, R. (1830-)	27, 71, 123, 203, 306, 365, 436, 463	Wyeth, J.	84
Redner, L. H. (1831-)	96		
Reed, T. G. (1817-1868)	319	Yoakley, W.	39
Reinagle, A. R. (1796-1877)	118, 268	Young, W. J. (1835-)	146
		Zeuner, H. C. (1796-1867)	66, 136, 262, 397
		Zundel, J. (1815-1882)	264, 288

INDEX OF AUTHORS

The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns

AMERICAN

Adams, Nehemiah, D.D. (1806-1878).....	502
Alexander, James Waddell, D.D. (1804-1889).....	289, 295
Anderson, Mrs. Maria Frances (1819-).....	809
Bacon, Leonard, D.D. (1802-1881).....	788, 864, 902
Beecher, Charles (1815-).....	986
Bethune, George Washington, D.D. (1806-1882).....	220, 907, 940
Brooks, Charles Timothy (1813-1883).....	899
Brooks, Phillips, D.D. (1838-).....	195
Brown, Mrs. Phoebe Hinsdale (1763-1861).....	860
Bryant, William Cullen (1794-1878).....	703, 730, 791
Bulfinch, Stephen Greenleaf, D.D. (1809-1870).....	14
Burgess, George, D.D. (1804-1888).....	790
Burleigh, William Henry (1812-1871).....	482, 618
Cary, Phoebe (1824-1871).....	926
Clarke, James Freeman, D.D. (1810-1888).....	725
Collier, Edward A., D.D. (1838-).....	93, 640, 740
Coppée, Henry, L.L.D. (1821-).....	908
Coxe, Arthur Cleveland, D.D. (1818-).....	233, 606, 812
Crowell, William, D.D. (1804-1861).....	55
D. S. B. (1890).....	1
Davies, Samuel (1723-1781).....	447
Dexter, Henry Martyn, D.D. (1821-).....	508
Doane, George Washington, D.D. (1799-1859).....	305, 793, 956
Doane, William Crowell, D.D. (1832-).....	94, 811
Duffield, George, D.D. (1818-1898).....	536, 572
Dunn, Robinson Foster, D.D. (1838-1897).....	441, 628
Dwight, John Sullivan (1812-).....	889
Dwight, Timothy, D.D. (1723-1817).....	693
Ealing, Mrs. Catherine Harbison (Waterman), (1813-).....	616
Everest, Charles William (1814-1877).....	890
Fitch, Eleazer Thompson, D.D. (1791-1871).....	64
Genae, Hervey Doddridge, D.D. (1822-).....	97, 106, 476
Gates, Mrs. Merrill E.	800, 810
Gilmore, Joseph Henry (1834-).....	626
Harbaugh, Henry, D.D. (1817-1887).....	498, 692
Hastings, Thomas (1784-1872).....	72, 106, 281, 367, 398, 399, 573, 608, 804, 815, 851
Hedge, Frederick Henry, D.D. (1805-1890).....	698
Holden, Oliver (1785-1844).....	672
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, M.D. (1809-).....	143, 637
Hoyt, Miss May Pierpont.....	736
Hyde, Mrs. Abigail Bradley (1799-1872).....	721

Jackson, Helen Maria (1831-1898).....	939
Johnson, Samuel (1823-1882).....	863
Key, Francis Scott (1779-1843).....	133
Lathbury, Mary Artemesia (1841-).....	46
Leland, John (1784-1841).....	870
Longfellow, Samuel (1819-).....	782, 786
MacKellar, Thomas (1812-).....	443, 636
Muhlenberg, William Augustus, D.D. (1796-1877).....	181
	421, 719, 882
Nevin, Edwin Henry, D.D. (1814-).....	639
Onderdonk, Henry Ustie, D.D. (1798-1858).....	164, 285
Palmer, Ray, D.D. (1808-1887).....	7, 329, 371, 415, 442, 448, 498, 634, 705, 712, 717, 749, 754, 834, 836, 893
Park, Roswell, D.D. (1807-1869).....	753
Parker, Edwin Pond, D.D. (1836-).....	499, 948, 959
Phelps, Philip, D.D. (1806-).....	707
Porter, Elbert S. (1819-1898).....	813
Prentiss, Mrs. Elizabeth Payson (1813-1878).....	583
Robbins, Chandler, D.D. (1810-1882).....	70
Sangster, Mrs. Margaret E.	895
Scudder, Eliza (1821-).....	162
Sears, Edmund Hamilton, D.D. (1810-1876).....	302, 335
Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia Huntley (1791-1865).....	398
Smith, Mrs. Caroline Louise Sprague (1827-).....	572
Smith, Samuel Francis, D.D. (1808-).....	397, 805, 897
Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (1811-).....	395, 826
Stryker, Peter, D.D. (1825-).....	898
Swain, Leonard, D.D. (1821-1899).....	589
Tappan, William Bingham (1794-1849).....	349, 389
Terhune, Mrs. Mary Virginia.....	549, 559
Thompson, Alexander Ramsay, D.D. (1822-).....	264
	611, 738, 824
Upham, Thomas Cogswell, D.D. (1799-1872).....	53
Walker, Anna L.	851
Ware, Henry, Jr., D.D. (1794-1843).....	292
Whittier, John Greenleaf (1837-).....	226, 642, 890, 916, 947
Willis, Richard Storrs (1819-).....	805
Wolcott, Samuel, D.D. (1813-1898).....	797
Wolfe, Aaron Roberts (1821-).....	688, 789
Wortman, Denis, D.D. (1836-).....	702, 713, 871

ENGLISH

Adams, Mrs. Sarah Flower (1805-1848).....	589
Addison, Joseph (1672-1719).....	126, 144, 175
Alderson, Mrs. Eliza Sibbald (1834-).....	51
Alexander, Mrs. Cecil Frances (1822-).....	254, 312, 349, 391, 426, 916, 926, 972
Alford, Henry, D.D. (1810-1871).....	577, 578, 671, 708, 886, 981
Allen, James (1734-1804).....	243, 507
Allen, Oswald (1816-).....	497
Anstee, Joseph (1808-1886).....	467, 542
Arnold, Thomas, D.D. (1796-1849).....	623
Auber, Harriet (1773-1862).....	18, 21, 186, 354, 813, 873
Austin, John (1813-1869).....	27, 462
Aveling, Thomas William, D.D. (1815-1884).....	779
Baker, Francis (?), ("F. P. B." 1816).....	976, 977
Baker, Sir Henry Williams (1821-1877).....	28, 49, 78, 115, 255, 654, 663, 686, 810
Bakewell, John (1721-1819).....	331

Barbauld, Mrs. Anna Letitia (1743-1835).....	401, 896, 944
Barber, Mrs. Mary A. S.	573, 773, 848
Baring-Gould, Sabine (1834-).....	573, 773, 848
Barton, Bernard (1784-1849).....	54, 680
Bathurst, William Hiley Bragge (1798-1877).....	460
Baxter, Richard (1615-1691).....	499
Baynes, Robert Hall, D.D. (1831-).....	723
Beddome, Benjamin (1717-1796).....	81, 227
Bickersteth, Edward Henry, D.D. (1825-).....	634, 727, 744, 783
Binney, Thomas, L.L.D. (1798-1874).....	393
Bird, George W.	822
Birks, Thomas Rawson (1810-1883).....	90, 623
Blunt, Abel Gerald Wilson (1827-).....	254
Bode, John Ernest (1816-1874).....	496
Bonar, Horatius, D.D. (1808-1889).....	26, 170, 178, 228, 235, 246, 263, 322, 351, 623, 637, 638, 645, 646, 619, 632, 633, 645, 797, 772, 828, 862, 887, 892, 893

Bonar, Mrs. Jane (1811-1885).....	561	Herbert, George (1823-1882).....	568
Borthwick, Jane (1825).....	562, 561, 568, 564, 562	Hewett, John William (1824-).....	561
Bowering, Sir John, LL.D. (1792-1872).....	155, 241, 460, 738	How, William Walsham, D.D. (1822-).....	50, 58, 252, 412
Brady, Nicholas D.D. (1682-1726).....	129, 141, 490, 629	Huntingdon, Lady, v. Shirley.....	597, 731, 921
Bridges, Matthew (1800-).....	300, 335, 479	Hupton, Job (1762-1840).....	110
Brown, William.....	43	Husband, Edward (1843-).....	563
Browne, Simon (1680-1732).....	565	Irons, William Josiah (1812-1863).....	350, 468, 569
Bruce, Michael (1746-1767).....	304, 330, 670	Jacobi, John Christian (1722).....	572
Buckoll, Henry James (1803-1871).....	523	Jervis, Thomas (1748-1833).....	42
Burder, George (1762-1832).....	102	Johns, John (1801-1847).....	720
Burnham, Richard (1742-1810).....	720	Keble, John (1792-1866).....	86, 113, 369, 594, 628, 634
Burton, John (1772-1832).....	479	Keene, R. (?) (1787).....	651
Byron, John (1691-1763).....	191, 646	Kelly, Thomas (1760-1865).....	45, 74, 76, 247, 278, 306, 307, 308, 309, 314, 514, 500, 697, 814, 941, 923
Calverley, Charles Stewart.....	376	Ken, Thomas, D.D. (1687-1711).....	637, 637
Campbell, Jane Montgomery.....	565	Kethe, William (1810-1890).....	32
Campbell, Lady Margaret Cockburn (-1859).....	173	King, John (-1858).....	237
Campbell, Robert (1814-1866).....	79, 236, 780	Kirby, W. H.....	523
Campion, Thomas.....	423	Knollis, Francis Minden, D.D. (1815-1863).....	584
Carlyle, Joseph Decar (1768-1804).....	675	Leeson, Jane E. (1815-).....	730, 927
Caswall, Edward (1814-1878).....	179, 193, 255, 293, 350, 353, 370, 511, 518, 520, 522, 523, 544, 653, 901	Littledale, Richard Frederick, LL.D. (1689-1800).....	920
Cawood, John (1775-1822).....	196	Littlewood, R. E.....	924
Cennick, John (1718-1755).....	622, 518, 620	Lloyd, William Freeman (1791-1833).....	621
Chandler, John (1806-1876).....	114, 302, 326, 704, 924	Lynch, Thomas Toke (1812-1871).....	226, 375, 399
Chasfield, Allen W.....	677	Lyte, Henry Francis (1792-1847).....	17, 44, 116, 123, 140, 464, 476, 477, 694, 691, 701, 802, 925
Chorley, Henry Fothergill (1805-1872).....	678	McCheyne, Robert Murray (1813-1843).....	540, 570
Clephane, Mrs. Elizabeth Caccia (1830-1892).....	411	Macduff, John Ross, D.D. (1813-).....	346, 471, 486, 604
Codner, Mrs. Elizabeth (1835-).....	603	Mackay, Mrs. Margaret (1801-).....	943
Coleridge, John, Lord (1821-).....	59	Madan, Martin (1726-1790).....	491, 7, 531
Collyer, William Bengo, D.D. (1732-1864).....	378, 937	Maitland, Fanny Fuller (1808-1877).....	551
Conger, Josiah (1789-1855).....	121, 146, 746	Mant, Richard, D.D. (1776-1846).....	167, 168, 699, 771
Cooke, Henry, D. (1788-1898).....	460	Markant, John (1822).....	706
Cooper, Edward (1760-1833).....	423	Mariotti, John (1780-1823).....	706
Cotterill, Thomas (1779-1853).....	12, 29, 81, 137, 223, 742	Martin, Henry Arthur.....	703
Cousin, Mrs. Anne Ross (1824-).....	367	Mason, John (16-1894).....	19, 28, 304, 532
Cowper, William (1731-1800).....	82, 121, 410, 465, 507, 606, 745, 968	Mason, William (1794-1797).....	9
Cox, Frances Elizabeth (1818?-).....	282, 493, 615, 706	Masse, Richard (1803-).....	274, 463, 655
Crabbe, George (1754-1832).....	400	Mason, William Tidd (1832-).....	420
Creswell, Mrs. Jane F. (1809-1868).....	423	Maude, Mrs. Mary Fawley (1819-).....	423
Croly, George, D.D. (1780-1830).....	365	Medley, Samuel (1738-1799).....	456, 512
Cross, Mrs. Ada Cambridge (1844-).....	3	Merrick, James (1720-1769).....	474
Crossman, Samuel (1824-1883).....	965	Millard, James Edwin, D.D. (1821-).....	155
Cummins, James John (-1897).....	430	Millman, Henry Hart, D.D. (1791-1868).....	344, 632
Darby, John Nelson (1800-1882).....	652, 656	Milton, John (1808-1874).....	167, 349
Devis, Thomas (1804).....	357, 684	Monroe, Edward.....	916
Dayman, Edward Arthur (1807-).....	43, 159, 313, 506, 566	Monseil, John Samuel Bewley, LL.D. (1811-1876).....	47, 95, 117, 380, 580, 583, 546, 451, 459, 531, 557, 633, 647, 658, 666, 715, 888, 900
Deck, James George (1802-1883).....	219, 460, 504, 649, 747	Montgomery, James (1771-1854).....	37, 71, 105, 120, 154, 189, 190, 238, 270, 367, 383, 386, 446, 497, 560, 614, 653, 690, 765, 703, 724, 764, 777, 783, 804, 817, 840, 891, 939, 941, 946
Denny, Sir Edward (1796-1869).....	218, 222, 267, 330, 737	Moore, Thomas (1779-1852).....	350
Dickson, David (1803-1863).....	975	Morris, Mrs. Ellen Fanny (1821-).....	350
Dix, William Chatterton (1827-).....	183, 533, 409, 867	Morrison, John, D.D. (1740-1798).....	210
Doddridge, Philip, D.D. (1702-1761).....	54, 208, 361, 446, 519, 521, 523, 550, 551, 528, 664, 670, 724, 774, 795, 865, 866, 861, 868, 963	Moultrie, Gerard (1823-1885).....	554, 940
Doudney, Sarah.....	67	Moultrie, John (1799-1874).....	267
Downton, Henry (1818-1884).....	577	Mudie, Charles Edward (1815-).....	463
Draper, Bourne Hall (1775-1843).....	714	Neale, John Mason, D.D. (1818-1886).....	22, 171, 177, 210, 214, 229, 235, 238, 245, 277, 279, 310, 311, 344, 420, 494, 539, 547, 548, 624, 641, 676, 696, 706, 765, 850, 866, 912, 922, 974, 976, 978, 979, 980, 989
Eddis, Edward Wilton.....	276, 337	Needham, John (1768).....	324
Edmondson, James (1791-1857).....	228, 636, 500, 876	Nelson, Horatio, Earl (1823-).....	774
Edleston, John (1836-).....	16, 60, 63, 65, 236, 364, 964, 965	Newman, John Henry, D.D. (1801-1890).....	657
Elliott, Charlotte (1768-1871).....	241, 422, 423, 425, 426, 431, 434, 605, 678, 681	Newton, John (1726-1807).....	5, 29, 39, 61, 66, 256, 402, 405, 406, 517, 522, 673, 677, 692, 922
Elliott, Emily E. S.....	216	Nicholls, — (1837).....	593
Elven, Cornelius (1797-1873).....	431	Noel, Gerard Thomas (1782-1861).....	741
Enfield, William, D.D. (1741-1797).....	221	Onksley, Frederick (1802-1890).....	190
Evans, James Harrington (1786-1840).....	532	Oliver, Thomas (1732-1799).....	197, 922
Evans, Jonathan (1748-1809).....	272	Oler, Edward (1796-1832).....	726
F. C. (1804).....	434	Palgrave, Francis Turner (1824-).....	526
Faber, Frederick William, D.D. 1814-1863).....	75, 248, 364, 457, 527, 641, 922, 923	Perronet, Edward (1721-1792).....	230
Fawcett, John, D.D. (1739-1817).....	73, 85, 168, 770	Peters, Mrs. Mary Bowly (1813-1856).....	627
Gambold, John (1711-1771).....	137	Phillimore, Greville (1824-).....	529
Gibbons, Thomas, D.D. (1720-1785).....	63, 784	Pierpont, Elliott Sandard (1856-).....	529
Gill, Thomas Hornblower (1819-).....	242, 596, 762, 893	Pirie, Alexander (1735?-1804).....	322
Goode, William (1762-1316).....	520	Piumre, Edward Hayes, D.D. (1821-).....	197, 224, 507, 591
Gough, Benjamin (1805-1863).....	342, 801	Pollock, Thomas Benson (1836-).....	217, 364, 413
Grant, Sir Robert (1798-1838).....	172, 437, 612	Pope, Alexander (1688-1744).....	708
Grigg, Joseph (1720?-1768).....	352, 559	Pott, Francis (1823-).....	111, 226
Grurney, Archer Thompson (1822-).....	183, 246	Potter, Thomas Joseph (1827-1873).....	589
Gurney, John Hampden (1802-1862).....	607, 900	Procter, Adelaide A.ane (1835-1864).....	62, 124, 657
Hall, (Christopher) Newman (1816-).....	543	Pyne, George Rundle (1815-).....	923
Hamilton, James (1819-).....	414, 889	Pusey, Philip (1799-1865).....	700
Hammond, William (1719-1753).....	35, 821	Raffles, Thomas, D.D. (1786-1863).....	461
Hart, Joseph (1712-1768).....	366, 761	Rawson, George (1807-1889).....	368, 613, 620, 756, 929
Havergal, Frances Ridley (1859-1879).....	362, 297, 341, 452, 472, 483, 534, 579, 648, 673	Reed, Andrew, D.D. (1787-1862).....	325, 572, 623
Hawes, Hugh Reginald (1836-).....	990	Robinson, W.....	723
Hawes, Thomas (1784-1820).....	6, 404, 433	Robinson, George (1842).....	709
Hawker, Robert (1753-1827).....	69	Robinson, Richard Hayes (1842-).....	507
Hayward (1806).....	10		
Heath, George (1781-1822).....	30, 68, 101, 180, 236, 556		
Heber, Reginald D.D. (1782-1856).....	562, 696, 722, 729, 806, 821, 854, 913		
Hemans, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea (1753-1835).....	963		

Robinson, Robert (1735-1780).....	173, 394	Tuttiett, Lawrence (1825-).....	538, 579
Rorison, Gilbert, L.L.D. (1821-1868).....	104	Twells, Henry (1828-).....	580
Rous, Francis (1679-1688).....	630		
Rowe, John (1764-1832).....	780	Voke, Mrs (-1836?).....	794
Russell, Arthur Toser (1806-1874).....	239, 261		
Saffery, Mrs. Maria Grace (1773-1858).....	583	Wardlaw, Ralph, D.D. (1779-1853).....	132, 601
Scott, Elizabeth (1708?-1776).....	12	Waring, Anna Lætitia (1820-).....	604, 606
Scott, Thomas (1747-1821).....	236	Watson, George (1818-).....	807
Scott, Walter (1771-1832).....	149	Watts, Isaac, D.D. (1674-1748).....	11, 15, 20, 24, 25, 26, 31, 33, 35, 41, 77, 80, 87, 99, 98, 108, 110, 118, 119, 122, 128, 129, 130, 133, 134, 135, 138, 141, 142, 147, 150, 151, 160, 208, 222, 231, 233, 253, 210, 223, 234, 337, 380, 383, 385, 378, 382, 453, 455, 530, 532, 553, 554, 555, 563, 628, 655, 658
Seagrave, Robert (1693-1764).....	602		666, 711, 716, 731, 732, 775, 795, 802, 876, 948, 955, 972
Shepherd, Thomas (1656-1739).....	571	Webb, Benjamin (1819-).....	694
Shirley, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon (1707-1791).....	981	Wesley, Charles (1708-1788).....	92, 100, 155, 174, 182, 198, 694, 226, 299, 301, 304, 317, 318, 325, 348, 374, 377, 403, 417, 427, 440, 468, 497, 528, 585, 586, 584, 588, 658, 680, 710, 718, 733, 743, 745, 767, 768, 762, 850, 880, 917, 938
Shirley, Walter (1728-1786).....	243		141, 146, 564, 568
Shrubsole, William (1729-1797).....	787	Wesley, John (1703-1791).....	158
Shrubsole, William, Jr. (1739-1829).....	835	Whately, Richard, D.D. (1787-1863).....	854
Simpson, Mrs. Jane Cross (1804-).....	804	White, Henry Kirke (1780-1806).....	551
Simpson, James Sparrow.....	501	Whitfield, Frederick (1829-).....	408
Smith, Isaac G. (1836-).....	273	Whiting, William (1828-1879).....	908
Southwell, Robert (1562?-1586).....	203	Whitmore, Lady Lucy Elizabeth Georgiana (1792-1840).....	8
Stammers, Joseph (1801-).....	576	Whitmore, Hannah Myrnell (1822-1851).....	720
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, D.D. (1815-1881).....	228	Whytehead, Thomas (1815-1848).....	371
Steele, Anne (1716-1778).....	53, 53, 523, 482, 514, 608, 674, 832	Wiglesworth, E.....	158
Stennett, Joseph (1663-1713).....	34	Williams, Benjamin.....	158
Stennett, Samuel, D.D. (1727-1795).....	13, 250, 318, 518, 988	Williams, Helen Maria (1762-1827).....	123
Stone, Samuel John (1836-).....	428, 776	Williams, Isaac (1802-1865).....	635
Stowell, Hugh (1790-1865).....	837, 926	Williams, William (1717-1791).....	601, 830
Stowell, Thomas Alfred (1831-).....	574	Wingrove, John (1726-1789).....	543
Swain, Joseph (1761-1796).....	768	Winkworth, Catherine (1829-1878).....	4, 91, 112, 194, 212, 273, 235, 470, 549, 592, 657, 631, 622, 637, 951, 994
Tate, Nahum (1652-1718).....	136, 136, 145, 201, 586, 629	Woodford, James Russell, D.D. (1830-1886).....	334
Taylor, John (1797).....	58	Wordsworth, Christopher, D.D. (1807-1885).....	2, 56, 103, 287, 308, 356, 478, 736, 811, 857, 957
Taylor, Thomas Rawson (1807-1858).....	680		
Tennysen, Lady Emily.....	163	Wreford, John Reynell, D.D. (1800-1861).....	489
Thomson, John (1732-1818).....	40, 57, 211, 230, 340, 345, 418, 544, 545, 688		
Thring, Godfrey (1822-).....	617, 866, 942		
Take, Mrs. Emma Leslie (1812-1878).....	312		
Toplady, Augustus Montague (1740-1778).....	373, 406, 456, 617, 866, 942		

GERMAN

Bahnmaier, Jonathan Frederic.....	51	Meinhold, Johann Wilhelm (1797-1861).....	951
Bohemian Brethren.....	537	Nicolai, Philipp (1856-1868).....	394
Canitz, Friedrich Rudolph Louis von (1654-1699).....	823	Oswald, Heinrich Siegmund (1751-1834).....	615
Claudius, Matthias (1745-1815).....	895	Rinkart, Martin (1586-1649).....	112
Franck, Salomon (1659-1725).....	274, 276	Rosenroth, Christian Knorr von (1698-1699).....	631
Franke, August Hermann (1663-1727).....	470	Scheffer, Johann G. W. ("Angelus Silesius") (1624-1677).....	441, 498
Freylinghausen, Johann Anastasius (1670-1739).....	510	Schenck, Heinrich Theobald (-1727).....	739
Gellert, Christian Fürchtegott (1715-1769).....	282	Schmolke, Benjamin (1672-1737).....	4, 255, 644, 822
Gerhardt, Paul (1666-1676).....	194, 229, 269, 373, 554, 657	Spitta, Karl Johann Philipp (1801-1869).....	453, 555
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (1749-1832).....	585	Tersteegen, Gerhard (1697-1769).....	148, 351
Heermann, Johann (1688-1647).....	588	Titze, Christopher (1641-1708).....	545
Krause, Jonathan (1701).....	822	Weissel, Georg (1580-1635).....	582
Laurenti, Laurentius (1660-1722).....	343	Zinsendorf, Nicolaus Ludwig von (1700-1760).....	509
Luther, Martin (1483-1546).....	212, 213, 688, 937		

LATIN

Ambrose (340-397).....	284, 326?	Gregory I. (580-604).....	498
Aquinas, Thomas (1224-1274).....	752	James de Benedictis (18th century).....	285
Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153).....	525, 526, 528, 754	Prudentius (b. 346).....	198
Bernard of Morlaix (1120?-).....	344, 974, 975, 978, 980	Theodulph (d. 821).....	228
Coffin, Charles (1676-1746).....	302	Thomas of Celano (13th century).....	960
Damiani, Peter (1003-1073).....	991	Venantius Fortunatus (530-600).....	345, 388, 396
Fulbert, — (d. 1029).....	286	Xavier, Francis (1608-1652).....	518

GREEK

Anatolius (d. 458).....	229, 889	Joseph of the Studium (800).....	171, 310, 430, 547, 548, 634
Andrew of Crete (680-722).....	676	Synesius (375?-430?).....	679
Clement of Alexandria (300).....	508?	Theoctistus (800).....	539
John of Damascus (750).....	277, 279		

FRENCH

Malan, Cæsar Henri Abraham (1787-1864).....	388, 940	Monod, Adolphe (1802-1856).....	444
---	----------	---------------------------------	-----

SWEDISH AND DANISH

Adolphus, Gustavus (1594-1632).....	549	Ingemann, Bernhard Severin (1769-1863).....	778
-------------------------------------	-----	---	-----

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	HYMN		HYMN
A charge to keep I have	566	At Thy command, our dearest Lord	732
A few more years shall roll	937	Awake, and sing the song	531
A glory gilds the sacred page	82	Awake, awake O Zion	342
A mighty fortress is our God	698	Awake, glad soul awake, awake	283
A parting hymn we sing	759	Awake, my soul and with the sun	827
A pilgrim through this lonely world	218	Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	496
A sinful man am I	419	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	561
Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee	595	Awake, our souls, away our fears	558
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide	845	Awake, ye saints, awake	12
Above the clear blue sky	924		
According to Thy gracious word	734	Before Jehovah's awful throne	141
Again our earthly cares we leave	29	Behold, a Stranger at the door	382
Again returns the day of holy rest	9	Behold the Bridegroom cometh, etc.	959
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	258	Behold the glories of the Lamb	324
All glory, laud, and honor	238	Behold, the morning sun	89
All hail the power of Jesus' name	320	Behold the Prince of Peace	234
All is bright and cheerful round us	912	Behold, the shade of night is now receding	836
All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow	267	Behold the throne of grace	677
All my heart this night rejoices	194	Behold, we come, dear Lord, to Thee	27
All people that on earth do dwell	32	Behold what wondrous grace	655
All praise to Him of Nazareth	739	Behold, where in a mortal form	221
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord	213	Bending before Thee, let our hymn, etc.	59
All unseen the Master walketh	638	Beneath the cross of Jesus	411
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	288	Beneath the shadow of the cross	782
Alleluia! Fairest morning	622	Bethlehem, of noblest cities	198
Alleluia! song of sweetness	976	Beyond, beyond that boundless sea	121
Almighty Father, heaven and earth	48	Blessed are the pure in heart	641
Always with us, always with us	639	Blessed city, heavenly Salem	989
Am I a soldier of the cross	563	Blessed night: when Bethlehem's plain	193
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound	522	Blessed Saviour, Thee I love	538
And is there, Lord, a rest	966	Blessing and honor and glory and power	170
And wilt Thou pardon, Lord	420	Blest are the pure in heart	594
Angel voices, ever singing	111	Blest are they in Christ departed	948
Angels from the realms of glory	189	Blest be the tie that binds	770
Angels, roll the rock away	293	Blest be Thou, O God of Israel	164
Another six days' work is done	34	Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	452
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	673	Blest Comforter Divine	366
Arise, my soul, arise	317	Blest day of God, most calm, most bright	19
Arise O King of grace, arise	20	Blest feast of love divine	737
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	787	Blow ye the trumpet, blow	377
Arm these, Thy soldiers, mighty Lord	726	Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed	746
Around the throne of God a band	922	Bread of the world, in mercy broken	729
Art thou weary, art thou languid	624	Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break	883
As oft with worn and weary feet	228	Break Thou the bread of life	46
As pants the hart for cooling streams	599	Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest	576
As with gladness men of old	183	Brief life is here our portion	979
Ask ye what great thing I know	489	Bright and joyful is the morn	186
Asleep in Jesus; blessed sleep	943	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	190
At even, ere the sun was set	860	Brightly gleams our banner	580
At evening time let there be light	840	By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	756
At the door of mercy sighing	443	By cool Siloam's shady rill	723
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	750	By Jesus' grave on either hand	273

	HYMN		HYMN
Call Jehovah Thy salvation	71	Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow	268
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm	632	Crown Him, with many crowns	335
Calm on the listening ear of night	205	Crown His head with endless blessing	520
Cast thy burden on the Lord	620		
Casting down their crowns before Thee	824	Darling child, in slumber seeming	949
Children of the Heavenly King	492	Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness	816
Chosen not for good in me	540	Daughter of Zion, from the dust	783
Christ, above all glory seated	334	Day of wrath! O day of mourning	960
Christ, by heavenly hosts adored	892	Days and moments quickly flying	953
Christ for the world we sing	797	Dayspring of eternity	831
Christ is coming! let creation	347	Dear Lord and Father of mankind	642
Christ is made the sure Foundation	696	Dear Lord and Master mine	596
Christ is our Corner-stone	704	Dear Refuge of my weary soul	609
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!	290	Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray	721
Christ is risen! Hallelujah!	280	Dear Saviour, we are Thine	773
Christ, of all my hopes the Ground	601	Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near	399
Christ the Lord, is risen to-day	295	Depth of mercy, can there be	440
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	830	Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord	761
Christian, dost thou see them	676	Do not I love Thee, O my Lord	521
Christian, seek not yet repose	678	Does the Gospel word proclaim	402
Christian, see, the orient morning	819	Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord	758
Christians, awake! salute the happy morn	191	Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel	177
Christians up! the day is breaking	813	Dread Jehovah, God of nations	898
Clearer still, and clearer	546		
Come and hear the grand old story	178	Early, my God, without delay	26
Come dearest Lord descend and dwell	35	Earth below is teeming	888
Come, Divine Immanuel, come	792	Earth has nothing sweet or fair	493
Come, every pious heart	318	Eternal Father, strong to save	906
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	368	Eternal Father, when to Thee	97
Come hither, all ye weary souls	379	Eternal Light! Eternal Light!	383
Come, Holy Ghost, in love	371	Eternal Source of every joy	885
Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let	365	Eternal Spirit, we confess	369
Come, Holy Spirit, come! Mercies	357	Ever patient, gentle, meek	241
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	363	Everlasting arms of love	471
Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne	705	Every morning mercies new	829
Come, kingdom of our God	799	Every morning the red sun	925
Come, let us anew our journey pursue	890		
Come, let us join in songs of praise	323	Fade, fade each earthly joy	661
Come let us join our cheerful songs	322	Faint not, Christian, though the road	552
Come, let us sing the song of songs	497	Fairest Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature	505
Come, Lord, and tarry not	352	Far down the ages now	772
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	823	Far, far away, there's a many mansioned, etc.	934
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	39	Far o'er yon horizon	578
Come, O Creator-Spirit blest	370	Father, again in Jesus' name we meet	8
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	668	Father, at Thy footstool see	100
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures	79	Father, by Thy love and power	842
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	401	Father hear Thy children's call	413
Come see the place where Jesus lay	919	Father, I know that all my life	600
Come, sound His praise abroad	119	Father, in these reveal Thy Son	718
Come, Thou Almighty King	92	Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling	683
Come, Thou Desire of all Thy saints	23	Father of all from land and sea	811
Come, thou Fount of every blessing	176	Father of heaven, whose love profound	98
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	199	Father of love, our guide and friend	458
Come, to Calvary's holy mountain	386	Father of mercies, in Thy word	83
Come to the land of peace	983	Father of our feeble race	58
Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather	616	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	674
Come unto Me, ye weary	409	Fear not, O little flock, the foe	549
Come, we that love the Lord	965	Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	240
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish	398	Fierce was the wild billow	229
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	311	Fight the good fight with all thy might	557
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	277	Fling out the banner: let it float	793
Come ye lofty, come ye lowly	188	For all the saints, who from their labors rest	781
Come ye sin-defiled and weary	390	For all Thy saints, O Lord	771
Come, ye thankful people, come	886	For the beauty of the earth	537
Complete in Thee, no work of mine	635	For thee, O dear, dear country	978

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

523

	HYMN		HYMN
Forever with the Lord	939	Great God, to Thee my evening song	852
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	30	Great God, we sing that mighty hand	881
Forth to the fight, ye ransomed	582	Great God, what do I see and hear	957
Forth to the Land of Promise bound	766	Great God, who knowest each man's need	861
Forward! be our watchword	577	Great is the Lord our God	699
Fountain of grace, rich, full and free	636	Great King of nations, hear our prayer	900
Friend of sinners! Lord of glory	543	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	691
From all that dwell below the skies	142		
From all Thy saints in warfare, etc.	774	Hail, all hail the joyful morn	185
From every stormy wind that blows	687	Hail, my ever blessed Jesus	542
From Greenland's icy mountains	808	Hail! sacred day of earthly rest	40
From the cross the blood is falling	266	Hail the day that sees Him rise	304
From the cross uplifted high	404	Hail, Thou God of grace and glory	779
From the eastern mountains	211	Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	331
From the table now retiring	780	Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning	815
From the vast and veiled throng	106	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	804
		Hail to the Sabbath day	14
Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	951	Hail, tranquil hour of closing day	864
Gently Lord, O gently lead us	72	Hallelujah! best and sweetest	114
Gird on Thy conquering sword	550	Hallelujah! Hallelujah	287
Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes	212	Hallelujah! sing to Jesus	333
Give me the wings of faith, to rise	775	Happy the souls to Jesus joined	768
Give to the winds thy fears	564	Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	350
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	692	Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are, etc.	992
Glory be to God on high	156	Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	748
Glory be to God the Father	99	Hark, ten thousand harps and voices	309
Glory to God on high	507	Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes	208
Glory to God! whose witness-train	545	Hark the herald angels sing	182
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	867	Hark, the song of jubilee	817
Go down, great sun, into the golden west	853	Hark! the sound of holy voices	967
Go forward, Christian soldier	570	Hark, the voice of love and mercy	272
Go labor on; spend and be spent	555	Hark 'tis the watchman's cry	336
"Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord	716	Hark! what mean those holy voices	196
Go to dark Gethsemane	270	Hark, what music fills the sky	192
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime	946	Harp awake! Tell out the story	877
God bless our native land	899	Hasten, Lord, the glorious time	818
God calling yet! shall I not hear	381	He has come, the Christ of God	184
God eternal, mighty King	155	He is coming, He is coming	349
God, in the gospel of His Son	81	He is gone—a cloud of light	298
God is gone up on high	299	He leadeth me, O blessed thought	625
God is love; His mercy brightens	153	He lives, the great Redeemer lives	328
God is love, that anthem olden	117	He that goeth forth with weeping	573
God is the refuge of His saints	151	He who, a little child, began	722
God moves in a mysterious way	131	He, who once in righteous vengeance	255
God my King, Thy might confessing	168	Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	418
God of mercy, God of grace	701	Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus	871
God of my life! Thy boundless grace	423	Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken	988
God of my salvation! hear	417	Here, at Thy table, Lord	736
God of our salvation, hear us	75	Here I can firmly rest	657
God of pity, God of grace	688	Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest	914
God of the living, in whose eyes	955	Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	757
God of the Prophets! Bless the prophets' sons	713	Here we, to-day, amidst our flowers	890
God of the sunlight hours, how sad	863	High in the heavens, eternal God	138
God that made earth and heaven	854	Holy Father, cheer our way	847
God the All-Terrible! Thou who ordainest	901	Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	373
God the Lord a King remaineth	113	Holy Ghost, the Infinite	354
Golden harps are sounding	297	Holy Ghost, with light divine	372
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	533	Holy, holy, holy Lord, Be	158
Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd	720	Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty	101
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	375	Holy, holy, holy Lord, God o' Hosts	108
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	356	Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts, when	105
Granted is the Saviour's prayer	374	Holy night! Peaceful night	187
Great Father of each perfect gift	361	Holy offerings, rich and rare	47
Great God, how infinite art Thou	129	Holy Spirit! Lord of light	353
Great God, the nations of the earth	784	Honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise	169

	HYMN		HYMN
Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn	321	Jerusalem the glorious	980
Hosanna to the living Lord	821	Jerusalem, the golden	974
How beauteous are their feet	711	Jesus, and shall it ever be	559
How beauteous, on the mountains	801	Jesus, at whose supreme command	733
How beauteous were the marks divine	233	Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult	391
How blest the righteous, when he dies	944	Jesus came, the heavens adoring	345
How calm and beautiful the morn	281	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	294
How charming is the place	13	Jesus comes, his conflict over	307
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	651	Jesus! exalted far on high	223
How gentle God's commands	626	Jesus, I live to Thee	486
How kind our Father's voice	384	Jesus, I love Thy charming name	519
How pleasant, how divinely fair	33	Jesus, I my cross have taken	475
How pleased and blest was I	41	Jesus, in Thy dying woes	264
How precious is the book divine	85	Jesus is our Shepherd	926
How shall the young secure their hearts	87	Jesus, Jesus visit me	441
How sweet and awful is the place	731	Jesus, King of glory	930
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	765	Jesus lives! no longer now	282
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	517	Jesus, Lord, forever living	1
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound	231	Jesus, Lord of life and glory	430
How tender is Thy hand	608	Jesus, Lord of life eternal	310
How welcome was the call	910	Jesus, lover of my soul	468
I adore Thee! I adore Thee	501	Jesus, Master, whose I am	472
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	486	Jesus, meek and gentle	933
I bless the Christ of God	619	Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	485
I could not do without Thee	462	Jesus, my strength, my hope	487
I do not ask that life may be	606	Jesus, Name all names above	539
I heard the voice of Jesus say	388	Jesus, our best beloved friend	448
I hunger and I thirst	666	Jesus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace	54
I know no life divided	463	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	795
I know that my Redeemer lives	325	Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep	450
I lay my sins on Jesus	416	Jesus, Son of God most high	217
I lift my heart to Thee	483	Jesus spreads His banner o'er us	753
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	110	Jesus, still lead on	509
I love the volume of Thy word	77	Jesus, the sinner's friend! to Thee	427
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	693	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	526
I love to steal awhile away	850	Jesus, these eyes have never seen	524
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	553	Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend	730
I need Thee, precious Jesus	408	Jesus, Thou hast bought us	579
I saw One hanging on a tree	256	Jesus Thou Joy of loving hearts	754
I sing the almighty power of God	135	Jesus! Thy name I love	504
I've found the pearl of greatest price	523	Jesus, to Thy table led	728
I was a wandering sheep	513	Jesus wept! those tears are over	604
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God	527	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	669
I would not live away: I ask not to stay	952	Jesus, who can be	510
If human kindness meets return	741	Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore	246
If through unruffled seas	617	Join all the glorious names	316
Immortal Love, forever full	225	Joy to the world, the Lord is come	206
In all my vast concerns with Thee	130	Just as I am, without one plea	425
In duties and in sufferings too	227	Keep us, Lord, O keep us ever	74
In heavenly love abiding	464	Kingdoms and thrones to God belong	147
In His own raiment clad	918	Lamb of God, I look to Thee	917
In the cross of Christ I glory	490	Lamb of God, whose bleeding love	745
In the dark and cloudy day	613	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	84
In the hour of trial	614	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling, etc.	687
In the name of God the Father	751	Lead us, O Father! in the paths of peace	618
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling	45	Leaning on Thee, my guide, my friend	484
In us the hope of glory	337	Let folly praise that fancy loves	203
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer	858	Let my life be hid with Thee	643
It came upon the midnight clear	202	Let no hopeless tears be shed	950
It is not death to die	940	Let saints below in concert sing	767
Jehovah, God, Thy gracious power	163	Let the saints new anthems raise	548
Jerusalem, my happy home	977	Let us with a gladsome mind	187
Jerusalem on high	985	Lift up to God the voice of praise	132
		Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	590

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

525

	HYMN		HYMN
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high . . .	292	My God how endless is Thy love . . .	862
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates . . .	592	My God, how wonderful Thou art . . .	127
Light after darkness, Gain after loss . . .	648	My God, I love Thee: not because . . .	518
Light of light, enlighten me . . .	832	My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made . . .	124
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart . . .	339	My God, is any hour so sweet . . .	681
Light of the world, forever, ever shining . . .	506	My God, my Father, while I stray . . .	605
Light of those whose dreary dwelling . . .	348	My God, the spring of all my joys . . .	530
Like a cradle rocking, rocking . . .	928	My gracious Lord, I own Thy right . . .	446
Lo, God is here: let us adore . . .	148	My Jesus as Thou wilt . . .	644
Lo, He comes, with clouds descending . . .	958	My Lord, my Love, was crucified . . .	28
Lo, the day of rest declineth . . .	70	My sins, my sins, my Saviour . . .	260
Look from Thy sphere of endless day . . .	791	My soul be on thy guard . . .	568
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious . . .	314	My soul, repeat His praise . . .	122
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee . . .	607	My soul, weigh not thy life . . .	569
Lord, at this closing hour . . .	64	My spirit longs for Thee . . .	646
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Bid, . . .	69	My spirit on Thy care . . .	454
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill . . .	73		
Lord God of hosts, by all adored . . .	137	Near the cross was Mary weeping . . .	265
Lord God of morning and of night . . .	826	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . .	589
Lord God the Holy Ghost . . .	367	New every morning is the love . . .	828
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine . . .	447	No, no, it is not dying . . .	938
Lord, I believe; Thy power I own . . .	459	No track is on the sunny sky . . .	364
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing . . .	603	Not all the blood of beasts . . .	453
Lord, I know Thy grace is nigh me . . .	476	Not what these hands have done . . .	387
Lord, I was blind! I could not see . . .	429	Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs . . .	755
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear . . .	24	Now be the Gospel banner . . .	803
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day . . .	665	Now begin the heavenly theme . . .	491
Lord, it belongs not to my care . . .	480	Now from labor and from care . . .	851
Lord, it is not life to live . . .	942	Now God be with us, for the night is closing . . .	837
Lord Jesus are we one with Thee . . .	649	Now may He who from the dead . . .	61
Lord Jesus, by Thy passion . . .	588	Now thank we all our God . . .	112
Lord Jesus, think on me . . .	679	Now the day is over . . .	848
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar . . .	252	Now the laborer's task is o'er . . .	954
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went . . .	55	Now when the dusky shades of night, etc. . .	833
Lord of all being, throned afar . . .	143		
Lord of glory who hast bought us . . .	51	O bless the Lord, my soul . . .	118
Lord of mercy and of might . . .	686	O Bread to pilgrims given . . .	749
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation . . .	700	O cease, my wandering soul . . .	421
Lord of the harvest, hear . . .	710	O Christ, our hope, our hearts' desire . . .	326
Lord of the living harvest . . .	715	O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord . . .	498
Lord of the worlds above . . .	11	O Christ; the Lord of heaven . . .	329
Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength . . .	470	O Church of God, go forward . . .	806
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me, etc. . .	150	O come, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant . . .	180
Lord, Thou hast taught our hearts to glow . . .	712	O come all ye faithful, triumphantly sing . . .	179
Lord, Thy word abideth . . .	78	O come, and mourn with me awhile . . .	248
Lord, we bring no costly offering . . .	913	O come, loud anthems let us sing . . .	139
Lord, we come before Thee now . . .	36	O could I speak the matchless worth . . .	512
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne . . .	675	O day of rest and gladness . . .	2
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee . . .	152	O eyes that are weary, and hearts that, etc. . .	656
Love divine, all love excelling . . .	584	O for a closer walk with God . . .	597
		O for a faith that will not shrink . . .	460
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned . . .	515	O for a heart to praise my God . . .	598
March, march onward, soldiers true . . .	931	O for a thousand tongues to sing . . .	529
Master, no offering . . .	499	O for the peace which floweth as a river . . .	662
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour . . .	68	O gift of gifts! O grace of faith! . . .	457
Messiah, at Thy glad approach . . .	204	O God, beneath Thy guiding hand . . .	902
'Mid evening shadows let us all be watching . . .	838	O God, by whom the seed is given . . .	66
Mighty God! while angels bless Thee . . .	894	O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . .	670
More love to Thee, O Christ . . .	591	O God of mercy, God of might . . .	57
Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky . . .	291	O God, our help in ages past . . .	126
Must Jesus bear the cross alone . . .	571	O God, the Rock of Ages . . .	159
My country 'tis of thee . . .	897	O God, we praise Thee, and confess . . .	136
My dear Redeemer and my Lord . . .	232	O happy band of pilgrims . . .	547
My faith looks up to Thee . . .	449	O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children . . .	94
My God! accept my heart this day . . .	479	O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen . . .	481

	HYMN		HYMN
O how shall I receive Thee	239	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	690
O Jesus, ever present	536	Of the Father's love begotten	214
O Jesus, I have promised	466	Of in danger, oft in woe	551
O Jesus, King most wonderful	528	On Jordan's rugged banks I stand	968
O Jesus, our chief Corner-Stone	707	On our way rejoicing	658
O Jesus, our Salvation	414	On the fount of life eternal	991
O Jesus, Saviour of the lost	434	On the mountain's top appearing	814
O Jesus, Thou art standing	412	On this day, the first of days	38
O Jesus, Thou the beauty art	525	On this night all nights excelling	197
O Jesus, we adore Thee	261	Once in royal David's city	916
O Jesus, when I think of Thee	220	One sole baptismal sign	769
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high	692	One sweetly solemn thought	935
O Lamb of God, still keep me	747	One there is above all others	495
O let him whose sorrow	615	Onward and up, as pilgrims marching ever	923
O little town of Bethlehem	195	Onward, Christian soldiers	575
O Lord be with us when we sail	906	Open now thy gates of beauty	4
O Lord, how good, how great art Thou	128	Oppressed with noon-day's scorching heat	633
O Lord, how happy should we be	467	Other knowledge I disdain	743
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	56	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	354
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	708	Our country's voice is pleading	809
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	435	Our day of praise is done	65
O Lord, when we the path retrace	219	Our Lord is risen from the dead	301
O Lord, who by Thy presence hast, etc.	855	Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid, etc.	275
O Lord who hast this table spread	740	Peace, perfect peace in this dark world, etc.	634
O Love divine and golden	909	People of the living God	777
O Love divine, that stooped to share	637	Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin	400
O Love! how deep, how broad, how high	235	Pleasant are Thy courts above	44
O Love that casts out fear	598	Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits	140
O mean may seem this house of clay	242	Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	116
O Mother dear, Jerusalem	975	Praise, O praise our God and King	893
O One with God the Father	587	Praise, O praise the Lord of harvest	898
O Paradise, O Paradise	993	Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him	165
O perfect life of love	263	Praise the Rock of our salvation	694
O praise our God to-day	49	Praise to God, immortal praise	896
O render thanks to God above	145	Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator	166
O Rock of ages, one Foundation	763	Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord, etc.	173
O Sacred Head, now wounded	259	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	690
O Saviour, I have naught to plead	424	Prepare us, Lord, to view Thy cross	742
O Saviour, precious Saviour	534	Prince of peace, control my will	439
O Saviour! who didst come	735	Purer yet and purer,	585
O Saviour, who for man hast trod	302	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	405
O Spirit of the living God	706	Rejoice, all ye believers	343
O still in accents sweet and strong	785	Rejoice, the Lord is King	319
O Strength and Stay upholding all creation	834	Rejoice, ye pure in heart	567
O, sweetly breathe the lyres above	717	Rejoice, ye righteous! in the Lord	133
O that the Lord's salvation	802	Rest for the toiling hand	938
O the bitter shame and sorrow	444	Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad	647
O the sweet wonders of that cross	253	Resting from His work to-day	271
O Thou best gift of heaven	583	Return, O wanderer, return	378
O Thou from whom all goodness flows	433	Ride on, ride on in majesty	244
O Thou, great Teacher from the skies	53	Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, etc	796
O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend	422	Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	300
O Thou, who by a star didst guide	210	Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings	602
O Thou, who hast Thy servants taught	671	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	406
O Thou, whose filmed and failing eye	611	Round the Lord in glory seated	167
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands	703	Safe upon the billowy deep	908
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears	432	Safely through another week	5
O very God of very God	22	Saints in glory, we together	502
O what, if we are Christ's	663	Salvation! O the joyful sound	392
O, where are kings and empires now	695	Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	60
O, where is He that trod the sea	226	Saviour, blessed Saviour	544
O where shall rest be found	383	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	676
O Word of God Incarnate	88		
O worship the King, all glorious above	172		
O'er the distant mountains breaking	346		

	HYMN		HYMN
Saviour, now the day is ending	67	The Church's one Foundation	776
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	812	The dawn of God's new Sabbath	3
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	437	The day is gently sinking to a close	857
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	719	The day is past and gone	870
See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands	724	The day is past and over	859
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph	306	The day, O Lord, is spent	869
Send Thou, O Lord, to every place	810	The day of resurrection	279
Servant of God, well done	941	Th' eternal gates lift up their heads	313
Shadow of a mighty rock	623	The God of Abraham praise	107
Shepherd of tender youth	508	The God of Harvest praise	891
Shepherds! hail the wondrous stranger	200	The God of love my Shepherd is	920
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing	181	The goodly land I see	962
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory, Of	752	The harvest dawn is near	790
Sing, my tongue! the Saviour's glory, Tell	269	The head that once was crowned with thorns	315
Sing of Jesus, sing forever	500	The heavens declare thy glory	90
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	95	The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord	80
Sing to the Lord our Might	17	The Homeland! O the Homeland	990
Sing with all the sons of glory	289	The hours of day are over	843
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	403	The King of love my Shepherd is	115
Sion to thy Saviour singing	738	The Lord be with us as we bend	63
Sleep, my Saviour, sleep	215	The Lord is King: lift up thy voice	146
Sleep thy last sleep	956	The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall, etc.	653
So rest, our Rest	274	The Lord is rich and merciful	389
Soft the dews of evening fall	849	The Lord is risen indeed	278
Softly now the light of day	856	The Lord Jehovah lives	109
Soldiers of Christ, arise	665	The Lord Jehovah reigns	108
Sometimes a light surprises	465	The Lord my pasture shall prepare	175
Son of God, to Thee I cry	689	The Lord my Shepherd is	628
Sons of Zion, raise your songs	305	The Lord of might, from Sinai's brow	338
Songs of praise the angels sang	154	The Lord's my Shepherd, and I know	640
Soon may the last glad song arise	794	The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want	630
Sovereign of Heaven, who didst prevail	376	The Lord will come and not be slow	340
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers	362	The morning light is breaking	805
Spirit of God! descend upon my heart	355	The morning purples all the sky	284
Spread, O spread, Thou mighty word	91	The pity of the Lord	455
Stand, soldier of the cross	727	The race that long in darkness pined	209
Stand up, and bless the Lord	120	The radiant morn hath passed away	868
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	556	The roseate hues of early dawn	972
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	572	The royal banners forward go	245
Standing at the portal	878	The sands of time are sinking	967
Star of peace, to wanderers weary	904	The shadows of the evening hours	62
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	171	The Son of God goes forth to war	562
Still, still with Thee, when purple, etc.	825	The spacious firmament on high	144
Still will we trust, though earth seems, etc.	482	The Spirit, in our hearts	385
Summer suns are glowing	884	The strife is o'er, the battle done	288
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	874	The sun is sinking fast	844
Sweet is the memory of Thy grace	160	The swift declining day	865
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	31	The world is very evil	344
Sweet is the work, O Lord	18	There came three kings ere break of day	207
Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord	451	There is a blessed home	654
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	76	There is a book, who runs may read	86
Sweet the lesson Jesus taught	927	There is a city great and strong	971
Sweet the moments rich in blessing	243	There is a fountain filled with blood	410
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet	102	There is a green hill far away	254
Sweetly sing the love of Jesus	929	There is a land of pure delight	973
		There is a safe and secret place	631
Take me, O my Father, take me	442	There is a stream, which issues forth	394
Take my heart, O Father, take it	445	There is an hour of peaceful rest	969
Take, my soul, thy full salvation	477	There is no night in heaven	984
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	390	They who seek the throne of grace	672
Tarry with me, O my Saviour	872	Thine are all the gifts, O God	915
Teach me, my God and King	593	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	224
Ten thousand times ten thousand	981	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love	963
The beautiful bright sunshine	932	Thine forever! God of love	473
The Church has waited long	351	Thine forever! Thine forever	478

	HYMN		HYMN
Thine holy day's returning	7	We cannot praise Thee now, Lord	161
Thine is the power, Lord	685	We come unto our fathers' God	762
This is not my place of resting	964	We give immortal praise	96
This is the day of light	16	We give Thee but Thine own	50
This is the day the Lord hath made	25	We march, we march to victory	554
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	341	We plough the fields and scatter	895
Thou art gone up on high	312	We sing the praise of Him who died	247
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord	461	We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God	516
Thou art the Way; to Thee alone	395	We stand in deep repentance	415
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy, etc.	216	Weary of earth and laden with my sin	428
Thou Grace Divine, encircling all	162	Welcome, delightful morn	10
Thou, Lord, art God alone	93	"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age, etc.	296
Thou, sore oppressed	276	Welcome, sacred day of rest	43
Thou to whom the sick and dying	230	Welcome, sweet day of rest	15
Thou very present aid	680	Welcome, Thou Victor in the strife	285
Thou, whose almighty word	798	Who are these in bright array	764
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on, etc.	652	What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	222
Three in One, and One in Three	104	When all Thy mercies, O my God	125
Through all the changing scenes of life	629	When, along life's stormy road	469
Through the day Thy love has spared us	841	When gathering clouds around I view	612
Through the love of God our Saviour	627	When God of old came down from heaven	359
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	778	When, His salvation bringing	237
Thus far the Lord has led me on	875	When I can read my title clear	659
Thy life was given for me !	262	When I survey the wondrous cross	251
Thy love to me, O Christ	590	When Israel, of the Lord beloved	149
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	645	When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay	52
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	396	When, like a stranger on our sphere	236
"Till He come," O let the words	744	When morning gilds the skies	511
Time is winging us away	879	When our heads are bowed with woe	622
"Tis finished," so the Saviour cried	250	When shall the voice of singing	800
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow	249	When streaming from the eastern skies	835
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now	257	When the day of toil is done	846
To-day beneath benignant skies	702	When the weary, seeking rest	839
To-day the Saviour calls	397	When the world is brightest	684
To-day Thy mercy calls us	407	When this passing world is done	970
To God the only wise	532	When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt, etc.	961
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine	866	When, through the torn sail, the wild, etc.	903
To our Redeemer's glorious name	514	When wounded sore the stricken soul	436
To the name of our Salvation	494	Where high the heavenly temple stands	330
To Thee, my God and Saviour	6	While shepherds watched their flocks, etc.	201
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	535	While the sun is shining	574
To Thee, O Father, throned on high	911	While Thee I seek, protecting Power	123
To Thee, O God, in heaven	725	While with ceaseless course the sun	882
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	887	Who are these like stars appearing	780
To Thy pastures fair and large	474	Who is this that comes from Edom	308
To Thy temple I repair	37	Who is this with garments dyed	303
Tossed upon life's raging billow	907	Why should the children of a King	360
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head	786	With broken heart and contrite sigh	431
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb	945	With joy we hail the sacred day	21
Upward where the stars are burning	982	With joy we lift our eyes	42
Vainly through night's weary hours	873	With joy we meditate the grace	327
View me, Lord, a work of Thine	438	With silence only as their benediction	947
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord	621	With songs and honors sounding loud	134
Wake, awake, for night is flying	994	With tearful eyes I look around	426
Wake the song of jubilee	788	With the sweet word of peace	807
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know	650	Work, for the night is coming	581
Was there ever kindest shepherd	541	Ye choirs of new Jerusalem	286
Watchman tell us of the night	789	Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim	714
We are but strangers here	660	Ye saints, your music bring	503
We are on our journey home	986	Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	174
We are soldiers of the cross	921	Ye servants of the Lord	664
We bid thee welcome in the name	709	Yes, for me, for me He careth	332
We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God	610	Your harps, ye trembling saints	456
		Zion stands by hills surrounded	697

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